

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Birth fears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: She only asks a hearing.

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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.**—The Age of Reason.—An Appeal to Those Who Live in It to Do Justice to the Memory of Thomas Paine.—An Able Review of His Career and an Eloquent Tribute to His Worth by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, at Central Music Hall, January 26th, 1880.
- SECOND PAGE.**—Life with the Spirits. From "Fireside Spiritualism." Words of Wisdom.
- THIRD PAGE.**—A Young Florentine Controlled by a Spirit. Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Nominations for February not before mentioned. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.**—The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity gives a Reception. Col. and Mrs. Bundy. The Editor at Large. Iowa Doctors. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FIFTH PAGE.**—Continuation of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's Address. Special Notice. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.**—The New Fifth Department, and a Word to the Clergy. New York City Notes. Clairvoyance Cured by Spirit Power. Communication from G. W. Smith. A Psychic Dream. A Taste for Tobacco Banished by the Spirits. Notes and Extracts.
- SEVENTH PAGE.**—List of Prominent Books for sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.**—Continuation of Col. Ingersoll's Address. To Spiritualists.

THE AGE OF REASON.

An Appeal to Those Who Live in It to Do Justice to the Memory of THOMAS PAINE.

An Able Review of His Career and an Eloquent Tribute to His Worth by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, at Central Music Hall, Jan. 26th, 1880.

Amid great applause Col. Ingersoll arose and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It so happened that the first speech—the very first public speech I ever made—I took occasion to defend the memory of Thomas Paine. [Applause.]

I did it because I had read a little something of the history of my country. I did it because I felt indebted to him for the liberty I then enjoyed. [Applause.]—and whatever religion may be true, ingratitude is the blackest of crimes. [Applause.]

And whether there is any God or not, in every star that shines, gratitude is a virtue. The man who will tell

TRUTH ABOUT THE DEAD is a good man, and for one about this man, I intend to tell just as near the truth as I can.

Most history consists in giving the details of things that never happened—[laughter]—most biography is usually the lie coming from the mouth of flattery, or the slander coming from the lips of malice, and whoever attacks the religion of a country will in his turn be attacked. Whoever attacks a superstition will find that superstition defended by all the meanness of ingenuity. [Applause.] Whoever attacks a superstition will find that there is still one weapon left in the arsenal of Jehovah—slander. [Applause.]

I was reading on yesterday a poem called "Light of Asia," and I read in that how a Buddha seeing a tigress perishing of thirst, with her mouth upon the dry stone of a stream, with her two cubs sucking at her dry and empty teats, this Buddha took pity upon this wild and famishing beast, and, throwing from himself the yellow robe of his order, and stepping naked before this tigress, said: "Here is meat for you and for your cubs." In one moment the crooked daggers of her claws were riveted in his flesh, and in another he was devoured. Such, during nearly all the history of this world has been the history of every man who has stood in front of superstition.

Thomas Paine, as has been so eloquently said by the gentleman who introduced me, was

A FRIEND OF MAN,

and whoever is a friend of man is also a friend of God—if there is one. [Laughter.] But God has had many friends who were the enemies of their fellow-men. [A voice, "That's so!"] There is but one test by which to measure any man who has lived. Did he leave this world better than he found it? Did he leave in this world more liberty? Did he leave in this world more goodness, more humanity, than when he was born? That is the test. And whatever may have been the faults of Thomas Paine, no American who believes in true democracy, and in pure republicanism, should ever breathe one word against his name. [Applause.] Every American, with the divine mantle of charity, should cover all his faults, and with a never-tiring tongue should recount his virtues. He was a common man. He did not belong to the aristocracy. Upon the head of his father God had never poured the divine petroleum of authority. [Great laughter and prolonged applause.] He had not the misfortune to belong to the upper classes. [Renewed laughter.] He had the fortune to be born among the poor and to feel against his great heart the throbs of the wailing and suffering masses. [Applause.] Neither was it his misfortune to have been educated at Oxford. [Laughter.] What little

sense he had was not squeezed out at Westminster. He got his education from books. He got his education from contact with his fellow-men, and he thought, and a man is worth just what nature impresses upon him. A man standing by the sea, or in a forest, or looking at a flower, or hearing a poem, or looking into the eyes of the woman he loves, receives all that he is capable of receiving. [Applause.]—and if he is a great man the impression is great, and he uses it for the purpose of benefiting his fellow-man.

Thomas Paine was not rich; he was poor, and his father before him was poor, and he was raised a sail-maker, a very lowly profession, and yet that man became

ONE OF THE MAIN STAYS OF LIBERTY in this world. [Applause.] At one time he was an ex-convict, like Burns. Burns was once—speak it softly—gauger—[laughter]—and yet he wrote poems that will wet the cheek of humanity with tears as long as this world travels in its orb around the sun.

[The lecturer here put on his spectacles with the remark, "We have all got to come to it sometimes."—great laughter.]—but I want to grow freer as I grow old.

Poverty was his brother, necessity his master. He had more brains than books; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes, no admiration for ancient lies. He loved the truth for truth's sake and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand, injustice everywhere, hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the bench, tyranny on the throne, and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong, of the enslaved man against the titled few. [Applause.]

In England he was nothing. He belonged to the lower classes—that is, the usual people. [Laughter.] England depended for her prosperity upon her mechanics and her thinkers, her sailors and her workers, and they are the only men in Europe who are not gentlemen. The only obstacles in the way of progress in Europe were the nobility and the priests, and they are the only gentlemen. [Laughter.]

This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital, and needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring that mixture of idiocy and insanity, George III.—[Laughter.]—by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. [Laughter.] They were not endeavoring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick for Pharaoh and furnish the straw. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his "Common Sense." It was the first argument for separation; the first assault upon the British form of government; the first blow for a republic. [Applause.]—and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet's blast. He was the first to perceive the destiny of the new world. No other pamphlet ever accomplished such wonderful results. It was filled with arguments, reason, persuasion, and unanswerable logic. It opened a new world. It filled the present with hope and the future with honor. Everywhere the people responded, and in a few months the continental congress declared the colonies free and independent states. [Applause.]

A NEW NATION WAS BORN.

It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy, and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment, Thomas Paine was THE BEST POLITICAL WRITER THAT EVER LIVED.

"What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together." Ceremony, pageantry, and all the paraphernalia of power, had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the revolution, never for a moment did he despair. Year after year his brave words were ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of "Common Sense," filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its dangers, its dangers, and its glory. When the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the "Crisis." It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor and glory. He shouted to them, "These are the times that try men's souls." The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. To those who wished to put the war off

to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice he said: "Every generous parent should say, 'If there must be war, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'" To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: "He that rebels against reason is a rebel; but he that in defense of reason rebels against tyranny, has a better title to 'Defender of the Faith' than George III." [Applause.]

Some said it was to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying: "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: 'Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?'" He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said: "That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason, is like giving medicine to the dead." [Laughter.] This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church. [Laughter.]

There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles;" and there is real discrimination in saying: "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time that they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: "War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop door." [Laughter.]

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements, that carry conviction to the duldest and most prejudiced. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case, in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America. Month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the great cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars and stripes floated over a continent redeemed and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At the close of the Revolution no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors, and statesmen, and at his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salves of artillery, a nation in mourning, and, above all, a splendid monument covered with lies. [Laughter and applause.]

He chose rather to benefit mankind. At that time the seeds sown by the great ideals were beginning to bear fruit in France.

The eighteenth century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of progress. On every hand science was bearing testimony against the church. Voltaire had given Europe with light; D'Holbach was giving to the elite of Paris the principles contained in his "System of Nature." The encyclopedia had attacked superstition with information for the masses. The foundation of things began to be examined. A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the dust burn. Miracles began to get scarce. [Laughter.] Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word liberty was in the mouths of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their superstitious knees.

The dawn of a new day had appeared. Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race and as a champion of free government.

He never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities, and abuses of the English government. For this purpose he composed and published his greatest political work.

"THE RIGHTS OF MAN"

This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, rational, convincing, and unanswerable. It shows great thought, an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government, deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy, and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused, and Paine was

PROSECUTED FOR LIES.

and found guilty; and yet there is no sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honor not only to Thomas Paine, but to human nature itself.

It could have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." [Applause.]

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels, and impressed upon every human heart: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

In 1792 Paine was elected by the department of Calvados as their representative

IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

So great was his popularity in France that he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the assembly he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine, there would have been no "reign of terror." The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood in that reign of terror. There were killed in the city of Paris not less, I think, than seventeen thousand people—and on one night, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, there was killed, by assassination, over sixty thousand souls—men, women, and children. The revolution would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the church, that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge.

Paine was FILLED WITH A REAL LOVE FOR MANKIND. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy—not the monarch. He voted for the destruction of tyranny, and against the death of the tyrant. He wished to establish a government on a new basis—one that would forget the past, one that would give privileges to none, and protection to all.

In the assembly, where all were demanding the execution of the king, where to differ with the majority was to be suspected, and where to be suspected was almost certain death—Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness, and the justice.

TO VOTE AGAINST DEATH.

To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death. There is not a theologian who has ever maligned Thomas Paine that has the courage to do this thing.

When Louis Capet was on trial for his life before the French convention, Thomas Paine had the courage to speak and vote against the sentence of death. In his speech I find the following

SPLENDID SENTIMENTS:

"My contempt and hatred for monarchical governments are sufficiently well known, and my compassion for the unfortunate, friends or enemies, is equally profound."

"I have voted to put Louis Capet upon trial because it was necessary to prove to the world the perfidy, the corruption, and the horror of the monarchical system."

"To follow the trade of a king destroys all morality, just as the trade of a jailer deadens all sensibility."

"Make a man a king to-day and to-morrow he will be a brigand."

"Had Louis Capet been a farmer he might have been held in esteem by his neighbors, and his wickedness results from his position rather than from his nature."

"Let the French nation purge its territory of kings without willing itself with their impure blood."

"Let the United States be the asylum of Louis Capet, where, in spite of the overshadowing miseries and crimes of a royal life, he will learn by the continual contemplation of the general prosperity that the true system of government is not that of kings, but of the people."

"I am an enemy of kings, but I cannot forget that they belong to the human race."

"It is always delightful to pursue that course where policy and humanity are united."

"As France has been the first of all the nations of Europe to destroy royalty, let it be the first to abolish the penalty of death." [Applause.]

"As a true republican, I consider kings as more the objects of contempt than of vengeance."

Search the records of the world and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the king's death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting death to save the life of a deposed tyrant—of a throneless king! This was the last grand act of his political life—the sublime conclusion of his political career.

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had labored not for money, nor for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office. He had no recognition of his services, but had ever

been content to labor as a common soldier in the army of progress, confining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action. Filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block, he would have escaped the calumnies and the hatred of the christian world. And let me tell you how near they came getting him to the block. He was in prison; there was a door to his cell—it had two doors, a door that opened in and an iron door that opened out. I was a dark passage, and whenever they concluded to cut a man's head off the next day an agent went along and made a chalk-mark upon the door where the poor prisoner was bound. Mr. Harlow, the American minister, happened to be with him and the outer door was shut, that is, open against the wall, and the inner door was shut, and when the man came along where business it was to mark the door for death he marked this door where Thomas Paine was, but he marked the door that was against the wall, so when it was shut the mark was inside, and

THE MESSENGER OF DEATH PASSED BY.

on the next day. If that had happened in favor of some Methodist preacher they would have clearly seen, not simply the hand of God, but both hands. [Laughter.] In this country, at least, he would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the declaration his name would have been upon the lips of all orators, and his memory in the hearts of all the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career. He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now he turned his attention to the priests. [Laughter.] He knew that every abuse had been enshrouded in Scripture—that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar, and both behind a pretended revelation from God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne, and it occurred to him that he would

TAKE A LOOK BEHIND THE ALTAR.

[Laughter.] The result of this investigation was given to the world in the "Age of Reason." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged, or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague, and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despicable of men.

Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his death-bed; gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like birds over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services were thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him at least—honesty. Strange that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labor for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellow-men. He had, by brave and splendid efforts, associated his name with the cause of progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light, one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings, and in the name of God, with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice, and in the sacred doctrine of human equality. Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America, in the French assembly, in the sombre cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race; the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this

THE CHURCH HAS VIOLATED EVEN HIS GRAVE.

This is enough to make one believe that nothing is more natural than for men to devour their benefactors. The people in all ages have crucified and glorified. Whoever lifts his voice against abuse, whoever arraigns the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to show his commission, or questions the authority of the priest, will be denounced as the enemy of man and God. In all ages reason has been—[Laughter.]—regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the church. [Laughter.] By some unaccountable infatuation, belief has been and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man

Continued on Eighth Page.

LIFE WITH THE SPIRITS.

By E. C. CLERICUS.

[Continued from last Number.]

AN EVANGELIST OF THE NEW FAITH.

The continuation of my narrative will now, for a while, be given in extracts from letters written at the time, as being the most convenient and correct method of presenting events, and if these extracts should fail to exhibit any special novelty to Spiritualists of to-day, it may not be uninteresting to them to know how honest and investigating minds were affected by the striking novelties attending the early progress of our faith.

Under date of Feb. 6th, 1853, I thus wrote: "The effect upon this generally quiet community, is somewhat striking. There are many believers here now, and many more engaged in active investigation. A large public circle has been formed which meets often. Of course, a due share of opposition is not wanting here, as elsewhere. This, I am sorry to say, comes mainly from the ministers, and their more bigoted adherents. The conduct of these reminds one vividly of the state of things in a distant country about 1800 years ago, as among these there appears to be no small conservatism in view of the fact that they who have turned the tables upside down, have come hither also. And they also are constrained to say that, 'verily notable wonders have been performed'; but they are quite sure that 'Hezekiah the prince of devils,' is at the bottom of the whole business; or at least, they do not seem to know what else to say."

"But by far the most interesting part of my experience here, has come from the acquaintance I have formed with Austin E. Simmons, of Woodstock. He is a young farmer of excellent character, with simply the common school education of New England. He is naturally diffident, and without promise as a public speaker. Previously to his being developed as a medium, he had had the smallest possible experience in this respect; and yet, for some months past, he has been accustomed to stand before large audiences on an average from four to six hours daily, as a medium for speaking in a trance. The discourses that thus come through him, are exceedingly various, both in matter and manner. Often, as is perfectly apparent, several spirits speak through him during one trance, his meetings being generally from one and a half to three hours in length. The spirit control over him seems to be almost perfect, and hence the wonderful results. I have just made an arrangement to have him go with me to Massachusetts for a few weeks of spirit-preaching."

DOING THE WORK OF AN EVANGELIST.

Accordingly not long after we commenced our journey down the valley of the Connecticut, on our preaching tour, with results as described in the following extracts from letters written soon after the close of our interesting trip:

"Friend Simmons and myself left our quiet homes in Vermont, on Tuesday the 8th inst., to go forth as co-workers with invisible friends, for the purpose of proclaiming the truth and love of the Heavenly Spheres. It was with some reluctance and self-sacrifice, especially on his part, that the step was taken. Our invisible helpers, however, were so urgent in their requests, and so kindly did they strive to remove our doubts, and to encourage us in the somewhat singular and doubtful experiment, that we could not long hold out in our reluctance and indecision; and so we went boldly forth to our work."

"To give the details of this trip would occupy too much space, and at the risk of overtaxing the time and patience of the reader. I shall therefore pass these by and give only some general descriptions of what took place with us, still in extracts from letters:

"The discourses given in public were exclusively of a religious and reformatory character. An intense dissatisfaction with the condition of the moral and theological world was the leading characteristic of them all. It would seem that to the more advanced inhabitants of the Spirit-world, the Christian religion appears to have become degenerated in our own day, even as was the Jewish religion in the time of Christ; and as with him, so with these ministering spirits—they come 'not to destroy, but to fulfill'—or, at least it is but to destroy the gods of men that they come, whilst the true God and all his genuine revelations are treated with respect and reverence."

"A great variety of style was prominently observable in these discourses; and this, although the medium himself is naturally endowed with but small powers of imitation. And this is indeed one of special wonders of his condition. When he stands up as a medium for spirit-teaching almost every variety of style is represented through him. In more than one instance have I recognized the genuine Irish accent, attended by some of the most prominent peculiarities of Irish oratory; also at times the deep tones and touching pathos of Indian speech have been given forth through our medium. In one instance of the latter kind, the characteristics were of so marked a description as to indicate with a certainty almost the presence of a representative of the American Red Men. And the 'talk' which thus came to us was exceedingly appropriate and beautiful, although the spirit pervading it, was no longer the spirit of violence and bloodshed, but of peace and love."

"Sometimes, but not always, the name of the spirit speaker would be given us; and on several occasions the individual had been previously recognized by persons accustomed to hear the same voice whilst its owner was still in the bodily form. An old Calvinistic minister—the first of the places where the incident occurred—a venerated Christian preacher and pastor recently deceased; and a well known member of congress who had passed on during the year, were all recognized by members of our audience. In one of these instances—wishing to know how far the same impression prevailed among the hearers—it was requested that all who had recognized the presence and manner of a particular public speaker, now of the Spirit-World, should manifest it by rising, when some twenty-five or thirty arose in different parts of the house."

"Our audiences were generally respectful and attentive, though in one or two instances slight symptoms of rowdiness were manifested, though there was not enough of this to seriously interfere with the condition and success of the speaker."

OUR PRIVATE SEANCES.

"But that which interested me most was what took place in our private rooms with no one but ourselves and invisible friends present. Here our intercourse with the Spirit-world was most delightfully real. When thus by ourselves, a kind, loving and social disposition was constantly manifested by our spirit friends. Sometimes our communication would be by writing through Mr. S.; but oftener he would be

put into his usual trance condition; and in this way some perfect gems of spirit thought have come to me. I regret exceedingly that I have not been able to retain these with sufficient vividness to enable me to impart them to others. On one occasion of this kind, a circle of spirit sisters, under the guidance of a dear friend of my own, came near, and with the delicacy and love of angelic life, spoke to me of the peculiar condition and mission of their sex as it is in the spheres, and as it should be on the earth. On another, a loving spirit came and discoursed of the imperfect and low condition of the marriage relation as it prevails in the earth-life; whilst the exceeding beauty and purity of this relation as it is found in the spirit life, was unfolded in its wonderful loveliness. On these, as on the occasions of public speaking, it devolved upon me as best I could, to give my friends a brief sketch of what had been said through him; for it is his misfortune not to be able to remember for himself. Indeed during the speaking, his condition seemed to be one of absolute unconsciousness, and his return to the normal condition is like the awakening from a dreamless sleep."

INCIDENTS.

At nearly all of the places where our meetings were held, I myself had been more or less known as a public speaker in the pulpits; and at two of the places I had for a limited time occupied the position of a regular preacher and pastor. Of course the people at these places were not a little astonished when I thus made my appearance among them with a young farmer from Vermont to speak from the spirits instead of speaking myself.

It was my custom, however, to go on to the platform with the medium and to introduce him with a few explanatory remarks. I did this at Greenfield at the first two or three meetings we held there. But on one occasion as we were about leaving our private room for the town hall where we held our meeting, the medium was suddenly controlled, and some one of his spirit guides addressed me saying that it had come to knowledge of the controlling band, that many of the people were inclined to the opinion that much of the mental power of our speaking came from me by virtue of some kind of magnetic connection between my mind and that of the medium. The request was therefore made that I should not go to the meeting of that evening that a demonstration might be given that my presence was not at all necessary to the success of the speaking. So I remained away, the result being that the public effort was fully equal to any that had previously been made.

I will mention one other interesting and characteristic incident which occurred at Worcester. Here was the home and ministerial field of Rev. Dr. H., a long established and influential preacher of the liberal Christian faith. He was a kind, personal friend of my own, and had manifested a liberal spirit toward me since my wanderings into the new heresy of modern Spiritualism. I therefore called upon him with my young friend, as a matter of friendly courtesy, not expecting any special mediumistic demonstrations to be given. But while conversing together in the minister's study, our medium was suddenly entranced, and a very able and close fitting address—apparently from some departed brother minister—was given, in which Dr. H.'s own recent thoughts were reproduced and re-examined in a manner so clear and striking that in a subsequent conversation with me he expressed the opinion that the medium must in some way have fallen in with a recently published sermon of his, and thus become able, consciously or otherwise, successfully to reproduce his thoughts. The truth of the case however, was that even the existence of such a man as Dr. H. was unknown to the medium previous to the time I had proposed that this call should be made.

To be Continued.

From Presbyterianism to Spiritualism.

BY W. CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I discover that personal spiritual experiences seem to be in order in your paper, furnishing good reading matter. Religious experiences, as I remember them, among orthodox Christians, were not without interest. To hear a brother rise and tell what he saw, or thought he saw, as one corner of heaven was rolled up, that he might see some of the things therein contained, seemed a little fanciful then, but with the light which Spiritualism throws upon such affairs, quite understandable now.

My experience has not been very remarkable, as I am without spiritual gifts; yet there have been points of interest. At about twenty-four years of age, I joined the old school Presbyterians. To the deacons assembled to examine candidates, I had nothing strange to state in way of evidence. I desired to lead a religious life, and thought I could best do it in company with those trying to do the same thing. There were three deacons—two of small intellects, and one of large brain. This small-brained deacon looked gloomy and uncertain about my experience, but the one of larger intellect, said it was good. Six or seven persons were examined at the same time. One lady gave in evidence similar to my own, but the others had witnessed some special phenomena. In less than one year, all had gone back to the "beggarly elements of the world," except the lady and myself.

For some sixteen years I was a faithful attendant on church ministrations—rain or shine, I was there—the beautiful snowflakes did not chill my determination to go where religious duty called me. But in the midst of all my close attention to the means of grace, zealous as I was to lead a religious life, in spite of my efforts to believe the Scriptures plenary, and the dogmas of the church infallibly true, little by little, distrust crept like an unwelcome thief, into my mind, and eventually I found myself void of belief. I felt like "one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted," but the old-soul garments were gone, and I could not woo them back.

In this condition of theological undress, in the winter of 1855, business called me to Buffalo to remain about two months. The first Sunday morning, when the church bells commenced ringing, I felt that I would like to go to meeting. The society of men without religious aspirations had no charm for me, still I did not desire to listen further to orthodox sermons. I thought Spiritualism was a delusion, but I proposed to a lady relative to go with me to the spiritual hall. She consented—it was a new thing to both of us.

To my astonishment, at the hall was being enacted a kind of pentecostal scene. Inspired persons rose in different parts of it, and gave what seemed to be spirit messages. Several spoke in foreign languages; these I did not understand, but the lady relative

with me, was unexpectedly inspired to understand what these mediums said, and could report it to me. This began to look like business. My interest in the matter was fully alive. There were plenty of good mediums in the city, and I followed up the investigation. I wrote to a friend, residing about one hundred and fifty miles from the city, about my new found light. The friend replied that for many years he had been groping around among the churches, trying to find out something about the immortality of the human soul, but he had not found out anything, and if he thought he could gain additional light in Buffalo, he would come at once. I went to a medium to hear what his spirit friends would say about his coming. They wrote out a communication, inviting him to come—to be there by a certain night, and he should be abundantly satisfied of the truth of spirit intercourse.

He was promptly on hand at the appointed time. During the first evening after his reaching the city, while we were conversing about spiritual subjects, my friend was entranced, and saw his father, mother, brother, and other deceased friends. The symbolic teaching given him was exceedingly fine. After he retired for the night, he had several visions given him. In the morning, he could not eat any pork, or use tobacco, both of which he had been accustomed to use, nor am I aware that he has been able to use them since. He remained with me three days—much of the time entranced, receiving and explaining his visions. Receiving proof through himself was a great surprise. He left for home, fully satisfied—a wiser and happier man.

I immediately purchased the works of Senator Talmage and Judge Edmonds, and no hungry wolf ever devoured a lamb with more voracious appetite, than my mind drank up the contents of those volumes. Mentally, orthodoxy had been starving me, and for this spiritual food my soul was quite ripe. For a number of years following, my business called me to reside from four to eight weeks in the larger towns of Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. My business gave me access to good society, and I had ample opportunity to continue my investigations in private families, with mediums that were above suspicion. My soul was full of questions. I criticized, analyzed and compared testimony, and I found that mediums in private families, whether residing one or five hundred miles apart, in their answers to questions, were in unity on all the important theological questions upon which I desired to be fully informed.

In one occasion I went to Oswego, N. Y., knowing no person in the city. My wife went with me. We took rooms at one of the best public houses. The second evening after we reached there, just after sundown, ten strangers called at our rooms, coming one by one. Within forty minutes all had come in, and it soon transpired that they had come from different parts of the city, without concert of action—were all mediums, and had been impressed to come and welcome us as strangers to the city. Spiritual manifestations soon commenced, and continued until near twelve o'clock. If I had never seen anything of the kind before, I saw enough that night to satisfy any reasonable person of the absolute truth of spirit communion. A Huxley or any scientist witnessing the same, would never conscientiously be able to say, that the human organism is nothing more than a material instrument, played upon by material forces, and that the music ceases forever when the organic structure falls asunder.

For the last twenty-one years, I have taken and perused weekly from two to three spiritual journals, and I have read most of the books published on the subject. My course has been to purchase spiritual books and lend them until they would bear no more tolerating service, and then lay them by, that I might read them over again in the sunset days of life. Recently I was again reading the works of Judge Edmonds, I was deeply interested in the second volume, especially in its teachings, touching the condition of dark and unexpressed spirits in the future life. While I was reading this volume, F. O. Matthews, the popular English medium, from London, wrote me a letter of sixteen pages, giving me an account of that class of spirits, as he saw them clairvoyantly in the spirit life. Mr. Matthews seemed somewhat at a loss to know why he should have been controlled to write me such a letter; but I readily understood that my spirit friends intended it to supplement the teachings of Bacon and Swedenborg, as given through Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. I highly valued the letter coming through Mr. Matthews, knowing him to be a young man that represents the very soul of English honor and integrity. During the centennial year, Mr. Matthews was frequently at my house, and I found him one of the best test mediums I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. At one sitting, in an hour and thirty minutes, he gave myself and wife thirty-five tests, clearly indicating the presence of that number of different spirit friends. A lady acquaintance of ours desired to meet Mr. Matthews, in person. She came thickly veiled to my house and no introduction was given. Mr. Matthews knew not who she was or where she came from; but in one hour and fifteen minutes he gave her thirty tests, which she said were correct. A very worthy friend of mine, with whom Mr. Matthews made his home for several months during the centennial year, told me in great earnestness, that he thought Mr. Matthews to be the purest minded young man he had ever been acquainted with, and that he believed that the angels of God had kept him pure and good for some very important purpose.

With all my varied opportunities of intercourse with the Spirit-world, and having been an industrious student of spiritual philosophy for over a score of years, to my mind it certainly constitutes a very natural religion, elevating, noble, grand, far-reaching, and the most rational of all religions. It matters not, though some say it is simply a science, so long as I understand all that constitutes real religion, must have its origin in cause and effect, and therefore scientific. Speculations that are fabulous and theological myths not resting on principles, of course would not come within the pale of scientific statement, as there can be no law to regulate nonentities. But science should mean certitude of knowledge, and exactitude of statement, and apply as much in the domain of intellect and morals as in physical matters. It would be absurd to say that God had made law to govern materiality, but left mind and morals, amenable to no rules of action.

If there are any men and women living who know that their lives should be pure and noble, it is those acquainted with the teachings of the spiritual philosophy. Of the thousands of inspired voices proclaiming these heavenly teachings, there is one voice of statement in the fact that we must work

out our own salvation; and if we leave undone here that which relates to our moral elevation, that which should be done, then in grief, regret, tears and remorse, we must do the work amid the lower schools of the future life. This new religious movement of the angel world, is strong enough in vitality to set aside all wild, ill-advised theories of erratic, unbalanced minds. In all new tidal waves of religious perception, coming from the realm of causes, a percentage of erratic minds float to the surface, but like floodwood in a freshet, they generally stop off among the low-land swales and sand banks.

A few years since, some persons misdirected and infatuated, proudly in convention at Chicago, flattered their black flag of social freedom, and would have trilled the white banner of Spiritualism in the dust—but where are they now? The most scarlet lady leaders are hid away in the Roman Catholic church, purchasing indulgences and absolutions—commodities which they perhaps need—while the lesser lights have "stepped down and out," with no probability of finding their way back into public confidence during their earthly pilgrimage. Doubtless, at the present time there are some honest, well-meaning persons, who really think that we should pursue our investigations in kindly regard for the tender sensibilities of mediums, and in a way which would leave the doors open for deception and fraud; but these persons are surely mistaken! Spiritualism has no need of any such doubtful assistance. It will avail a vendor of counterfeit money nothing to show that three-fourths of the time he passes good money. He will go to prison all the same. And where does this difference in moral turpitude come in, if a medium, one-fourth of the time gives fraudulent manifestations for money, and the balance of the time genuine? What difference there is, would be against the impostor acting the role of medium. He not only dishonestly fleeces from money interests, but he trifles with the most sacred feelings, hopes and desires that reach out beyond the grave. He should no more be countenanced than the burglar or the highway robber—the damage which he does may extend much further than that of either of the others.

It has been written in the record: "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to the man by whom the offense cometh." It matters not how furious the assault of those in error, their cause must fail. In the West, an enraged wild buffalo attacked an onward-bound express train. The cow-catcher lifted him from the track—the train went forward; but the buffalo soon lay stiff and cold. Error, attacking the truth, it is a mere question of time when error shall die, while truth, justice and righteousness go on rejoicing in their triumphs, lifting up and elevating humanity forevermore.

Bordentown, N. J.

Words of Wisdom.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

From the admirable letter of Mrs. E. I. Saxon, published in your issue of the 10th inst., I clip the following salutary words of wisdom and of warning, and commend them to the serious consideration of developing mediums, and of all who are in the habit of consulting spirits through mediums, as well. This little paragraph is worthy of being reprinted over and over again:

"Do not deary Spiritualism; I am an earnest believer in it, both its good and its evil phases; but I have seen more lives shipwrecked by following the indiscriminate advice of mediums, than I care ever to see again. Woe be to him who hands the reins of reason over to the invisible denizens beyond the threshold. None but a fool will follow spirit guides unless reason sanctions the action. God forbid I ever become such a driving idiot as to do so, or cease to warn others who do."

These words are from the pen of a medium of great experience, who (although wholly unknown to me) gives evidence throughout her letter, of a vigorous and well-balanced intellect. Her experience, as disclosed in her letter, accords perfectly with much that has come under my personal observation, and still more that has come to my knowledge through reading.

I have observed that a newly developed medium, is almost sure to come under the influence of a most sanguine control, who thinks his medium an unparalleled prodigy, and confidently predicts and promises the most wonderful manifestations through his or her mediumship. These predictions and promises do not appear to me as a general rule to be made in bad faith or with any evil intent. They rather appear to me to spring from an enthusiastic and over-sanguine control, as destitute of reasoning powers as the mortal who would be deluded by his wild, and often very absurd predictions.

Sometimes the medium, possessing no natural talent for music, is led to believe that he or she will be developed into a musical prodigy to whom Mozart would be proud to pay homage. Under these delusive promises, I have known an estimable lady, of very slight musical powers, either natural or acquired, to live for years in the hope of attaining the highest musical circles in the world with her performance, without having made any perceptible progress in the direction.

Often the medium, by similar delusive promises, is led to entertain the most sanguine hopes of becoming a distinguished writer, orator, healer, or inventor, to be in like manner disappointed, after wasting precious years in vain pursuit of the promised boon.

Not only are mediums thus liable to be deceived by predictions and promises never to be fulfilled, but those who are in the habit of consulting the spirits through mediums, are equally liable to be led astray, if they "hand the reins of reason over to the invisible denizens beyond the threshold."

One of the most common delusions to which mediums and those who consult them are subject, relates to buried treasures, which may be found by digging in the earth, and immense estates which may be recovered by legal process.

A year and a half ago, a considerable party of cultivated ladies and gentlemen, of at least average intellectual endowments, stimulated by a most absurd account through a medium, of buried treasures on an island in the Chesapeake bay, at considerable expense (which some of them were illly able to bear) made a voyage from this city to that island, camped out upon it for a considerable time, digging at night to avoid observation. Although they had the medium with them to point out the very spot where the treasure lay, all their excavations proved fruitless, and they returned, it is to be hoped, wiser, if not better, men and women.

A learned and able lawyer of my acquaintance has been for a year or more in England, in search of a great estate, with "mil-

lions left," under information purporting to come from Lord Bacon, through a medium. I know nothing of corroborating facts which he may have obtained from mundane sources, and therefore do not presume to pronounce the enterprise a foolish one, though I fear it will prove to be so.

If communications upon these subjects can be relied upon, about every other farm has a "rock of gold" buried upon it, and about every fifth person has an interest in some unknown estate, awaiting a claimant.

Some of these communications are, of course, mere inventions of the medium or pretended medium; but much careful observation has satisfied me that a large proportion of them are genuine. In the sense of being conscious fabrications of the medium; and often they are accompanied by tests strongly indicating that they actually come from disembodied spirits. I am well aware that communications coming through the organism of an entranced medium are very liable to be deeply colored by the "unconscious cerebration" of the medium. The opinion, prejudices and preferences of the medium are very liable to crop out, although there may be the strongest evidence that the medium is wholly unconscious of what he or she is saying. Sometimes about three-fourths of all that is said evidently comes from the unconscious brain of the medium, and yet the residue evidently comes from a source outside of the medium's knowledge.

Other consequences, still more deplorable than any above alluded to, often flow from a blind following of the advice of real or supposed "spirit guides." How many families have been ruined by the separation of husband and wife under the influence of spirit advice? How many men have been reduced from competence to penury, by undertaking to manage their business according to spirit direction?

It is quite natural to suppose that communications coming through independent writing or speaking, come wholly from a source outside of the medium's brain; but whether this be so or not, we sometimes find delusive predictions and promises, and untruthful statements as to the matter of fact, coming through these channels, as well as through the organism of a medium.

As I have said before, these untruthful and delusive communications, often lamentably mischievous in their tendency, do not appear to me to be given in bad faith, or with any evil intent. How, then, are we to account for them? I have a somewhat nebulous theory on the subject, based upon much personal observation, which I will here briefly suggest, and which I hope to more fully elaborate in a future communication.

My theory is, that many spirits, when they come into our atmosphere, come in an abnormal condition; something like that of a mesmerized subject in the physical form. Their memories, on many subjects, are evidently very defective, their perceptions obscure and unreliable, and their imaginations wonderfully fertile. I first got this idea from James Nolan, speaking in the independent voice, at séances with Mrs. Hollis, several years ago. I have received similar ideas since, in communications purporting to come from other spirits, through different mediums; and I believe something of the kind is to be found in Dr. Crowell's new book, although I cannot now cite the chapter or page. I do not recollect ever to have heard, through a supposed spiritual communication, that spirits sometimes come to us so far psychologized as to lose a consciousness of their own identity, yet I think the inference that they may do so is fairly deducible from what I have received.

It is no uncommon thing for an insane person to converse fluently and rationally upon all other subjects except that of his own identity, while on that subject he is as "crazy as a loon," believing himself to be Jesus Christ, the apostle Paul, or some other noted historical or mythical personage. Years ago, when mesmerism was more practiced than it is at the present day, I have often seen a mesmerizer have a dozen or more subjects so completely under his control, as, by the mere exercise of his own will, to cause them to see in an ordinary walking stick a frightful serpent, or in the bare floor a pool of water, etc., etc., and to so far lose a consciousness of their own identity as to imagine themselves to be Washingtons, Napoleons, or any other persons whom the operator might wish them to become, and each, for the time being, to act for the character he was willing to assume. May it not be possible that disembodied spirits, coming into our atmosphere often come in a psychologized condition somewhat similar?

I do not put forth this theory as one established by evidence, but merely as one in which I have some reason to think there may be a shade of truth. If so, it may account for many of the delusive, and often mischievous communications purporting to come from spirits, without imputing conscious fraud to the medium, or any evil or deceptive intent to the communicating spirit. It may account for the many driving platitudes, purporting to come through honest trance mediums, from such spirits as George Washington, John Quincy Adams, Theodore Parker, and a host of other departed great men, who if their real authors, must have progressed backward at railroad speed since entering the spirit-land. It may even account for many of the phenomena witnessed at materializing two-shilling shows, where figures believed to be genuine materializations, appear, claiming to be Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter and Pharaoh's daughter, or where Sarah, the wife of the patriarch Abraham, puts in an appearance under the familiar cognomen of "Aunt Sally."

Whether there is any shadow of truth in the theory above suggested or not, the fact of the great danger of "handing the reins of reason over to the invisible denizens beyond the threshold," remains the same.

J. J. C.

Washington, D. C.

It is not the magnitude of the sphere in which we live, but the patience and fidelity with which we work in it, that our reason will honor.

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all.

A true friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

Happy is he who has learned to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerily, wherever and whatever it may be.

The diamond fallen into the dirt is not the less precious, and the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not the less vile.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

A Young Florentine Controlled by a Spirit.

Italy has been singularly free from the phenomena or delusions of spiritual mediumship, as known in America, England, and France, especially their writing or literary phase. The few material manifestations that have occurred from time to time have either attracted no special notice, or been received with utter incredulity. Indeed, there has really been nothing in this line sufficiently curious and evident as to cause the faintest rumble to either of the two currents that now reflect the drift of the Italian mind, viz., absolute skepticism or blind faith, and which form the conflicting poles of social thought and political action here. Quite recently, however, in Florence, there has occurred a psychological phenomenon which is certainly new and strange in this country, and, from its character and pretensions, cannot fail to interest elsewhere, whatever may be the opinions as to its real cause and aim.

A year ago a young man of twenty-five years of age, named Gino Fancullacci, in the service of M. Ribbet, the well-known French antiquary, of Florence, to his surprise, began to be afflicted at times with rapid and apparently objectless agitations of his limbs, as if an extraneous force to which, for a time, he paid no attention beyond that caused by the momentary annoyance. Finally, these movements concentrated themselves into his right hand, with a disposition to draw or write. It was driven with such rapidity and force that it frequently fractured the pencils used and tore the paper, throwing the materials about with much violence, while producing words either meaningless or undecipherable, and quaint, grotesque designs, with indescribable quickness of stroke. These phenomena at first subsided into something like order, and ended in legible writings in various tongues, and drawings of some merit and originality, all quite beyond the capacity of Fancullacci in a normal state. These fits of nervous excitement came on at stated hours, generally at noon, and lasted as long as his strength held out, or until interrupted by other calls on his time. The chief physical marvel is the jerking rapidity with which the drawing or writing is produced, and the variety of styles of both following in quick succession, crowding, and, as it were, disputing for precedence, and complete utterance. The designs are chiefly portrait heads, interspersed with caricatures and comical compositions, beginning with likenesses or limitations of the old Florentine masters, and ending with the styles of the French and other modern schools, each very individualistic and somewhat strangely characteristic, although done in widely differing methods of execution. I have before me on a large folio sheet an outlined head of the fourteenth century. In a few sharp, incisive, heavy strokes, with the appropriate costume, signed "Andrea Orcagna," another, still better in execution, and very like old Florentine work, on which is printed, in corresponding strokes, "Paolo Uccello." In the back there is a female head and bust, without name, in profile, which might pass for a rude sketch or first thought by Pollaiuolo himself. Drawings of the latter masters in their general styles are equally characteristic, and frequently accompanied by written jests, moral or other sayings, forming sometimes a sort of confession or discourse, intelligible and unexceptionable, if not very remarkable otherwise. If their author had ever practiced drawing or painting, these effusions might be noteworthy merely for the spontaneity, rapidity, and variety of their production, and the diverse languages used, even German and Chinese, of which he is entirely ignorant. But coming so, without any previous preparation on his part, they are singular psychological manifestations, and so far as I can judge, quite free from any intentional deception or bad faith. When the spell is on him, he asserts that he sees the ghostly forms of the old masters, poets, and eminent dead, and others not eminent, crowding around, all wanting to put in a word or line each on his own account, to make himself known for better or worse; for it must be confessed these manifestations would indicate a very "mixed lot" of spirits, if they be spirits at all.

For a considerable time, however, there has been one influence more potent than the others which has got the upper hand and entirely monopolized the writing capacity of Signor Fancullacci. The result has been that in about 150 hours' actual writing time, at such intervals as his daily vocations would permit, he has written down a consecutive poem of 100 cantos, embracing 13,000 verses or lines, in *terzo rima* and forms used in Dante's time, with much of the antique phraseology, names of places, etc. Deceived or deceiving, as an impassive agent of some occult or uncomprehended power behind his own brain, he asserts that he sees Dante sitting in a chair beside him, and feels the words flow in an unaccountable magnetic manner through his brain to his hand and pen. In due, he believes that he is the amanuensis of the spirit of Dante, who is dictating a new poem, not mentioning the "Inferno," but describing his experiences in the celestial regions, scenery, conditions of being, his intercourse with the eminent dead, his subsequent visiting the earth, particularly Florence, in company with Michael Angelo, Giotto, and others of their stamp, explorations of the planets with Galileo, the organic nature of the sun, etc., scientifically viewed, his views of the future destiny of mankind, and the relations of his search after God in the company of Socrates, who leads him to Christ, in whose great spiritual presence he fears to speak, until Jesus, reading his thoughts, bids him utter them, and adds:

"Disce! immensa uoluntas est."

This programme fairly takes away one's breath. But there is something fascinating to the imagination in the very idea; and in listening to the reading of parts in the musical Italian tongue, with frequent beautiful smiles, suggestions, and descriptions captivating the mind and ear, at first blush we are disposed to be more pleased than critical. In whatever light it may be viewed, the poem is a strange production, for its putative author, unlike Chatterton, the successful forger, for a time, of Old English, is an illiterate youth, who believes in nothing except his own material life and gratifications. How it will fare with the critics as poetry will soon be seen, as it is to be printed at the expense of a Florentine, who is thoroughly persuaded of its spirit-origin. I submitted a few lines of the great poem and some verses purporting to come from Ugo Foscolo, copied literally, to two excellent Italian scholars, one a poet himself, without giving them any clue to their source. The first said they were "good poetry," but not very intelligible as to meaning by themselves, although one quotation

recalled Ugo Foscolo. The other was reminded by them of a third-rate poet of the last century, and the whole avowed of an imitation of the old school of poetry. There were mistakes as to use of spelling of words, so that it was very difficult to get the true import. Neither spoke of Dante in relation to them. It was a somewhat crucial test, to be sure, to take a few isolated lines, but as to the quality of the poetry, irrespective of ideas, probably they will be found correct, and these poems in literary excellence stand no higher than the average of such productions of the spiritualist school in England and America. That this phenomenon, in such a scale and with such pretensions, should break out thus suddenly in Florence, the most ungenial of places for anything of this character, is not its least remarkable feature. — N. Y. Times.

Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

PREAMBLE.

I. Convinced that an immortal future awaits us, for which the experiences and attainments of the present life are preparatory, and hence that it is in our interest as well as duty, to make the worthiest possible use of earthly existence.

2. That all human beings are capable of unlimited improvement, or of endless progress in wisdom, usefulness, beauty of character, and consequent happiness; and hence that it is our privilege to so live that each to-morrow may find us further than to-day.

3. That for our aid in the discovery of truth, and in the achievement of worthy lives, divine inspirations, angelic ministrations, and various spiritual gifts are ever available to mankind, and hence that we should quench not the spirit, despise not prophesying, but "covet earnestly the best gifts."

4. That converse with our spirit friends and other dwellers in the invisible realm, is a privilege to be sought, of high value to those who use it wisely.

5. That all truth is divine or sacred, and is absolutely authoritative to the soul that apprehends it; yet, that, while we may all ascribe to the perception of truth and duty, no one can determine for another—aside from mathematical and scientific demonstrations—what is truth and duty; hence that such individual must believe and act on his or her responsibility in all things.

6. That freedom is the birthright of every soul, and the indispensable condition of the highest progress, purity and perfection; yet true freedom is neither anarchy or license, but implies restraint from all infringement on the freedom and rights of others.

7. That all wrong doing as well as right action, is sure to result in the appropriate consequences, sooner or later, in suffering or in joy, by the operation of inherent laws in our constitutions, physical and spiritual.

8. That the human race is one family, or brother and sisterhood, whose interests and welfare are forever one; and hence, that it is the self-evident duty and interest of each, not only to refrain from whatever would wrong or harm another, but, renouncing all merely personal aims, to live for the good of all, especially seeking to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant and the degraded of whatsoever class or condition.

9. That the universe is pervaded and controlled by a beneficent Power and wise Intelligence, sustaining to all finite intelligences, in some sense the intimate relation of Parent, who, as such, is worthy of our highest veneration and love; of whose being, works and ways we claim to know but little, but would learn all that may be known to whose will, so far as ascertained, we aspire to be fully conformed as our greatest good; whose authorized revelation is Nature; and whose interpreter is science; and who is most acceptably worshipped by love and service to our fellow beings; and believing also that achievement of true lives, and of a higher civilization, in accord with these convictions, can be better attained by association, than by merely individual action, and that we can work together with harmony and success only as we are agreed in the fundamental convictions from which our action springs, we, the undersigned, associate ourselves for mutual aid in the practical application of these convictions to our lives, and to the improvement of the community in which we dwell, also, for the fuller discovery of truth, and agree to be governed in our associative action by the following articles of association:

NAME OF ASSOCIATION.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

OBJECT AND AIMS.

ARTICLE I. To study the laws and forces relating to man's nature, and to demonstrate so far as demonstration is possible, the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the laws of spirit existence and manifestation.

MEMBERSHIP.

II. Any true man or woman who is striving earnestly to live a pure, moral life, and who sympathizes with the objects above stated, may become a member of this Fraternity. All proposals for membership are to be submitted to the Board of Directors, and if approved, and on their signing these articles of association, they shall be considered as elected to full membership.

DUES.

III. Every member of this association shall pay into the treasury the sum of twenty-five cents, quarterly, for the purpose of defraying necessary expenses.

FELLOWSHIP.

IV. We will fellowship with any and all men and women who are earnestly striving to live moral and upright lives, who will fellowship with us, of whatever name, race or faith, be they Jew, Pagan or Christian.

OFFICERS.

V. The officers of this association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three persons who shall constitute the Board of Directors, who shall be elected annually, at the first meeting of the association in January of each year, and shall hold office for one year.

MEETINGS.

VI. The board of directors shall hold meetings the first week in each month for the transaction of business.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

VII. A public conference meeting shall be held every Saturday evening, for mutual benefit and instruction, and such other meetings as the Fraternity may direct from time to time.

PHENOMENA.

VIII. There shall be elected a committee on mediums and mediumship, whose business it shall be to aid all true mediums in development, and to test, when opportunity offers, their powers; and whose duty it will be to study and classify phenomena. This committee shall meet weekly, and report progress to the Fraternity every month.

MISSIONARY WORK.

IX. There shall be elected annually a committee of five, whose duty it will be to study the best method of extending the

knowledge of the spiritual philosophy in the city of Brooklyn, by organizing associations or otherwise, and who shall report to the Fraternity as occasion may require.

SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

X. Special committees may be appointed at any regular meeting of the Fraternity, for any object requiring special action.

AMENDMENTS.

XI. These articles may be altered or amended at any regular meeting, provided notice of the alteration or amendment proposed, shall be given at two regular preceding meetings.

OFFICERS—1880.

President, S. B. Nichols, 407 Waverly Avenue; Vice-President, D. M. Cole, 75 Ralph Avenue; Secretary, Miss Kate Manning, 258 Union street; Treasurer, E. Butterick, corner Franklin Avenue and Montrose street.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Wm. Cole, 26 Court street; Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, 417 Yates Avenue; Wm. L. Rymer, 268 Union street.

Magazines for February not Before Mentioned.

Fortner's Monthly, (Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: The Portrait of Peter the Great; The Flag of Peter the Great; A Wheel around the Hub; Booby Little Hat; New England Fences; Louisiana; Present Phases of Sunday School Work; Edison's Electric Light; "That Lass O' Lowrie's"; Peter the Great; Success with Small Fruits; John Bright; A Remonstrated Teacher; The Grandissimes; Porto Fino; A Valentine; A Knight of Danneberg; Notes of a Walker; The Political Outlook; Topics of the Time; Communications; Home and Society; Culture and Progress; The World's Work; Brie-a-Brac. This mid-winter number is perfect in all its points, being filled with interesting articles from able writers, and the illustrations; 125,000 copies have been printed to supply the demand. The frontispiece is a portrait of Peter the Great, being the one out of four hundred which he preferred.

St. Nicholas, (Scribner & Co., 743 and 745 Broadway, New York.) Contents: Frontispiece: The Princess in the Tower; Child-Songs; Jack and Jill; Prairie Squirrels; Winter; Saved from Siberia; Daisy's Mistake; A Knotty Subject; Around and around a dusty little room; A Faithful Friend; Bobbing for Apples; How to entertain a Guest; Why Patty Stays in Church; Hearing Without Ears; The Hyacinth; A Story for the Boys and Girls; Mary Elizabeth; Snow-Sports for Girls and Boys; The Raven Uncle; A Picture with a Moral for Boys and Dogs; Edith's Burglar; Master Treborious; Some Wonderful Automata; "Seeing is Believing"; Out at Sea; The Children's Tally-ho; An Only Child; Among the Lakes; Quite a History; Our Music Page; For Very Little Folk; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; The Letter-Box; The Riddle-Box. As usual this number is all that could be expected, and the stories and illustrations are extremely interesting.

The Phenological Journal, (S. R. Wells & Co., New York.) Contents: Rev. Elijah D. Murphy, Pastor of the New York Port Society; Enthusiasm; Studies in Comparative Phenology; Sayings, and who first said them; William M. Lowe, Senator from Alabama; Agreeableness; Ancient populations of North America; An Old Custom which ought to be revived; The Young Folks of Cherry Avenue; Remarks on House Drains, Chills and Fever Sufferers; Clean Beds; Notes in Science and Agriculture; Poems; Editorial Items; Answers to Correspondents; What they say; Personal—Wisdom—Mirth—Library—Publisher's Department.

Andrews' Bazar, (W. R. Andrews, New York.) This number appears in a new dress and will be found interesting. The literary features are good; subjects relating to dress are given extended and practical notice, and has something for everybody. Its children's department is conducted with skill. Single copies to cents. Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum.

Prof. Tice's Weather Forecasts and American Almanac, (Thompson, Tice & Lillington, 250 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.) This gives the condition of the weather for every day in the year, with explanations of the causes governing it and its changes; price per copy twenty cents.

Babyland, (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.) This magazine is for youngest readers, and will be found quite entertaining and instructive.

Magazines for January Just Received.

The Medical Tribune, (Alex. Wilder, M. D., F. A. S., and Robert A. Guin, M. D., New York city.) Contents: The National Board of Health a Failure; Color Blindness; Damiana; The Refractory Liver Nodule; The Burr in the Heart; Iris Vesicular; The neuropathists' Repudiating Specific Medication; Eclectics with the Trojan Horse in Wisconsin; Physicians Compared with Dentists; Handy Antiseptic Surgery; Surgical Notes from Practice; Singular Result from Damiana; Spirit of the Press; New Publications.

The Antiquary, a magazine devoted to the study of the Past, Vol. I, No. 1. (Edward Walworth, M. A., No. 62 Paternoster Row, London E. C., England.) Contents: Prologue; The Value and Charm of Antiquarian Study; Instructions from James II. to the Earl of Tyrconnell; David Mallett and the Balad of William and Margaret; Historical memories of Tewkesbury Abbey; Folklore and the Folklore Society; Last Relics of the Cornish Tongue; The Canterbury Coins of Edward I, II, III; Old Parochial Registers of England; The Parish of Colchester, from an Old Broadside; Franking Memoranda; The Schoolmaster—Printer of St. Albans; An "Indian Money Cowrie" in a British Barrow; The Public Records of England; Reviews; Meetings of Antiquarian Societies; The Antiquary's Note-Book; Antiquarian News—Correspondence—Antiquary Exchange Column, etc. Subscription price \$4.00 per annum postage paid.

The Health and Home, (P. Sweet, M. D., 245 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.) A Family and Medical Newspaper devoted to the best interests of mankind. This number contains a supplemental "Our Home" devoted to Merry-Making, Fun, etc.

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE.

By SHIRAZI & LTON. Authors of "The Hidden Guide." This book contains many startling ideas that are calculated to excite the spiritual and material faculties of the human mind, and to reveal the true nature of the human soul. The contents are divided into two parts: Part I. The Science of the Soul; Part II. The Science of the Body. The Science of the Soul is divided into three parts: The Science of the Soul; The Science of the Body; The Science of the Spirit. The Science of the Body is divided into three parts: The Science of the Body; The Science of the Spirit; The Science of the Soul. The Science of the Spirit is divided into three parts: The Science of the Spirit; The Science of the Soul; The Science of the Body. The Science of the Soul is divided into three parts: The Science of the Soul; The Science of the Body; The Science of the Spirit. The Science of the Body is divided into three parts: The Science of the Body; The Science of the Spirit; The Science of the Soul. 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Col. I. Easton, of Leavenworth, Kansas, has been spending several days in the city. His experiences in connection with Spiritualism, are highly interesting. The account of the marriage of his spirit daughter to the son of ex-president Pierce, was re-published in France and Germany. He is highly mediumistic himself and whenever in the presence of a good medium, he is as a natural consequence overwhelmed with tests. He had a sitting with Mrs. Simpson last week, with the most satisfactory results.

Continued from Ninth Page.

LIBERTY!

[Applause.] It is a small thing to quench the thirst of hell with the holy tears of piety, break all the chains, put out the fires of civil war, slay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the church from the white throat of truth.

It is a small thing to make men truly free, to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, and power, from the beautiful face of the earth the bond of fear? It does seem as though the most zealous Christians must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the church had, in a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained and educated and drilled to murder their fellow Christians. Every nation is growing up in war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to devour Christian brains into eternal froth. [Laughter.] Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian murder. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed and dogma and faith, and they have failed—and they have failed in all the nations dead.

Nothing but education—scientific education can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

WE NEED FREE BODIES AND FREE MINDS, free labor and free thought, chastity hands and fearless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth. [Applause.]

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time, but he was orthodox compared to the infidels of today. [Laughter.]

Science, the great impostor, has been very busy since 1839, and by the highway of progress has broken the images of the past. On every hand the people advance. The vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Caesars, and upon the shadow of the eagle. All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have aided them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of today.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrestled from the gods their thunderbolts, and now the electric spark freighted with thought and love, dashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unimpeded labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil. [Applause.]

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the great republic. He lived a long, laborious, and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of neglect and sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure, and what history calls success. [Applause.] If to love your fellow men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good. If to be in advance of your time, to be a pioneer in the direction of right, is greatness, Thomas Paine was great. If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroism, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of seventy-three

DEATH TOUCHED HIS TIRED HEART. He died in the land his genius defended, under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander can not touch him now; hatred can not reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars.

A few more years, a few more brave men, a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said: "Any system of religion that chokes the mind of a child cannot be a true system. The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

[Applause.] The next question is:

DID THOMAS PAINE RECENT?

Mr. Paine had prophesied that fanatics would crawl and crawl around him during his last moments. He believed that they would put a lie in the mouth of death. When the shadow of the coming dissolution was upon him, two clergymen, Messrs. Milledollar and Cunningham, called to annoy the dying man. Mr. Cunningham had the politeness to say: "You have now a full view of death; you cannot live long; whoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will assuredly be damned." Mr. Paine replied: "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good morning." On another occasion a Methodist minister obliterated himself. Mr. Willett Hicks was present. The minister declared to Mr. Paine that "unless he repented of his unbelief he would be damned." Paine, although at the door of death, rose in his bed and indignantly requested the clergyman to leave the room. On another occasion, two brothers by the name of Pigott sought to convert him. He was displeased, and requested their departure. Afterward, Thomas Nixon and Capt. Daniel Pelton visited him for the express purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any manner, changed his religious opinions. They were assured by the dying man that he still held the principles he had expressed in his writings.

Afterward, these gentlemen, hearing that William Cobbett was about to write a life of Paine, sent him the following note:

I must tell you now that it is of great importance to find out whether Paine recanted. If he recanted then the Bible is true—[Laughter]—you can rest assured that a spring of water gushed out of a dead dry bone. If Paine recanted there is not the slightest doubt about that donkey making that speech to Mr. Baalam—not the slightest—[Laughter]—and if Paine did not recant, then the whole thing is a mistake. I want to show that Thomas Paine died as he had lived, a friend of man and without superstition, and if you will stay here I will do it. [Applause.]

THE LETTER.

New York, April 24, 1818.—Sir: Having been informed that you have a design to write

a history of the life and writings of Thomas Paine, if you have been furnished with materials in respect to his religious opinions, or rather of his recantation of his former opinions before his death, all you have heard of his recantation is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death by fanatics who infected his house at the time it was expected he would die, we, the subscribers, intimate acquaintances of Thomas Paine since the year 1793, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in full vigor and use of all his mental faculties. We interrogated him upon his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or wrote on that subject. He answered, "Not at all," and appeared rather offended at our supposition that any change should take place in his mind. We took down in writing the questions put to him and his answers thereto, before a number of persons then in his room, among whom were his doctor, Mrs. Bonneville, etc. This paper is mislaid and can not be found at present, but the above is the substance, which can be attested by many living witnesses.

THOMAS NIXON,
DANIEL PELTON.

An old man in Pennsylvania told me once that his father had

AN OLD REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER

by the name of Thomas Martin to work for him. Martin was then quite an old man; and there was an old Presbyterian preacher used to come there, by the name of Crawford, and he sat down by the fire and he got to talking one night, among other things, about Thomas Paine—what a wretched, infamous dog he was; and while he was in the midst of this conversation the old soldier rose from the fireplace, and he walked over to this preacher, and he said to him: "Did you ever see Thomas Paine?" "No," he says, "I have." "I saw him at Valley Forge," I heard that at the head of every regiment and company the letters of Thomas Paine. I heard them read the "Crisis," and I saw Thomas Paine writing on the head of a drum, sitting at the window. Those simple words that inspired every patriot's heart, and I want to tell you, Mr. Preacher, that Thomas Paine did more for liberty than any priest that ever lived in this world."

And yet they say he was afraid to die! Afraid of what? Is there any God in heaven that

HATES A PATRIOT? If there is, Thomas Paine ought to be afraid to die. Is there any God that would damn a man for helping to free three millions of people? If Thomas Paine was in hell to night, and could get God's attention long enough to point him to the old banner of the stars floating over America, God would have to let him out. [Great applause.] What would he be afraid of? Had he ever burned anybody? No. Had he ever put anybody in the inquiry? No. Ever put the thumb-screw on anybody? No. Ever put anybody in prison so that some poor wife and mother would come and hold her little babe up at the grated window that the man bound to the floor might get one glimpse of his blue eyed babe? Did he ever do that?

Did he ever light a fagot? Did he ever tear human flesh? Why, what had he to be afraid of? He had helped to make the world free. He had helped create the only republic then on earth. What was he afraid of? Was God a Tory? It won't do. [Great laughter.]

One would think from the persistence with which the orthodox have charged for the last seventy years that Thomas Paine recanted, that there must be some evidence of some kind to support those charges. Even with my ideas of the average honor of the believers in superstition, the average truthfulness of the disciples of fear, I did not believe that all these infamous recanted solely upon poorly attested falsehoods. I had charity enough to suppose that something had been said or done by Thomas Paine capable of being tortured into a foundation of all these calumnies. What crime had Thomas Paine committed that he should have feared to die? The only answer you can give is that he denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. If that is crime, the civilized world is filled with criminals. The pioneers of human thought, the intellectual leaders of this world the foremost men in every science, the kings of literature and art, those who stand in the front of investigation, the men who are civilizing and elevating and refining mankind.

ARE ALL UNBELIEVERS

In the ignorant dogma of inspiration. Why should we think that Thomas Paine was afraid to die? and why should the American people malign the memory of that great man? He was the first to advocate the separation from the mother country. He was the first to write these words: "The United States of America." [Great applause.] Think of maligning that man! He was the first to lift his voice against human slavery, and while hundreds and thousands of ministers all over the United States not only believed in slavery, but bought and sold women and babes in the name of Jesus Christ, this infidel, this wretch who is now burning in the flames of hell, lifted his voice against human slavery and said: "It is robbery, and a slaveholder is a thief; the whipper of women is a barbarian; the seller of a child is a savage." No wonder that the thieving hypocrite of his day hated him! [Great applause.]

I have no love for any man who ever pretended to own a human being. I have no love for a man who would sell a babe from the mother's throbbing, heaving, agonized breast. [Applause.] I have no respect for a man who considered a lash upon the naked back a legal tender for labor performed. [Laughter and applause.] So write it down, Thomas Paine was

THE FIRST GREAT ABOLITIONIST

of America. [Applause.] Now let me tell you another thing. He was the first man to raise his voice for the abolition of the death penalty in the French convention. What more did he do? He was the first to suggest a federal constitution for the United States. He saw that the old articles of confederation were nothing; that they were ropes of water and chains of mist, and he said, "We want a federal constitution so that when you pass a law raising 5 per cent you can make the States pay it." Let us give him his due. What were all these preachers doing at that time? [Laughter, applause, and cheers.]

He hated superstition; he loved the truth. He hated tyranny; he loved liberty. He was the friend of the human race. He lived a brave and thoughtful life. He was a good and a generous man, and he died as he lived. Like a great and generous river with green and shaded banks, without a murmur, without a ripple, he flowed into the waveless ocean of eternal peace. I love him; I love every man who gave me, or helped to give me the liberty I enjoy to night. I love every man who helped put our flag in heaven. I love every man who has lifted his voice in any age for liberty, for a chivalric body and a fearless brain. I love every man who has given to every other human being every right that he claimed for himself. [Applause.] I love every man who has thought more of principle

than he has of position. I love the men who have trampled crowns beneath their feet that they might do something for mankind. [Applause] and for that reason I love Thomas Paine.

I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, every one—every one, for the attention you have given me this evening. [Storms of applause and cheers.]

Rev. A. J. Fishback, formerly a prominent Universalist minister, heartily endorses the scheme, as set forth under the heading, "To Spiritualists."

We republish "The New Fire Department, and a Word to the Clergy," with several additional verses, by that distinguished poet, Warren Sumner Barlow.

Last Sunday morning Mrs. Ophelia Samuels lectured to the First Society of Spiritualists, corner of Monroe and Ludlow streets. She is a very entertaining speaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson started for New Orleans, Thursday, February 5th. They will remain there until the 15th. They have many warm friends in that city, who will be glad to see them again.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Plum Creek, Mitchell Co., Kans., Jan. 18th; at Clinton, Jan. 22nd and 23rd. He reports good audiences and interest there, and in his work generally. May success attend all earnest and efficient labor; and this can only be with proper support by the friends of the cause. Dr. B. can be addressed until further notice at Clinton, Mo.

Business Notices.

HALL'S Vegetable Sella Hair Restorer cleanses the head from dandruff. Give it a trial.

FROM A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIAN—Prof. Green, a distinguished physician, writes to the Medical Record of Atlanta, Ga., to the effect that after all other means had failed, he sent for the Kidney Cure, (Safe Kidney and Liver Cure), and to his astonishment cured a serious case of Bright's Disease by administering it, and afterwards found it equally beneficial in other cases. He advised his brother physicians to use it in preference to anything else for kidney diseases.

HOMOEOPATHY—All suffering from Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness will be greatly benefited by the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

SUMNER'S GREAT RELAXER of the system and restorer of the weak of dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, cholera morbus, cramps, headache, colds, and other painful and dangerous affections, for which Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Sassafras—composed from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water pepper, anodyne, soothing and healing gums and balsams, is a most potent specific. It is equally efficacious in breaking up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. Every household should be supplied with it. Fifty cents by druggists.

REGULATE THE SECRETIONS—In our endeavors to preserve health, it is of the utmost importance that we keep the secretory system in perfect condition. The well known remedy, Kidney Wort, has specific action upon the kidneys, liver, and bowels. Use it instead of doing with vile biters or drastic pills. It is purely vegetable and is prompt but mild in action.

AGAIN VICTORIOUS—At the International Dairy Fair, held in New York, December 1879, a committee of the most expert butter makers made the most careful tests of all the different Butters On hand. The result was the unanimous award of the only prize to Wedel, H. & Co.'s Perfected Butter Color. Again this original and perfect color secured a victory as it always does when the honest and fair competition with all its competitors. Sold by Druggists and Merchants. Take no other.

CLAIM-DRY EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examine the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y. CHARGE EVERY CASE OF FLEAS.

Mrs. D. Johnston, Artist, 465 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Water Color Portraits especially.

J. B. CRUYER, of Warner, Minn., says: "The Great Spiritual Remedy, Mr. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, are doing wonders here. They have lifted lots of sick out of bed, and lots more need them." See advertisement in another column.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, 25 E. 14th street, N. Y. Terms: 25 and three-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered.

Dr. D. P. Kayser, the oldest Medical Sec. now in the field, can be consulted daily for clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions, from 9 to 11 and 2 to 4, at Room 52, Merchants' Building, N. W. cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., Chicago. Examinations made in person or by a lock of the patient's hair. Magnetic, Electric, Medicinal or Surgical treatment directed and applied as the case demands. See advertisement in another column.

CONSUMPTION CURED—An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. BAKER, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT MRS. C. M. MORRISON, M. D.—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. MORRISON'S unparalleled success in giving diagnosis by lock of hair, and thousands have been cured with magnetized remedies prescribed by her Medical Band.

DIAGNOSIS BY LETTERS—Enclose lock of patient's hair and \$1.00. Give the name, age and sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Circulars containing testimonials and system of practice, sent free on application. Address, MRS. C. M. MORRISON, M. D., Box 2512, Boston.

Married.

In Auburn, N. Y., January 24th, 1880, by Rev. J. H. Hart, Mr. R. J. OLIVER, of Bangor, Me., and Miss H. M. DAVIS, of Auburn, N. Y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

For one to spirit-life, at the residence of her son, Mrs. Watson, Me., on the 21st inst. HARRIET LAYTON, the wife of George Layton, aged 76 years.

Spiritualist's and Medium's Meeting.

A Spiritualist's and medium's meeting will be held by Dr. Wm. Wiggins, Sunday, at 3 P. M., at 308 West Madison street. There will be trance speaking, tests, etc.

New Advertisements.

EMMA JEFFRIES, of the President's House, has been a Medium for the past several years, and has been successful in many cases. She will be at the residence of Dr. Wm. Wiggins, Sunday, at 3 P. M., at 308 West Madison street. There will be trance speaking, tests, etc.

ELECTRICITY IN LIFE, for EVERY delicate case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc., and for all cases of Paralysis, etc., will be given by Dr. Wm. Wiggins, Sunday, at 3 P. M., at 308 West Madison street. There will be trance speaking, tests, etc.

In the Sick Room.

A SERIES OF PAPERSON DOMESTIC NURSING, by Miss E. H. COTTELL, of the Massachusetts Society for the Education of the Deaf, Blind, and Dumb, 27 Park Place, New York.

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IMPROVE Your Long Fishings. Make Money and Beautify Your Homes. A Scroll Saw

U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. The Scroll Saw is a new and improved machine for cutting out intricate designs in wood, metal, etc. It is a most valuable addition to any workshop. Address, JOHN WILKINSON, Inventor and Manufacturer, No. 11 West Street, Chicago, Ill.

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DR. J. R. NEWTON

Voices from the People.
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE
HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

The New Fire Department and a
Word to the Clergy.
BY WARREN SUMNER HARLOW.

Awake from your slumber, all nations of earth,
All kingdoms, all kindreds, of whatever birth;
For the fires of perdition, calve with groans,
Whom glaring red tongues, ever thirsting for bones,
Whose billows of death, while eternity rolls,
Are extending their arms to engulf the souls;
To bring us with Satan within their embrace,
The angels of the ten tenths of the race!
Yes, wake from your slumber, and bathe in the light!
Enslaved your armor, prepare for the fight;
Cut loose from oppressors, their mandates defy,
Believing that none but a coward can die!

A little Department of Firemen was formed,
Which bravely the battling elements stormed;
The red, seething fountain was hotly assailed,
Till the pulpit affrighted, all rallied and rallied,
And woke such a tumult their foes to defeat,
That Satan took courage within his retreat!

Still the war was exciting throughout all the land,
Though few were the forces that took the brand;
For the orthodox churches—though strange let me tell—
Were cohorts with Satan in fighting for hell!

This new combination with sulphur and smoke,
So tinged the senses that many awoke,
Desiring the quietude, untroubled by doubt,
Resolved, if hell could, it should be put out!

Now joined the Department its numbers to swell—
"The New Fire Department," to battle with hell.
Their weapons were forged on the anvil above,
Were hammered by Wisdom, and tempered by love;
Thus, armed with the powers of invincible might,
They battled for truth with the symbols of light.

The churches, afflicted, were all in a blaze,
Where Satan was welcomed, reflecting the rays
Of the bottomless pit, who with anxious desire
Joined hands with the clergy in saving the fire!

In spite of all dogmas, all maxims and creeds,
The battle was waged for humanity's needs;
Yet earth seemed enveloped with sulphur and smoke,
Till many an orthodox deacon awoke
And joined the Department, now strong in its youth—
The New Fire Department to battle for truth.

The conflict waxed stronger, as years went space,
Enlightening the hopes and the fears of the race;
While priests, in their frenzy to curb new desires,
Preached long windy sermons, inflaming the fires,
Till the sulphurous fumes, with intensified heat,
Drove many a sinner from his creedal retreat—
Drove many a sinner to dire unbelief,
While even this freedom afforded relief.

By breaking the shackles, the truth to explore,
And finding a God whom the angels adore,
Whose Fatherly kindness no language can tell,
Remote from the fumes of an orthodox hell!

When ho lally-ho rings the captain's clear tones,
While the flashing of armor commingles with groans,
Onward, all onward, not knowing defeat!
Onward, brave heroes, but never retreat!
Onward, thrice onward, the flames are abating!
But all for a moment; the angels are waiting
To bring the glad tidings, in *merciful* joy,
That all we are fighting is *orthodox smoke*!

A WORD TO THE CLERGY.

Oh, ye preachers! tell us kindly
If these doctrines once were true,
And you never preached them blindly,
Are they not as good as new?

If the people do not like them,
You should preach them all the more,
Till they love and hunger,
And you angry God adore!

We feel your honest soul would fain rebel
Against these faded thoughts of God and hell;
Though still the war and wolf of many creeds
Were ever ill suited to our needs.

Then why will you, in this ridiculous age,
Repose beneath the shadows of the past,
And drink from stagnant, pestiferous pools,
And feed upon the burke of yore's bones—
With which you long have dined in immortal soles?
When manna from heaven's perennial fields,
And water from the fountains of life flow
In rich abundance, suited to your needs?

Nay, more; for when our famished souls repined
Upon the barren borders of despair,
And faintly sought for heaven's refreshing fruit,
You, like the dog within the manger filled,
That never ate a morsel of the hay,
But drove the patient hungry ox therefrom;
Thus you, would fain deliver the light of heaven,
Would dictate, circumscribe, and limit man
To your dogmatic and repulsive creeds—
The willing slave to ignorance and fear!

Thus curb and stifle the powers of thought,
And force the world to worship at your shrine!
If you while caged within your narrow sphere
Bill close your eyes upon the realms of light,
Pray do not seek to hold expanding souls
Within the confines of your dark slide;
But ever from the boundless fields of thought,
Let each select what seemeth wise and best,
And freely breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

But strange your appetites should still desire
This foul decoction of a putrid dreg,
Which spurs the purpose of your wild beast,
And keeps alive the demon in your breast,
Creates a hell within the soul's recess,
And feeds the fires of hell for your foes;
While God, traduced by your loveless rule,
Excites less reverence, than the devil.

But if your morbid tastes still crave such food,
We hope it somehow may result in good.
Yet fain believe that Nature's ample store,
You yet have left to mine her golden ore,
To give her precious gems, and day by day
Retain the gold, and cast the dross away;
Till light adorns and animates the soul,
And proves the cultured powers of self control;
Through which the most benighted souls will rise
And reach the shining pathway of the skies.
Thus you, at last, will join the glad refrain—
A creed that not a soul was made in vain!
Paterson, N. J., Jan. 6th, 1880.

Bishop H. L. Eads, of Kentucky, writes:
The reason I prefer the Journal to other spiri-
tual papers, is because most of them seem to
be too tender-footed or tender-hearted to be
willing to expose hypocritical pretenders, who
practice fraud to make money on the credulity
of their neighbors, especially if such frauds be ladies.
A building on fraud or false pretense is worse than
no building at all. Go on knowing the cheat
from the wheat, and angels will bless your labors.

Allen F. Hall writes: Go on with your
blows against the humbugs who attach them-
selves to our ship like barnacles. Act out your
noble motto, "Truth wears no mask, bows at no
human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause;
she only asks a hearing."

W. H. Dorris writes: Myself and wife could
not do without the JOURNAL. Go on, you are
doing right; how to the line, let the chips fall where
they may.

Mary L. Miner writes: We have taken the
Journal until it has become identified as one of
the family, and it always bears unto us most pleas-
ant and wholesome messages.

W. H. Dorris writes: The Journal is over a
welcome visitor; can't think of getting along
without it.

New York City Notes—Mrs. Brigham,
E. V. Wilson, A. J. Davis and
Prof. Adler.

BY GALT, H. H. PROBYN.

During the last three weeks I have had the
pleasure of renewing my association with the
Spiritualists of New York City, and it is gratifying
to know that the three societies are all well
supported, and I hopefully look forward to the
near future to the doubling of this number. The
First Society with Mrs. N. T. Brigham as its
pastor, is too well known to need comment. It
holds its own well. Here is a home for all who
in the churches find themselves unaffiliated, and
yet with deeply religious natures, seek and need
something that a philosophical and scientific plat-
form can never give them. It is an easy transi-
tion from the church to her ministrations, for, sen-
sitive, gentle and deeply religious herself, she
never jars rudely the sensibilities of any one.
Handling tenderly the creeds (with the gloves of
Christian Spiritualism) and giving good interpreta-
tions to texts, she admirably fills a much needed
place in the evolution from authority to reason,
and her auditors bring their old bottles, have
them filled with new wine, and it is a foregone
conclusion that by the bottles break they will learn the
added lesson, that no bottles are needed to hold
the wine that is daily, nay momentarily, distilling
throughout all nature around us. By and bye
they will gladly let old bottles and corks go, but
not now! Success ever attend the gentle teacher.

Once in two weeks Dr. J. V. Mansfield has at
the close of her evening address, given a series of
lectures on the subject of the "New Science," which
he could be prominently before the public there—
not to supplement some Sunday society lecture,
but in an independent course, daily for the good
of the seeking outside world. By and bye I shall
have something more to say of the doctor.

Different, and so different as never to antagonize
with the First Society, is the Second Society at
Riverside Hall, Radcliff, and having for its
pastor the furnishing of a variety of thought, it
has given an admirable selection thus far. Wheeler,
Shepard, Allen, all finished their engagements
while I was away. E. V. Wilson has returned for
his third engagement, and I am glad to see him
with nearly his old time vigor. An old veteran,
theological dogmas and creeds get no mercy at
his hands, and because of his very positiveness
and frankness he is a great blessing to the
circle of seekers. Why is it that he is allowed,
like so many more of us, to be monopolized by
the East? Here is one proof of a *point* I made
long ago: The multiplicity of the workers increases
the demand for the work! New York and New Eng-
land have the greatest number of workers and at
the same time they monopolize them, and the
other sections allow them to hold even those who
have a national reputation when they come to
here. Why? The answer is a broad and bitter
one. They are better paid, and owing to less
traveling expenses their income is more. The
demand for phenomena is great today, and Bro.
Wilson has a supply for that demand, and with re-
turning health, we hope he will soon get out of
his financial embarrassment.

Bro. Kiddle has spoken twice for this Society in
recent weeks, at ten cents admission. His ser-
mons were drawn out of sympathy for the men, owing
to his treatment by the press and School Board of
New York City. Then, there has been a large
amount of free advertising for him, and it stimu-
lated a curiosity that drew many others. As a
speaker, to start out as the ordinary spiritualist
lecturer did, he would prove a failure, lacking in
himself all the elements for compelling, as a re-
former must, a local or national position. Those
who have read his book, "Judges of the Man,"
Spiritualists in their babyhood can find
food therein, but those who have had a few years
experience with our phenomena, can teach the
would be teacher. In stimulating investigation
among church members and business circles, his
book has been one of the most important of late
years, and because of his reputation and personal
appeal, he is selling the book greatly, and it is
by these indirect means the man and the book be-
come valuable, rather than by wisdom of the
thought uttered.

To turn from this crowded hall to the quiet audi-
ence in Stock Hall, where the Harmonical Society
and friends gather every Sunday to listen to A. J.
Davis, is like going from the street to the parlor.
But a few more than a hundred gathered to hear
him, but they were earnest, thoughtful men,
and many of them had passed through those stages
of Spiritualism's development in which curiosity,
impatience and combativeiveness predominate,
and reached that where the reason and conscience,
religion and science are at equilibrium. They were
for truth and growth. It was growth to sit there,
and then, I like Mr. Davis most always—even
where I don't agree with him, and I was glad to
see him build the first practical steps toward a
harmonious organization. The gathering came
near to my ideal of a spiritual meeting than any
before attended. Religious without cant, pro-
gressive without theory, lenient without an-
ihilationism, both mind and heart are fed and the
man made better. Then Mr. Davis adds a benedi-
ction to all, by the gentleness and goodness she
carries with her. Let him speak to the few to-
day, to-morrow he will speak to the many, when
the who now "draw" will be forgotten.

I am glad to see that in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL
JOURNAL of the 17th inst, you published an
abstract of one of Prof. Felix Adler's addresses;
but no abstract can do him justice. He should be
better known to the spiritualistic public. The
practical work I have long waited to see Spiritu-
alist inaugurate, his Society has begun. There
our philosophy is founded on the "new science," and
made "to dwell with men." Strong must be the
inducement to keep me away from his discourse
Sunday mornings, when at home, and only to hear
and report for the JOURNAL, did I forego for two
Sundays this pleasure. The printed page cannot
represent him, for the charm of voice and manner
is gone. Quiet, calm, conversational ease in mo-
mentary, unexpected impassioned oratory, he holds
you enthralled. Is it a miracle he will choose
his addresses as models of rhetoric? I never
heard an extemporaneous speaker who chose
words so well and so wisely. I would recommend
the young to go to his model. The mantle Theo.
Parker wore in desire, seems to have fallen on him
and he is doing practically what Parker dreamed.
Sometime after I have become more familiar
with the Harmonical Society, the indications seem
just about to be perfected, and the Biblical class for
adults, I will report of them through the JOUR-
NAL, in hopes thereby to stimulate others to go
and do likewise. Talking takes practical form,
with him, and by efforts to rightly train the chil-
dren of the working classes, he hopes to solve the
social problems that most men will not down,
and threaten disorder if not solved. To-day, Jan-
uary 16th, his address was upon "The New Science," and
the question to be answered was "How shall we
make the working classes contented?" His an-
swer was: "By a proper course of industrial, intel-
lectual and moral education," and he said, it is the
province of a religious society to establish schools
upon such improved methods of instruction as
will shame the public into advance steps. I will
not attempt to follow him, but let me give a few
ideas to show you the man more truly.

"The very utterance of the cry for justice is an
incalculable gain."
"Many a young heart is stimulated and inspired
with courage by every bold utterance."
"The middle ages were the ages of ignorance,
hence of theology, but the time for the pulley of
ignorance is gone by."
"Ignorance is the fifth of the soul. Religion
has been kept as a baguette to frighten the exas-
perated."
"The selfish have in their wealth, made a dumb-
show of religion, because as long as they could
make the masses contented with dreams of the
pleasure of the other world, they would not be dis-
turbed by them in their enjoyment of the pleasure
of this world. But the working people are
becoming tired of the 'happy-go-lucky' songs of the
church, and are beginning to demand their share of
the joys of this world."
"The true way to reward labor here, is to enable
it. Make it a noble thing to labor, and the road
is through that industrial education, that shall
make all work mental, and the hand the servant of
the brain; causing mental operations to shine
through manual operations, thus making manual
become the mental operation, and so on, until
the laborer is a conscious being. The brute
obeys the same laws unconsciously, and man is
only human as he is conscious of the operation of
law. To-day labor is brutal. We would have it

human. Man no longer is an ex-chained to the
cart of labor, but a character holding the reins.
It is with reluctance I repeat these words, but
quote one more passage, and this from one of his
published discourses entitled, "Conscience," to
allow him to tell you his religion:
"What we desire we have declared; a religion
so simple that the most ordinary understanding
can grasp it, so authoritative that the most obtuse
heart will bow to it, and yet so high and pure that
even the aristocracy of intellect, the high priests of
the human mind, shall find in it the highest of
its satisfaction; nay, shall confess that the scope
of its demands far transcends what even they can
hope to realize, and we have found what we desire."
We are like men who have come
upon a great treasure, and who do not weary to
publish again and again the news of their good
fortune. We are like those who have been tossed
on the mad sea, and who now stand high on the
rocks whence the waves no more tear them. We
are like those who have feared the loss of some
dear friend and to whom their friend is restored
from the brink of the grave. Do they ask us for
our religion? The pursuit of absolute justice, ab-
solute purity, absolute love—that is our religion!

Unhappiness.

The following article is from *The Journal*
Record, in which it bears the title, "Starling
Discovery: The Alleged Begetting of Mind from
Matter during Life."
We were referred from a respected correspond-
ent, particulars of a remarkable experiment re-
sulting in phenomena which must lead to revela-
tions of a very startling character.

Our correspondent claims to have discovered a
new application of magnetism, by which the
mind of a patient has acquired the power of
apparently releasing itself from the trammels of
matter, and of transporting itself to places distant
from the body, which remains in a condition of re-
pose, resembling the effect produced by anesthet-
ics. Whilst under the electric influence (the man-
ner of which our correspondent will not at present
disclose) the mind can be directed to any spot
or scene, and is susceptible of the same impres-
sions and conditions as would be experienced in
the person of the patient himself. Science thus
visits and impresses the mind, which, when re-
leased from the electric influence, retains a perfect re-
membrance of information so acquired.

Our correspondent informs us that his patient,
on recovering from a prolonged state of coma, in-
stantly and strenuously in the assurance that he
had visited a scene and noted every detail of an
event many miles away. He appeared to be as
thoroughly conscious and intelligent as when he
was in the body, which remained in a condition of re-
pose, resembling the effect produced by anesthet-
ics. Utterly astonished at such an
unexpected manifestation of mental faculties be-
yond the limits of any abnormal power of the or-
dinary senses, our correspondent was induced to
repeat the experiment, selecting another patient
unacquainted with the marvelous occurrence re-
lated by the first patient. In this case, the patient
as described events he had mentally witnessed, all
which proved to be accurate in every particular.
In order, however, to place the phenomena be-
yond doubt, our correspondent subjected himself
to the electric treatment with the same result, and
after repeating personal tests, has arrived at the
conviction that the body can be so acted on by
electricity as to develop qualities and activity of
mind which in their range, and vast in their
implications.

Is there any connection between such phenom-
ena and the recognized facts of clairvoyance, elec-
tricity? Are we really approaching the solu-
tion of a great problem of life, which will reveal
mysterious forces in nature heretofore unknown?
The great philosopher Humboldt tells us that
"a presumptuous scepticism which rejects facts
without examining them, is a great error, and
equally more injurious than unquestioning credu-
lity." And we know that "there are more things
in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philo-
sophy."

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in an essay on
miracles, has related many instances of miracu-
lous clairvoyance. He tells us that Sir Walter C.
Trevelyan once received a letter from a lady, in
which she mentioned the loss of a gold watch. Sir
Walter sent the letter to a doctor, who was a pa-
tient professing this strange power. The patient
immediately described the watch accurately, de-
picted the furniture of the house, named the thief,
and declared that she could recognize the culprit's
handwriting. Her statements were doubted, but
they fixed the theft on a favorite servant; but sub-
sequent events proved every word to be true.

Our correspondent, whose studies were con-
fined to the sciences and sciences, was of opinion
to great respect, promises to make known the
exact method employed to produce this extraordi-
nary phenomenon, which he considers is suscep-
tible of very simple scientific explanation, and which
he believes it is in the power of every person to
develop in himself.

Should this fact stated by our correspondent be
ultimately substantiated by further research, it is
almost impossible to measure the extent to which
such a discovery must revolutionize all modern
thought and action. The contingencies of tempo-
rally quelling at all our encumbrances of the
flesh, and defying time, space, and all the immu-
table laws of the material universe, require a ve-
nerate flight of imagination to conceive.

We shall find ourselves face to face with a new
era of philosophical thought. Light will fall
abundantly on the dark, ungodly darkness where
the mysteries of conscious life, and we shall break
from our flimsy bonds to stand in the presence of
the Infinite.

Cured by Spirit Power.

The perusing of a communication by R. Walker,
on the protection of doctors, caused me to reflect
upon my past suffering, which was caused by their
misleading treatment, which nearly ruined my
physical health, and I cannot withhold my testimony
against their injurious practice, inasmuch as they
seem determined to establish compulsory laws, to
compel the afflicted to give them their patronage,
and prohibit all others who may not have obtain-
ed a diploma for healing the afflicted, either by
magnetism or otherwise, as reason or common
sense may dictate. For more than twenty years,
at various times, I have been afflicted with my
ailment. About two weeks ago, I was prostrated
with a severe bilious attack, and my daughter im-
pudently me to call in medical aid. From the
commencement of my sickness, I was oppressed
not to call in a doctor, but trust in the powers
above, and after two days of severe suffering, they
came to my aid. There seemed to be a perfectly
formed circle of beautiful angels, who seemed to
descend from the clouds about my bed, and their
movements of transparent hue. One of the number
laid hands upon my head, and all pain instantly
vanished. I seemed as if in a trance. I was so
happy, and I shouted so loud, that my daughter
came to my room, supposing that I was suffering
from an increase of pain; but I was healed.

Will the doctors also demand a diploma of this
heavenly co-operation of forces? Oh, ye
wise ones of earth, ye are treading on forbidden
ground, and the time is near at hand when the
wisdom of the earthly wise will perish, and the
wisdom of angels will rule on the earth. When
the worldly wise shall be able to reverse the river,
and cause the waters thereof to flow back to its
fountain head, or by raising their puny arms, shall
cause the sun to cease its shining, then, and not
till then, may they hope to cope with the powers
from the celestial world.

My experience for many years, proves to me,
that right conditions are only required, to enable
the sickly and suffering to receive aid from that
source which is divine, and that, too, without
money or price. Not only in sickness have spirits
come to my aid, but in times of danger they have
made their presence known. Perhaps some
among the friends of the "new science" will
beastly premonitions. I am satisfied that we
cannot expect aid from the pure and the good,
unless we strive to become like unto them.

HENRY MOON.

Mrs. W. H. Comstock writes: Many have
acknowledged in reading the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL
JOURNAL, that Spiritualism is not what they
thought it to be. I am glad to hear that you
wish all your friends would go to it,
and would from their minds of all fear and dread of
death. God and angels will bless you for the noble
efforts you are every day making for the good of
fellow mortals.

Communication from G. Wordsworth.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Perchance I have a copy of your RELIGIO-
PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, No. 3, September 13th,
1879, and am so much impressed with its value that
I wish to become a subscriber, hoping thus to
learn more of its teachings. I have for twenty
years and more been the victim of peculiar im-
pressions, and have had a great trial myself, and
have seriously exercised my friends, in trying to
fight them off as evil spirits, etc. Now I believe
they are spirits of light, striving to give the veil
of an early education, and open my heart to the
clear sunlight of truth.

The melancholy of my life thus far, has been to
do good, but how easily we are perverted; and I
have often thought in the business of life that I
am a middle man, and it is, if I know my own
heart, my desire to be a medium of truth, and do
the will of heaven.

There is a stigma upon the term "Spiritualism,"
and I prefer unambiguously for the reason, and under
that sign must we conquer. I have long ago sub-
scribed to all the creeds of the Congregational
church. It is no doubt a good foundation from
which to rise, but it does not satisfy those times,
and I must seek closer communion with my heav-
enly Father. A large is needed between the so-
called Christian church and Nature's God, for the
manacles of superstition were never more firm upon
any people than they are to-day upon
many aye, and not of those who call themselves
Christians. The word is still, "Let there be light,"
and a light comes with power, but before it
can permeate and illumine the universal heart,
there must be a solution of grace divine removing
the rust of ages and softening some of the asper-
ities of humanity.

I am a novice in every respect, having never
witnessed any manifestations, and do not under-
stand the vocabulary of your faith and teachings,
having learned more by the perusal of No. 2, above
alluded to, than I ever knew before of so called
Spiritualism. I have always been taught to be
afraid of it, but I ask for truth and believe it will
make me free. I believe that Jesus Christ was
its chief and its best exemplar. With the mass of
those who call themselves Christians, Christ is a
great mystery; they do not take him for "Froggie
him" while vainly trying to take him on, thus
falling far short in the grand fruition of his life.

In common parlance I should say "Pray for me;"
meanwhile I subscribe for your paper, hoping
thus to open an avenue and prepare a way where-
by the truth as it is in God may roll in upon me,
that I may be illuminated, and may become even
a reflector and "door" to others. I shall be glad,
so far as I am able to comprehend the truth, to
join the circle of disciples and teachers, and
when in rapport to breathe with them the influence
of the divine spirit.

It has been my good fortune to have put in my
hands the "Principles of Light and Color," by H. H.
Babbitt. I am free to say it is "the grandest book that
was ever written by one man, and its study will
prepare the thoughtful to see themselves in a
light that is true, and open the way for their
knowledge without end. It teaches the basic
principles of life, the laws of atomic and chemical
action, and its knowledge would revolutionize the
"philosophies" of man, and prepare the way for
that millennial reign which is even now upon us.
If our hearts were only pure and right.

Another "eye opener," for which I give thanks,
is the "Paranormal," by Dr. J. F. Warren, editor
of the *Paranormal*, Portland, Me. It is a critical
study of the numerous doctrines of Christ, his
presence, relics, etc., preparing the way for an
entire revision of the realms of eschatology. The
Doctor is even now called heretical, but what of
that when some of our primitive and most illus-
trious predecessors were called mad. Dr. Warren's
"Paranormal" will be a sword among the
churches, as will Dr. Babbitt's great book revo-
lutionize the arts and sciences. The fact is,
the past that seven of century spread over earth,
is sifted by this new light of modernity, and the
old is also rising, so that universal man will
soon be able to see the light so long time on the
way from the throne of God.

As I said, I am a novice in this new field of
thought, and I wish to be instructed, and pray the
good spirit may direct towards me the kindly in-
fluences of truth, and that you will advise me in
my readings, etc., that I may make good pro-
gress.

Not long since my sweet wife "passed on" to
the spirit land, and I am left journeying alone, but
I have every reason to believe she is not far away;
and what a blessed thing it is to hold communion
with souls.

I may at some future date, write you from the
land of oranges and flowers.

G. WORDSWORTH.

Apopka city, Orange Co., Florida.

A Prophetic Dream.

I am not superstitious, but rather disposed to
discredit anything for which I have no evidence.
However, I had a dream some twenty years ago,
which had so singular a fulfillment, that I am per-
plexed to understand it. I had been residing in
this place (Jackson, Ohio), about a year, when a friend
and his wife visited me, and intended to spend the
night. I had intended to go to the country, but I
went to the country on that afternoon, to buy some po-
tatoes from a farmer. I intended to walk, as it
was a pleasant spring afternoon. My friend said
he would go with me.

Some three months before this, in the winter,
I dreamed that I was in a strange place, in the
woods, on a high ridge, and the sun was getting
low in the west. The wind was gently blowing,
and the music of a distant sound came from the
hill, slender white-oak trees away to and fro. I
went down the west side of the hill, and looking
to my left, in a southerly direction, saw a man on
a hollow, with a sorrel horse hitched to a sled. He
was loading blocks of wood upon the sled. These
blocks were such as are split off logs before being
hewn, to build log-houses in wooded countries. So
much for the dream. My friend and I started to
go to the farmer's house. Neither of us had ever
been there. We were told to go on a road leading
westward about a mile, when the road turned
south, but we must keep due west along a fence
until we came to a wood, then proceed over a
high hill, still going west, when we would come
to another road, which would lead us to the
farm.

When we got upon the top of the hill the sun
was low in the west, the tall white-oak trees were
swaying in the gentle wind, and the moaning
sound was pleasant to hear. Like a flash it struck
me that I had been there before. I knew that in
reality I had never been nearer that place than the
town, over two miles distant. But my dream was
so vivid, and I stopped and related my
dream to my friend, and told him about seeing, in
my dream, the horse, sled, and man loading the
blocks. We could not see the place in the hollow
from where we stood, but we proceeded down the
western side of the hill, the place now being per-
fectly familiar to me. When nearly to the foot of
the hill, there were men, horse, sled, and blocks,
just as I had told my companion. "My God!" said
he, "there they are."
As this was an accident, or what was it? The
dream and its singular fulfillment seem utterly
without design or meaning. All I can say is, that
I have told it exactly as it took place.

DAVID MACLEAY, in *Athenaeological Journal*.

H. C. Hall writes: Nothing can be more con-
flicting to me than the happy thought of immor-
tality; what a grand thought it is to see this life
reaching away into infinite space and infinite time;
mind meeting mind, love and affection meeting
love and affection, memory and memory blending
away over in the Summerland, where all is bright
and beautiful. It is this which makes life a grand
blessing.

When in Chicago I purchased the "Arcana of
Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle. Surely the
angels must have been with him when he wrote
it, for it is a masterpiece of wisdom. It has been a
great and a joyful to me. It cannot fail to elevate
all who are fortunate enough to read its angel mes-
sage.

So many in the churches are becoming liberal
in thought, we know that superstition and igno-
rance must fade away, dogmas, banisms, wafer
wine, all must give place to spiritual blessings
which alone can elevate the race.

S. F. Higgins writes: I feel an interest in the
grand and noble work your paper is accomplish-
ing, and shall do all in my power to assist it on its
mission.

A Taste for Tobacco Banished by the
Spirits.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

D. K. Dille speaks of his experience in being
cured of the use of tobacco, under the head of "A
Starling Cure." The point that attracts some-
what from the startling part, is that he was then
opposite on a sick bed. It is not unusual for those
who have been sick, to find their system so chang-
ed as to abhor tobacco upon their recovery.

I was cured by spirit power of the use of tobacco,
and of all desire for it while in perfect health.
I had been an inveterate user of the weed for many
years, with the exception of one, when I abstained
entirely from it, but I never lost my appetite
for it, and voluntarily commenced its use again,
thinking I would suffer less by doing so, than
from the constant craving for it. The manner of
my quitting was as follows: I attended a circle
one night and being somewhat skeptical, I asked
if the spirits could influence others the same as
they apparently did the medium, and if so, why
not affect me? I was answered at once, "Too much
tobacco." I was at that time averaging a dime's
worth of one cent per day, besides smoking from
three to ten cigars.

I asked, "Can you assist me in getting rid of the
habit?" I was answered "Yes." I then asked if I
should quit the use at once, and was told to do so,
and they would manage the rest, and that I should
be cured within one week. To my surprise, the
next morning I had no desire for tobacco, although
I had previously always put my hand in my pan-
taloons pocket to get a chew, before putting them
on. After eating my breakfast I smoked a cigar
and continued for three days to smoke one after
each meal, but had no desire for more, and then I
found myself unable to smoke a whole cigar, the
tobacco becoming so distasteful to me. On the
seventh day I purchased a cigar in the morning
and smoked less than one-quarter of an inch of it,
when I could smoke no more. I tried it again sev-
eral times during the day and with the same re-
sult. Since that time I have no desire for tobacco.
I can smell it and handle it without being ex-
cited for or against it, although I must admit that
the presence of habitual smokers, are distasteful to me.

BEN THURMAN.

J. A. Hyatt writes: Please find enclosed re-
mittance for another year's subscription for the
dear JOURNAL, the best paper of all; it works for
truth and puts down error.

Notes and Extracts.

None are all good. None are all evil.

The devices of evil create their own retribu-
tion.

Many creeds have no foundation save that of
theory, on verities save that of tradition and habit.

According to Andrew Jackson Davis, method
is an emanation from principle, and principle is
an evolution of an idea.

In mentioning the powerful, concentrated will
of the operator throws a subtle force from his own
body into that of his subject.

Nearly all systems of religions claim that the
great aim of their ministrations is to educate the
people, but do they do it?

Men of great and stirring powers, who are de-
termined to mold the age in which they are born,
must first mold themselves upon it.—*Caldwell*.

Spiritual education differs from material in
this—it extends through every crevice of life, has
to do with every nerve and fibre of the whole be-
ing.

It should be borne in mind that Spiritualism is
in its first decade. It has not lived through one
generation; yet its warp and woof is gathered firm.

Spiritualism has positive demonstration for
its bulwark, and appeals to the senses, the reason,
the memory, the heart, in support of its claims to
credence.

Unity exists between humanity and the
spirit circles; and, according to thought to dis-
position, and to will is the character and tendency
of our associations.

Momentary existence like ours on the earth-
plane is of a probationary and educational charac-
ter, and is a nursery, so to speak, for discipline in
thought and conduct.

The pulpits of the stock in-trade is a wordy
faith, and the Spiritualists' stock-in-trade is de-
monstrated, palpable facts, the limitation of which
cannot long escape detection.

Religion is not an arbitrary or imaginary
thing, but founded upon eternal truth and right,
or it never can have any foundation at all. Re-
ligion is the practice of virtue.—*Clark*.

The five best missionaries of the world, and
they who will most faithfully fulfill their trust,
are the faculties comprised under the names of
Thought, Reason, Judgment, Common-sense, and
Investigation.

Spiritualism has driven the axe of reason
deep into the roots of the Upan tree, whose poison-
ous effluvia has been dealing out death and misery
for ages. Reason, the light sent into the world,
is beginning to shine upon the pathway of man-
kind.

There is but little difference between the hy-
pothesis of the holy man who preaches the gospel
on the Sunday and faithfully serves his Satan
Majesty in various ways during the week, and the
clever rogue who pretends to be a medium, but is
only an unprincipled charlatan.

Spiritualism—pure, genuine, and rightly
understood, is calculated to subvert the fossil
theology of orthodoxes, and give to man a new and
living faith, enriching him with the highest moral
influences while on earth, and tangibly linking
him with the higher and purer life beyond.

Spiritualism numbers among its believers
and adherents men of intellect, position, and prob-
ity—men who would scorn to sell their man-
hood or their honor for the pottage of being
identified with a sensation, and who have publicly
and privately proved and acknowledged the reason
of the hope that is in them.

Members of the Paquin tribes wear artificial
tells, made of grass, but do not encumber them-
selves with clothing. The editor of *Nature* sug-
gests that the "link" which Darwin could not find
between extinct and modern races, at comparatively
recent period, and thus descent has been to the
ancestral tradition by thus simulating their dis-
tinguishing characteristics.

Mediums are often made to suffer for the
practice of others. A circle has been held with
the manifestations presented. A circle where the
predominant element is of that low order of coun-
ing which makes pretensions of great learning,
will attract spirits who are so fully up to the tricks
of the trade as any member of that order, while
the medium may be honest.

Spiritualism is to day like a fountain, send-
ing forth its waters for the healing of the nations.
The streams which flow out from this fountain
and go rippling down to the valleys below, purify
themselves by the process of friction and chemi-
cal affinities, the impure deposits sink to the
bottom, and the pure water flows on, making
music and charms the soul as it flows. It is do
homage to the power which supplies the foun-
tain.

A new experiment was recently tried with some
degree of success through the mediumship of Mr.
W. G. Haxby at a séance of the Dalton Associa-
tion. Mr. Haxby stood amongst the sitters, one
of whom held both of his hands, and while the
medium was thus secured a "form" came from the
inner room, a peculiar luminosity accompanying
its movements, the "spirit" uttering a few words
to attract the attention of the sitters. The object
of the experiment was to supply an additional de-
monstration of the separate existence of the spirit
form and the medium. Two instances of what is
termed the passage of matter through matter are
reported in connection with Mr. Haxby's medium-
ship at the rooms of the Dalton Association on
10th ult, when the back of a mahogany chair was
threatened on the coupled hands of the medium
and Mr. Thomas K. Howden, who testifies to not
having relaxed his hold of the chair's back. At the
same time, when the medium was thus secured, a
fully secured by a silk cord by Mr. R. Badger,
ECS, it was found that the silk had apparently
been passed through the solid woodwork of the
middle rail in the back of the chair, although the
knots showed no signs of having been tampered
with.—*Spiritual Notes*.

Continued from First Page.

who doubts or denies. Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not enough.

YOU MUST BELIEVE
In some incomprehensible creed. You must say: "Once one is three, and three times one is one." The man who practiced every virtue, but failed to believe, was executed. Nothing so outrageous as the feeling of the church as a moral unbeliever, nothing so horrible as a charitable atheist.

When Paine was born the world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think.

He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself. He commenced with the assertion, "That any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder the church began to hate him.

HE BELIEVED IN ONE GOD, AND IN NO MORE.

After this life he hoped for happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy, and in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy, and in offering to God the fruit of the heart. He denied the inspiration of the scriptures. This was his crime.

He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us at second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never has been, and probably never will be, answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ, and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies of the Old Testament had no reference to him whatever. And yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality he taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character, and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point he entertained the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and in fact by all the most enlightened Christians.

In his time the church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology and geology, false in its history, and so far as the Old Testament is concerned, false in almost everything. [Laughter.] There are but few, if any, scientific men, who apprehend that the Bible is literally true. Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any scientific question by a text from the Bible? The old belief is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of the orthodox world, to-day, are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole.

WHILE JONAH AND ALL.

you are simply required to believe in God and pay your pew-rent. [Laughter.] There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Samson's strength was in his hair, or that necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine is that they have been forced to adopt as many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarities of the Old Testament inconsistent with what he deemed the real character of God. He believed the murder, massacre, and indiscriminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant, and foolish. The scientific world, enlightened the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of the kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "Holy of Holies" except the abode of truth. "The sciences were then in their infancy. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course. The church was all powerful, and no one else, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrine that salvation depends upon belief, upon a mere intellectual conviction, was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervor of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of this infamous tenet Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been repeated.

The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind can put possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why any one should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its coils and snared, that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions and avoid its conclusions? Ought the altar to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion, that is in say, in respect of our duties to the Deity, why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellow-men? Why should we throw away the law given to Moses by God himself, and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunders of Sinai by calling the eyes and noses in a petty legislature? What reason can determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar its sacrifice of the goddess Reason; that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the soul, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought, and makes her the bond woman of a senseless faith. [Applause.]

If a man should tell you he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking your eyes shut, you would likely suspect

either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable dæmon. Should he tell you that he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refused to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to any the least of it, that he had some odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religiousist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says: "Keep your eyes shut; my picture will bear everything but being seen." [Laughter.] "Keep your ears stopped; my music objects to nothing but being heard." [Laughter.] The last says: "Away with your reason; my religion dreads nothing but being understood." [Laughter.]

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest, and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them.

WE ATTACK THEIR CREED

We accord to them the same rights that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines are hurtful, and I am going to do what I can against them. [Applause.] We believe that the frightful text, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," has covered the earth with blood. You might as well say all that have red hair shall be damned. [Laughter.] It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty, and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the forerunners of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; hoaxed the people in novels; fed them with fables; and, but for the efforts of a few brave infidels, it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism, and left the heavens without a star.

The indignities of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine, because

HE WAS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

and, for this reason, draws a piece of pure impudence in him to investigate the Scriptures. Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue, that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal deed? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as to the genuineness of a pretended revelation from God? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confined to, nor has it been buried with, the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. It is better now because there is less of it. [Applause.] One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time—that gentleman who preaches in this magnificent hall—would have perished at the stake. Lord, how John Calvin would have liked to have roasted this man, and the perfume of his burning flesh would have filled heaven with joy. [Laughter.] A Universalist would have been torn in pieces in England, Scotland, and America. Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pulled by the rabble with dead cats—[Laughter.]—after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was

IN FORCE IN MARYLAND:

"Be it enacted by the right honorable, the Lord proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the assembly, and the authority of the same: 'That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, willingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Savior, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, or the God-head of any of the three persons, or the unity of the God-head—[Laughter.]—or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or the persons thereof, and shall therefor be convicted by verdict, shall, for the first offense, be hanged through the tongue, and fined £20, to be levied of his body. As for the second offense, the offender shall be imprisoned by burning in the forehead the letter B, and fined £40. And that for the third offense, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy.'

The strange thing about this law is, that it has never been respected, and was in force in the District of Columbia up to 1873. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies and in all countries where the church had power.

In the Old Testament the death penalty was attached to hundreds of offenses. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civilized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason; and in some it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine systems of the world!

In the day of Thomas Paine

THE CHURCH WAS IGNORANT, BLOODY, AND RESENTFUL.

In Scotland the "kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despoiler of liberty. It taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error. It the mother held opinions of which the infamous "kirk" disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday. [Laughter.]

Oh, you have no idea what a maul it kicks up in heaven to have anybody swim on Sunday. It fills all the wheeling worlds with sadness to see a boy in a boat, and the attention of the recording secretary is called to it. In a voice of thunder they say, "Upset him!" [Laughter and applause.]

It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch kirk denounced, beyond measure, the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the church as the beauties of endless torment, and listen-

ing to the weak wailing of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison folds of the worm that never dies. [Laughter and applause.]

About the beginning of the nineteenth century a boy by the name of Thomas Alkenhead was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. [Laughter.] Notwithstanding the poor boy ranted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones, and though his mother came with her face covered with tears, begging for the corpse, she was denied and driven away in the name of charity. That is religion, and in the velvet of their politeness there lurks the claws of a tiger. Just give them the power and see how quick I would leave this part of the country. They know I am going to hell, but that don't satisfy them. They want to give me a little foretaste here. [Laughter.]

Prosecutions and executions like these were common in every Christian country, and all of them based upon the belief that an intellectual conviction is a crime.

No wonder the church hated and traduced the author of the "Age of Reason."

England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopalian ceremony. The ideas of crazy fanaticism and extravagant piety were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded finery of the gods—had added to the story of Christ the fables of mythology. He gave to the Protestant church the most outrageously material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers—made heaven a battlefield, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia general. [Laughter.] His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imagination of the people was thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity, of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities—the judgment day was expected—books of accounts would be opened. Every man would bear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit upon a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left, while the angels sleep on the right, were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and forever. [Loud laughter.] So all the priests were willing to save the sheep for lost the wool. [Laughter.]

The nation was profoundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe liberty was lying chained in the inquisition, her white bosom stained with blood. In the new world the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible.

SOME ONE HAD TO LEAD THE WAY.

The church is, and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion always looks back. The church has already reduced Spain to a guinea, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile. [Laughter.]

Some one not connected with the church, had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pagantry, and power.

Progress is born of doubt and inquiry.

The church never doubts—never inquires.

To doubt is heresy—to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the church can never recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathemas at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the church was all powerful, and, although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe. Paine did for Protestantism what Voltaire did for Catholicism.

PAINE STRUCK THE FIRST GRAND BLOW.

The "Age of Reason" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straightforward honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter, from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The "Age of Reason" has liberalized us all. It put arguments in the mouths of the people; it put the church on the defensive; it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson—[Laughter.]—it made the world wiser, and the church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the church has lost its power. There is no exception to this rule. No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders. No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the church without losing its power, its honor, and its existence.

Every church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know?

Every creed is a rock in running water; humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the universe, "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant past bullying the enlightened present.

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be demonstrated. Balance is too slow for them, and so they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle—the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny. The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their supplication. A religion that cannot answer every question, and guess every conundrum, is, in their estimation, worse than worthlessness. They desire a kind of theological dictionary—a religious ready reckoner, together with guide-boards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and pathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. [Laughter.] Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not self-denial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of Bibles and creeds, this was

his crime,

and for this the world shut the door in his face and emptied its slaps upon him from the windows. [Laughter.]

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. His memory has been execrated as though he had murdered some Urlik for his wife; driven some flagrant into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities. [Applause.]

The church has pursued Paine to deter others. The church used painting, music, and architecture, simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud heart has always been above the waves. Old Diogenes, with his mantle upon him, stiff and trembling with age, caught a small animal bred upon people, went into the Pantheon, the temple of the gods, and took the animal upon his thumb nail, and, pressing it with the other, the sacrificed Diogenes to all the gods. "Just as good as anything!" In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimneys and chants, temples frescoed and gilded, and carved, and gilded with gold, altars and tapers and paintings of virgin and babe, censor and chalice, chalice, paten and alb, organs, and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest, mantle, amice and stole, crosses and crucifixes, tiaras, and crowns, mitres and missals, and masses, rosaries, relics and robes, martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ, never, never for one moment averted the brave, proud spirit of the infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with liberty, that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hill of the sword, and so

WHERE OTHERS WORSHIPED, HE WROTE AND RECORDED.

He knew that across the open Bible lay the sword of war, and so where others worshipped he looked with scorn and wept. And so it has been through all the ages gone.

The doubter, the investigator, the infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. The truth is beginning to be realized, and the truly intellectual are honoring the brave thinkers of the past.

But the church is as unforfeiting as ever, and still wonders why an infidel should be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power. I will tell the church

WHY I HATE IT.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake, roasted us before slow fires, torn our flesh with irons; you have covered us with chains, treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the rights to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right, and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to finish the holy work in hell. [Applause.]

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines; that we despise your creeds; that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power; that we are free in spite of you; that we can express our honest thought, and that the whole world is grandly rising into the blessed light? Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all? Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of reason and soldiers of freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

I deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness. The real end of life is happiness. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching its terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God (who dwells not in temples made with hands), and allows His children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with fire and despair. Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of reason they have kept the sacred fire, and throughout the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame. Infidelity is liberty; all superstition is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God, woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all. We do not want creeds; we want some knowledge. We want happiness.

And yet we are told by the church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

IS IT NOTHING TO FREE THE MIND?

Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to drop your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dripping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream, to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself greeted by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?

Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to leave the heavens of an insatiable monster and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word

Continued on Fifth Page.

To Spiritualists!

You will all readily admit the need of an organized and sustained aggressive policy on the part of Spiritualists in dealing with the world of opposition and ignorance with which we have to contend in advancing a knowledge of Spiritual Truth. The desirability of meeting misstatements, ignorant criticisms and unjust attacks through the same channels in which they are given to the public, is patent to all and needs no argument. To overcome the obstacles in the way and secure this desirable object is to some extent possible now, provided united and persistent effort is made, and the sooner we begin and the longer we persist in such united and aggressive action, the easier will become the task.

While there is a general agreement as to the advisability of such action, there arise differences as to the best method of initiating and carrying on the work. There appear grave objections and dangers, in the minds of many, to clothing any single individual with authority to represent the millions of Spiritualists, and the certainty of division on this point will tend to seriously affect the desired object.

Further, the difficulty of raising a fund from year to year sufficient to pay an adequate salary for such service is broached, and with great force we admit in view of the unorganized condition of Spiritualists and the comparatively limited support given even to spiritual publications and lecturers. It seems to us that these difficulties and others nearly as serious can be overcome in a great measure and the work rendered feasible by dividing the duties and responsibilities of the work among a goodly number, who shall perform it without pecuniary consideration. We are all co-workers, brothers and sisters in this glorious labor of love, and it matters not who does any particular task, so that it is well and promptly done.

Therefore, we the undersigned, pledge ourselves to gratuitously do this work; and ask each and every Spiritualist, respectively, to write their names as members of our corps of advisors and helpers. Let all keep watch and guard, and whenever one sees occasion for action, let him either devote himself to the task or refer it, with the proper data, to the one on this list whom he thinks best qualified for that particular case, or the special work in view.

The time demands our united action and united in a common cause we will zealously and persistently work together for the achievement of a common purpose.

J. M. PEEBLES,

Hammononton, New Jersey.

HUDSON TUTTLE,

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SAMUEL WATSON,

Memphis, Tenn.

SAMUEL BIGELOW,

Alliance, Ohio.

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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Emma Tuttle.
SECOND PAGE.—Soul Life of Doctor of Divinity—Remedy for Nerve—Lady Macbeth and Shakespeare made White. Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. My Association with People of the Other World. A Heavy Sinner.
THIRD PAGE.—Women and the Household. Life with the Spirit. Book Notices. Magazines for February not before mentioned. Magazines for January just received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FOURTH PAGE.—Milestones—The New England Primer—Dean Stanley—Spiritualism. Salvation of Souls—Mr. E. D. Denouement the Orthodox Doctrine of Christianity. Homosexuality. David M. King. Death of Julia C. U. Favre. Laborers in the Spiritual Vineyard, and other items of interest. Original Answers to Interesting Questions.
FIFTH PAGE.—State Writing. A Singular Test. Special Notices. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—Letter from Huxton C. Dake, M. D. Wrongly Reported. Report of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists' Convention held in Oconto, January 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Mediumship. A Prophetic Dream Vision. A Strange Story—Edward Cowley's Singular Case—A Man lost to Himself and the World for a Year. An Antiquarian's Ghost Story. Communication from L. H. Field.
SEVENTH PAGE.—List of Prominent Books for sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Continuation of Biographical Sketch. Common Sense Applied to Spiritualism. "Ghosts." Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Biographical Sketch of Emma R. Tuttle.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

Nothing is of greater interest to humanity, than humanity itself. The experience and growth of one, is in some manner an epitome of all; for each is but a blossom, springing out of "that Unity, that Over-soul, within which every man's particular being is contained, and made one with all others; which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty." Through one individual, who has kept in close vital relationship with this divine and infinite fountain, what trials have been surmounted, what aspirations have been kindled, what work has been accomplished, and what positive good has been added as a moral force to society!

The quiet life of daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend, untroubled by adventitious aids, may be, if truly told, a beacon light to many another. Especially is this true of the pure lives of those inspirational and progressive women of the age, who should shine as stars upon the furthest horizon of advanced civilization; for we are really just emerging from midnight, as far as this half the race is concerned; nor can the effulgence of full day dawn over the mountains which we are painfully traversing—mountains of ignorance, prejudice and custom—until freedom and opportunity are recognized as the heritage of every immortal child of God.

The life of Emma Rood Tuttle, the subject of this sketch, is an excellent example of the laws of heredity and environment. Her maternal grandparents were steeped in New Englanders, of mobile French and solid Welsh stock, who were founders of a sensitive and impressive, yet hardy race. They removed to Brattleboro, Vermont, Co., Ohio, early in the century, soon after their marriage, when such a journey was more formidable than circumnavigating the globe at the present day. Here on the very farm where a happy childhood was spent, her mother was married, and here Emma was born, in the year 1838. Here, too, she, a happy child, grew up to beautiful, healthy and rounded womanhood.

The recollections of those early days are a "joy forever" to one, reared as she was, in the noble, simple and affectionate atmosphere of home. Just across the street lived the grandparents, who made another home for the warm-hearted girl. Here the child nourished that love of nature which sings through all her poems.

Happy the organization nourished amid such wholesome influences! The grand-mother tall, precise, intellectual, but loving; the grandfather hearty, impulsive and cheery, from both, as well as from the parents, were derived stanch and noble traits of character. The grandfather was a singer of songs, many of which were his own composition, and none who ever heard his magnetic voice can forget that music which was born in his very soul and which greatly aided to develop the love of it in Emma. He first inspired her with a taste for lyric poetry, and taught her to sing and play. She says, "No prima donna ever felt better satisfied with herself than did I, when grandpapa had taught me to sing and play. 'The Frog who did a Courting Go,' standing between his knees. Her mother was also a natural musician.

Her earliest religious recollections are attended with going to church at Newton Falls, three miles distant, with these same grandparents. The church was built in a grove, through which ran a bright river, with banks green to the water's edge, and here the earliest bluebells and anemones of spring, peeped up to smile at the guileless young creature, who smiled back her love into their faces. They taught her lessons of natural poetry, which welled and throbbed in her gentle bosom. She can remember not a word or thought of the lessons taught inside the building. But in hours of weariness, memory flies back to those quiet hours spent between sermons, on that bright river brink. There she gathered something sweeter and more, lasting than

flowers, in that holy, worshipful season. Here her first impressions of religion were linked with nature's peace and beauty. That lesson has deepened with years, until God and his workers are indeed one, and worshipped together with far holier zeal than by those who cry for the crucifixion of all earthly pleasures, and regard with contempt all mundane loveliness.

Mr. Rood, the child's father, was a naturally progressive man. He welcomed, with faith in the light of reason, the "Divine Revelations" by the young Poughkeepsie seer, and was ready to listen to the first rays in Rochester, which were revelling to the dawn light of a new day. The daughter remembers his talking about the "knockings," with enthusiastic interest, though to her they were full of ghostly mystery. Shortly after, she was sent to her first boarding school, at Farmington, Ohio. While there, she heard a lecture on "Spirit Rappings," in which Prof. White declared them to be the work of the toe-joints of mediums, but her dearly loved father only laughed at the explanation. At this period, Mr. and Mrs. Rood were members of the Methodist church, in which the mother was renowned for zeal and good works. Mr. Rood, from his progressive tendencies, became naturally a patron of the first lectures and circles held in the interests of Spiritualism. Fearing for the welfare of his soul, the devoted wife made a compact that if he would continue attending church with her half the time, she would go to lectures and circles with him the remaining half. But the household became soon united. The sensitive, impressionable woman, always open to the truth, after going with her husband a half dozen times, not only became a convert to the belief, but a good medium, as well, and a happier soul never dwelt in mortal garb. Her pure, unselfish and devotional nature attracted the communion of similar spirits, and as long as she remained on earth, these were her closest and dearest companions.

While these changes were occurring at home, Emma continued still at the Western Reserve Seminary, where, on account of her studious habits and early piety, she was considered a most promising pupil. But alas! the new belief had crept into her father's family, and of course the maiden's very soul must be jeopardized. Consequently, not only the church, but the school-faculty, began their labors for her welfare. But, with all her gentle traits, Emma had inherited moral courage, in a rare degree. Disgusted by their assertion that only a loss of people accepted the new light, and feeling keenly the insult offered to her revered parents, she shortly after withdrew with them from the church. Its members seemed to regard her as a lamb gone astray from the fold, and after the first shock was over, returned. She found sweeter pastures and clearer waters in the new fields of broad and glorious truth.

That school-girl, now a woman, says: "I see a great change in that church. Last season, the same old building, elegantly refitted, was opened for my husband and myself to give an evening entertainment. He lectured, and I assisted with dramatic readings, and dear old friends filled every seat from gallery to desk. During the evening I sang one of my inspirational songs, which was received with great applause. Twenty years ago they would have feared it, imagining a ghost behind every bar of music."

And they would have been callous indeed, had they failed to appreciate this exquisite song, which has been set to music by James G. Clark:

THE UNSEEN CITY.

I think of a city I have not seen,
Except in my hours of dreaming.
Where the feet of mortals have never been
To darken the soft, soft gleaming.
A glimmer of pearl and light of gold,
And a breath from the soul of roses,
With brightness and beauty all untold,
Sweet over my calm repose.



MRS. EMMA R. TUTTLE.

As I dream of the city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

I think of that city, for oh! how oft
My heart has been wrung at parting
With friends all pale, who with foot-falls east,
To its airy heights were starting.
I see them again in their radiant white,
In the blue, blue distance dwelling,
And I hear their praises in calm delight
Come down on the breezes swelling.
As I dream of a city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

That beautiful city is home to me;
My loved ones are going thither,
And they who already have crossed the sea,
Are calling "Come hither, hither."
Oh! the tender eyes that I worshipped here
From the golden heights behold me,
And their songs enchant their factored ear,
When the wings of slumber fold me.
As I dream of a city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

Once out of the theological thralldom, her soul swiftly expanded. At that time she received valuable assistance from a French lady, Madame Angeline Le Petit Martin, the mother of the celebrated artist, Lily Spencer. Madame Martin resided in Brattleboro, and was known in church circles as an "infidel," and a believer in the "Rights of Women," both terms of abhorrence. Emma had always longed to enter the delightful home of this brave woman. But, hitherto the atmosphere had been considered dangerous by Mrs. Rood. Now, however, the character of Madame Martin was estimated at its true value, and Emma began to study French, and to take lessons in sketching and painting from nature, but she learned much more than these. With contagious enthusiasm, her teacher whirled the young girl over all the radical issues of the day, and the latter looks back with gratitude to the impressions then made in those long hours of converse, as well as for an insight into the laws of art, which has been a growing joy, all her life. By its means, through pencil and brush, she has been able to gladden friends and render home attractive.

Those were days of great mental activity. At the age of seventeen she began writing for the press; among other things, she contributed a series of articles for the *Universe*, published at Cleveland, O., and also her first poems; for, all her life this imaginative, vivid soul had sung songs, and dreamed dreams, and nature was willing, pure and clear, with rhythmic impulse in her young brain; some of these productions were afterwards included in "Blossoms of our Spring," jointly with those of Mr. Tuttle. Meantime, she was called from school, where her studies would soon have terminated, by the illness of her mother, who shortly after passed from this life, gently and beautifully, as daylight fades away. It shows how steadfast and reliable was this eldest daughter, for the mother confided the care of the three younger children entirely to her, and one was but an infant. During several weeks, Mrs. Rood seemed to dwell more in the next sphere than this; she saw beautiful landscapes in the summer land; she was daily visited by friends who had ascended there, and discoursed with joy of the change awaiting her. Fully realizing that she was not to enter the grave, she looked upon the very home where dear ones dwell, and only the separation from her family on earth, a separation for a brief space, gave her grief. Anxious to spare them the shock she gently prepared them for the inevitable parting, telling of the lovely home which was ready for her spirit, and assuring all of her guardianship and affection, and of her certainty of helping them to lead good, true, noble lives. What words can paint the preciousness of Spiritualism in the face of such a separation? The dear Madonna of the household so lovely in character that every one, far and near, looked upon her almost with a feeling of veneration, lay upon her death-bed, and for the very heavens were opened and exalted intelligences anointed her eyes, that they might see the glories of that radiant land where there are no more partings, while

she translated the spiritual consolations into our poor, common words!

As death approached, she lay speechless, but conscious, looking upon those who watched her every breath; evidently she longed to say a final word, and this was done through the lips of another, Mrs. J. Walker, of Youngstown, Ohio, a medium who was sitting by the bedside, and inspired to give the farewell in verse, exactly in Mrs. Rood's style of composition. As the last of the stanza died upon the hushed air, the dear, emancipated spirit gently breathed itself out of its wasted tenement, without a sigh or the fluttering of an eyelid.

At the funeral, the daughter experienced her first positive spiritual control. As she was about to take a last look of the dear form, soon to be laid away forever, a terrible sinking faintness came over her, which alarmed the friends. Out of this she was lifted by the strong magnetic influence of disembodied spirits, into an atmosphere of peace and strength, wherein she lived for two weeks; a period of exaltation, in which she was the comforter and supporter of the sorely stricken father, who mourned so inconsolably. Daily this young girl went about her duties, with the light of the upper world crowning her still childish brow,—a light which sanctified and deepened her consecrated nature. It stamped her as one enlisted in the ministry of Duty, and she wears its signet still. Talk not to her of idle luxury and self gratification; the pathway she entered then at seventeen is still pressed unsalteringly by her footsteps, unimpeded by shining ambition, undimmed by obstacles. bravely her unaccustomed fingers took up the threads of life, dropped from the deft, clay cold hand which had guided them all these years, and "sister Emma" became the oracle of the saddened household. The sterling truthfulness and conscientiousness of the mother became even deepened in the daughter, who still continues "to guide, to comfort, to command" another household. Here began those lessons of self-help, which blossomed afterward in these lines:

SELF-RELIANCE.

How back the veil from my face, oh! winds of the turbulent present!
I wish it aside, although soft and protecting in its
sue;
The best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or pleasant,
Wide-eyed to face life as she faces the soul with her
senses.

And I have passed on from the days when in weakness
I trembled,
And once, dear my love, when I knew that grim
danger was coming,
Till through it I had three only true-colored blossoms
remained,
And I felt I walked onward, my gladsome melody
humming.

He only is brave, who is brave with an eye on the peril;
And he who knows not the meaning of virtue or
courage;
She plays with red poppies, and circles her forehead so
serenely,
Albeit her cheek with the passionate night-phases is
flushed.

The years have gone by when the sweetest of weak
ness was
When, tender, I was played with by her strong
white fingers,
While wisdom, war-crowns, lay unperceived, unthought
and unneeded,
And I felt I walked onward, my gladsome melody
humming.

We secure the salvation, at length, which is gained by
complacency;
With reason and truth—never once by their direct
citation;
They sanctify us by a wise and devoted self-reliance,
Which springs up from growth and is fed by the dew
of affliction.

Today is not good for long dreams among myrtle and
rose;
I had visions of "tropical" where the fair blossoms smile
in the green;
Sometime will come safety and days of delicious re-
posure,
When up all the future full blossom in upland mead-
ow.

The published writings of the young girl had called out letters from various sources, among them one from a gentleman, which began an era in her life. It was from a young Ohio farmer, a chosen instrument in the hands of supermundane intelligences, and who had already done earnest work in the radical cause. She had read of his remarkable development and profound writings, but supposed him to be an elderly man, instead of one only a few years her senior. This letter is so characteristic, that I cannot refrain from giving it to the reader.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO,

Feb. 11th, 1857.

Mrs. Emma Rood, Esteemed Friend—
Excuse the liberty I take in addressing this note to you, but I do so to excuse myself for sending a copy of "Life in the Spheres," which will reach you about the same time. I send it as a slight recompense for the pleasure your poetry in the *Universe* has given me, and perhaps if you have not already perused it, some pleasure may come back to you.

Here on the farm, my friends are few, though my acquaintances are many, and my pen supplies the place of tongue, in conversing with those who are congenial. I often lecture in neighboring towns, but it is always that I return home with pleasure; it is so quiet and places me in such close contact with nature. The little book down in the garden where I write, when the weather is pleasant, I welcome as an old friend. Although there are many reformers here, they are, as in most places, wonderfully afraid of the conservatives, and can boast but little manly independence. But we can

bear slight persecutions, when we know what the end will be!

I know reform is sometimes destructive in its awakening hours. It is like the avalanche on the mountain's brow, which rushes down the steep, sweeping everything away in promiscuous ruin. It then slowly melts, sending a crystal stream meandering to the ocean, nourishing the flowers blooming on its banks, the strong trees, and countless forms of life. Though the commencement is rough and terrible, the end is peaceful and lovely.

But I have written, instead of an excuse, a little letter, spun out much longer than I intended.

A letter from you would be acceptable.

Truly,
HUDSON TUTTLE.

So auspicious a beginning, could have but one ending. On the 12th of the ensuing Oct. Hudson Tuttle and Emma Rood were married, and their united lives are on the very farm where he was born, and which is still their pleasant home. How delightful to chronicle a union like this, where the family circle is the repository of the best elements of our coming civilization; whose broad sympathies ramify toward every righteous effort to benefit humanity; whose inspiration, reverently recognized, is respect to the inspection of virtue and truth, and where husband and wife are peers in all good works of hand or brain. Such as they, live not according to the laws of conformity, but to those divine ideas which are the only masters recognized by loyal souls. Many many more nuptial torches faithfully uphold, help to usher the morning of a brighter day than this!

One great shadow darkened the heart-stone a few years since. Mrs. Tuttle's sister, Agnes, after the death of the father, which occurred not long after that of the mother, became a member of the household, and as a beautiful girl of nineteen, loved by all who knew her, she grew to be its embodied sunshine. A way from home, she was stricken with fever disease, and in a few hours only, she passed on to the "Land of sunshine and eternal spring," while yet the "dew sparkled upon the flowers which crowned her lovely head. Out of this great grief sprang the following lines, which have been set to music:

MY LOST DARLING.

Oh, for the voice of an angel to sing
About my lost darling, so tender and true,
Whose eyes were as blue as the sky of the spring,
Whose heart was as pure as her jewels of dew.
I can but mourn her in sorrow and tears,
Life was so gladsome and earth was so fair;
Do we not miss her where she is, in your eyes,
Woven in the fabric of your life to wear.

Chorus—
Oh, my lost darling, come down from the skies!
How I long to see you, so tender and true,
Whose eyes were as blue as the sky of the spring,
Whose heart was as pure as her jewels of dew.
I can but mourn her in sorrow and tears,
Life was so gladsome and earth was so fair;
Do we not miss her where she is, in your eyes,
Woven in the fabric of your life to wear.

There in the midst of the angels of light,
While you were living, the glory of your feet,
Oh, how from the lamps of heaven and bright,
To dream of the golden days of youth and sweet.
Laugh till the atmosphere waves with gleams,
And gently the angels look up in surprise,
As they wonder you were not yet a child of the sky,
Who need to read poems of love in your eyes!

Chorus—
Well I remember the wild winter day
When you were a child, a snow-drift, we covered
her face.
No snow-drift and cold, with the pillow day,
And turned away with our face to the storm;
But had not the storm enough for our dead,
But a snow-drift on the west door the day away,
As the angels had woven fresh flowers for her head,
From the upper garbages she walks to-day.

Chorus—
Sometimes I think that the glory of heaven,
Hence I like a veil, thickly veiled with stars,
Between an observing a thought of my face,
With garments of gold and golden tales,
Dancing, my darling! I pray and I hope,
You will not forget me wherever I go,
Not stretch a white finger to me from the shore,
Whose evergreen leaves the beyond dark's care.

The circumstances of Agnes's translation almost crushed the tender heart which had been as a mother's to her, but Angela became comforted. Day after day they gave personal consolation, whispering messages of holy affection directly to the sorely smitten soul, until its equilibrium was restored. And until now, that dear love and companionship continue to be little less real and palpable, than before she passed from earthly sight into the radiant heaven reserved for the pure in heart. Generally, however, Mrs. Tuttle relies on her unaided powers, and believes in reason, as well as intuition. Only in a few great crises of life, have dwellers in the second sphere, been consciously her monitors, though she is doubtless often open to influx from divine sources. The exquisitely sensitive and musical temperament which bends under the "weary and unimaginable weight of woe," that often embitters existence and finds expression in minor strains, is yet capable of wholesome reaction. The following charming versification is an example:—

SEEKING JENNY HOME.

The snow is sparkling bright the moon as if she poured
the brightness
Of all the stars' summer eyes upon its white ex-
panse
While on the hill, past Eagle Creek, the school-house
gleams in whiteness
And on the top the gilded spire is flashing like a
star.

The distant windows glow like eyes; the clanging bell
is ringing
And calling to the boys and girls as it has called
before
To boys now men, to girls grown old, to some now an-
gels singing
In that sweet home where all so soon spot the
happy foot.

Continued on Right Page.

Soul Pills of Doctors of Divinity—Remedy for Remorse—"Lady Macbeth" and "Bill Sykes"—"Made White."

BY REV. S. L. TURNELL.

Two questions are now uppermost in evangelical councils and ministers' meetings: One is, how can the masses be induced to attend church; the other, how can infidelity be checked. The churches clearly perceive that the world is fast drifting away from them, and growing more indifferent or antagonistic to much of their teaching, but they do not seem to apprehend the real underlying cause of this lamented "modern unbelief." Such is the fatal blinding power of infant religious education and youthful training to distort and vitiate the logical faculty and destroy man's confidence in the fair conclusions of his reason, that most orthodox believers cannot realize that what they call the cardinal ideas of their religious system appear to unbiased minds fully as absurd as the wildest dreams of paganism. What, for instance, can be found in the whole range of mythology more calculated to excite the astonishment of cool, reasoning minds, than the great complicated Christian "plan of salvation" which all church-goers have heard expounded from their childhood by orthodox Moody's and other more cultured and less excusable divines. According to the popular preaching, when this "plan" was under consideration in the cabinet of heaven, when the infinite problem was being discussed, how a just God could justify sinners, there "was silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour." Had this profound silence occurred at the close of this trine council, after their conclusion had been reached, and the terms and details of the plan were announced to the heavenly hosts, we can well believe that angelic intelligences would have been mute with astonishment at such an exhibition of divine statesmanship.

According to the soundest orthodoxy, this plan which the "angels desire to look into," was laid "from eternity" before man was made or the bright and holy angel Lucifer had turned into that subtle serpent, the devil. God being omniscient, foresaw the calamity he was going to bring upon his world by creating man and permitting a fallen spirit to tempt him into sin, was moved by love to devise a scheme of redemption to meet man's case when "in the fullness of time the race should appear on earth and be 'ruined by the fall.'" This scheme was perfected by a contract or stipulation between one part of God called the Father or first person of the trinity, and the second part or person of the Trinity called the Son. The Father being infinitely just and holy, it was foreseen that he could not pardon these prospective, unborn sinners and retain the respect and homage of the moral universe as a God of immutable justice, unless on some one a penalty should be inflicted. So by this justifying plan the "slaves of the world"—the really guilty party were to be laid on the innocent "only begotten son." In order to vindicate beyond all the cavils of infidel reason, God's character for immutable justice. To enable that part of the infinitely happy and unchangeable, God called the Son, to suffer guilty man's penalty, and "be touched with the feeling of his infirmities," it was necessary that the Son who was "very God," should become also "very man;" which transformation or incarnation was to be effected by the miraculous generative agency of another part of God called the Holy Ghost, upon the material organism of the Jewish virgin Mary.

Now, when we reflect that the plan of salvation are embodied in all the preaching and hymnology of the church, and the exhortations to, unforgottenly believe them or eternally perish, in it a mystery that pews are getting empty and unbelief rampant? That our fathers should have believed that such an arrangement,—such a divine sacrifice was possible or necessary in the government of an all-wise and just Creator, to rescue his creatures from eternal fire on account of Adam's sin committed ages before they were born, passes the comprehension of modern thought. Less surprise would be felt by the churches at the rapid change of views among the people if they were more fully aware of the great fact that new and far shorter methods of solving hard theological problems are now superseding former doubtful processes. But a few years since men resorted to Jewish history for moral precedents, and studied the niceties of Greek grammar to settle doctrines: "Then the words," "Cursed be Canaan"—the maulin speech of a tipsy patriarch, found in an ancient disputed writing were widely quoted by learned Christian divines to justify the cruel bondage of millions of their fellowmen of another race. But the divine law of universal progress has in our age developed and quickened the moral instincts of average humanity in Christendom that many moral axioms have been discovered which are seen to be as self-evident as the mathematical axioms, and these are now being as successfully applied to the solution of religious questions as the mathematical are to scientific ones. Much time and hard theological figuring is saved by the use of this new, short-hand system of moral algebra. It is marvelous to see how easily and quickly expert professors like Dr. Thomas, Swinn and many others, solve by the rules of this new algebra, with two letters, knotty Bible questions, which formerly by old modes of exegesis required volumes to baffle and mystify. That dark old Calvinistic puzzle,—"Did God really command the atrocities committed by Joshua's army on their captives, as affirmed in the Bible?"—Dr. Thomas solves with one dash of his intuitive patent pencil,—"No" is his emphatic answer. How short, simple and grand! Yet how self-evidently correct. Among these self-evident truths there is none more invaluable, or of wider application in correcting false and dangerous theology than the axiom that sin and holiness are not transferable qualities, that there cannot be in the very nature of justice itself any such fiction as imputed guilt or innocence.

It is seen at a glance, how reasonings based on this immutable truth, utterly remove the foundation of that cardinal dogma of orthodoxy, the popular idea of a substitutionary or vicarious atonement, and of the demoralizing delusions that grow out of it. This axiom, that guilt cannot be transferred from a guilty to an innocent party had nearly annihilated the doctrine of original sin before geology and historical criticism had placed Adam, our "federal head," among poetical instead of historical characters.

The question whether a just God could punish men and even infants eternally in fire for the sin of Adam, ages before they were born, was so simple a problem that the great mass of the Protestant church answered it long ago in the negative, and those denominations who are not fully pre-

pared to renounce the doctrine of original sin, find great relief from the terrible dogma by an easy remedial provision known in church literature as "baptismal regeneration," by which simple rite a plegyman of "the true apostolic succession" by the application of water on the "totally depraved" infant, and repeating the approved liturgy removes from the child the impending curse of eternal fire for the sin of Eve. But the problem of washing a world, "red as scarlet with sin," in a fountain filled with the blood "of an innocent" God-man, being a more complicated question, has not yet been so generally solved as many other analogous problems have been. But this supreme "mystery of godliness" is being rapidly solved in thoughtful minds by the original application of these intuitive truths, and the immortal works of Bushnell and other liberal divines have enabled thousands of less self-reliant thinkers to renounce the demoralizing fiction of a "Divine Sin Bearer."

It is incomprehensible how so many sensible religious people seem to retain implicit trust in God as a righteous moral governor, when an act done by any human court involving the same principles as the vicarious atonement, would utterly destroy every ground of respect or confidence in such a tribunal. Should a teacher in an orthodox community punish an obedient, model pupil for the misconduct of a rogue, the deacons who thank God devoutly, evening and morning, that he sent his "well beloved son into the world to 'bear their sins on the accursed tree, the just for the unjust,'" would be the first to vote for the removal of the lunatic or imbecile as unfit to govern a common school, and a governor who would relieve a murderer because his insane or sympathizing wife had hung herself as a substitute, claiming that the "demands of the law" were satisfied by the suicide of the innocent woman, would not be likely to receive the votes of the churches for a second term. Men's hearts are sounder and safer guides than their catechisms. The intuitions impressed by the divine spirit on the conscience are engraven too deeply to be wholly obliterated by any false artificial creed.

Theshrewd practical lawyer of the Jews did not dare to put in practice on earth, his theory of God's heavenly government. No doves, ashes of heifers or blood of lambs were equivalents for crimes in Jewish courts as in the court of heaven. The thief must restore fourfold, and adulteress be stoned. Swift and sure penalty was found to be the best safeguard of morality. Could men really silence the voice of God in the conscience and unfeignedly believe that "Jesus paid it all," not only past sins, but made provision for the payment of all future bills, it would be the direct calamity that could befall the race. Now, is it not, and ought it not to be a fatal objection to a religious doctrine, that it is most dangerous and demoralizing when most sincerely believed. Such an objection does truly seem to lie against the current popular doctrine of the atonement.

A state of society is conceivable where all would do right for the unselfish love of the right, without regard for penalty or reward, but as human nature really is, society cannot exist without the restraining force of penal law, and the author of man's nature, who "knows what is in man," has hedged in his path on every hand by attaching sure penalties for the infringement of every moral and physical law, and how unreasonable to suppose that a doctrine could emanate from God which is so totally at variance with every known principle of his government—a doctrine that teaches that a life of foul impurity and dishonesty can by a mental spasm be made as though it had not been,—that as Dr. Patton expressed it in a recent sermon, "Christ's 'whiteness' so covers man's 'blackness' that God's eyes of infinite purity do not see through the borrowed mask, and that a culprit's inherent meanness is by some sacrificial jugglery, transferred to the holy 'Sin Bearer.'" So that a Booth may even take the precedence of a skeptical Lincoln in heaven if on the gallows he embraces the faith of the "atoning blood."

Believers in the orthodox view of the atonement feel shocked that liberal sects regard their fundamental tenet as highly demoralizing in its tendency, and demoralizing just in proportion as it is unfeignedly believed. But does not observation confirm the assertion, that the most ignorant and immoral branches of the church do accept this doctrine most sincerely, and in its most naked literal form. Lax government and cheap pardons have ever proved incentives to crime. How many frail believers in "free salvation" fall from grace yearly or quarterly, feeling it is so easy to cast their burden of sin on the forgiving Jesus, and find rest, pardon and sanctification. How the treasury of the Roman church overflowed with gold when her indulgence peddlers traveled over Europe selling licenses and pardons for murder to deacons for "twenty crowns," and bishops for "three hundred livres," and permits for lewdness at far lower figures. The history of those dark ages shows the frightful immorality induced by the practical operation of the doctrine, almost free salvation.

Now, if crime increased so marvelously in medieval society with the price of murders at the high price of twenty crowns apiece, what must be the natural demoralizing tendency of teaching to the world the dogma of pardon "without money and without price." Orthodox divines grow eloquent as they dilate upon the divine power of the gospel of Christ to remove the strings of conscience and remorse. They tell us that the fasts, pilgrimages, prayers, and self-tortures enjoined by other religions are all impotent to do this mighty work of silencing in the human soul remorse or sorrow for sin. How amazing the power of prejudice and traditional ideas to blind and distort the religious perceptions of man. The capacity to feel remorse for sin is the divinest attribute of human nature. Remorse is the holiest passion of the soul; the only evidence of spiritual life; the unquenchable purifying fire within the heart, and a gospel that, it is said, can paralyze or extinguish this God-given moral monitor in man, gives ample evidence of apocryphal rather than divine origin.

How preposterous and even childish seems this popular blood atoning theory as expounded in a late number of the *Christian Union*. According to this able writer, the "damned" remorseful blood "spot" on "Lady Macbeth's hand" and the ghastly eyes of the "murdered" Nancy, that haunted "Bill Sykes" day and night, could be washed out, and turned away, and their tortured spirits made to feel as sweet repose on the "downy pillow" of the "divine sin bearer" as though their crimes had never been. Strange indeed is such a religious philosophy! Strange remedy for remorse! Poor consolation reason would say, for a "Lady Macbeth," or "Bill Sykes," whose quickened conscience was already frantic with remorse for murder, to be told that in addition to their original crime they had by it involved an

innocent sympathizing friend in suffering sacrifice and death.

To every manly, living soul not deadened or chloroformed by theological drugs, the idea of evading the consequences of its own sin and transferring the penalty to another, and claiming heaven on the strength of borrowed character or "imputed righteousness," seems most degrading and absurd. But there is a gospel that can cure remorse—a gospel written by the inspiration of the Almighty in the human conscience—a gospel in full accord with eternal justice, which proclaims no free salvation to free will sinners, but says to the sorrowing sinner, make perfect restitution for every wrong—restore the stolen gold with usury, sin no more—go in peace. Jewish D. D's teach that sincere "repentance" is the true atonement, and can we not rationally believe that the contrite tears of the Hindu Mahometan, or misguided Christian, who avouches true penitence by self-inflicted tortures, pilgrimages, penances and prayers, will in the eyes of a just and pitying Judge, wash out more guilty stains than the blood of "the innocent one?" It has seemed to liberal thinkers that the time had nearly past for a serious discussion of so trite a theme, but the publication in so popular a paper as the *Christian Union* of such an article as "Made White," in the number Dec. 21th, shows that there is still a large demand for that theology and that the duty of the liberal and spiritual press to widen the ideas of the conservative churches is not yet done.

Fox Lake, Wis.

Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

A very large audience filled every nook and corner of the Hall this evening, with many persons seated on the platform, and a feature that has marked all the meetings of our Fraternity so far, was the large number of strange faces new to the spiritual meetings in our city, evidencing a deep and growing interest in the subject among the better classes. The chairman made a few appropriate remarks on introducing the first speaker for the evening, Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, of Vineland, N. J. She is a lady somewhere among the forties, and gave her lecture in an easy, argumentative way, that commanded the closest attention from all who listened to her. A synopsis, such as the writer is able to give, would hardly do justice to this very lucid, comprehensive and intellectual effort, showing deep, earnest thought and careful study. The speaker did not refer much to her manuscript and was frequently applauded during its delivery. Before commencing her lecture, she recited a beautiful original poem, entitled, "The Web of Life," which abounded in beautiful thoughts, a lofty inspiration, permeated with the true poetic spirit.

In commencing her lecture she said, "I shall use the term, 'A New Religion,'" and she rapidly traced some of the various forms of thought that had swayed the minds of the race in past ages, evolving different forms of worship, and leading mankind from barbarism to the present civilization. The new religion was to elevate woman, and make her the center from which the race would become all that it had been ordained to be. She illustrated the enlargement of woman's capacities, and gave credit to the monogamic marriage as that which had lifted woman from barbarism and slavery to her present status, and that in the coming time, woman was to be surrounded with every blessing, social and political, that would make her the co-worker with man in the unfolding, and development of the race. She said that the new religion substituted evolution for revolution, and education for conversion. She showed clearly how in the new religion, the individual home could be adorned and beautified, and the children surrounded with the comforts and blessings, and the mother also surrounded with everything so that in the crowning glory of her nature, motherhood, she could give birth to the noblest offspring, showing that while man combines intellect and activity, woman, by her heart-impulses, intuitions and lofty inspirations as a co-worker with true manhood, could be a large factor in the elevation and redemption of the race from ignorance, poverty and sin. She glanced at the associative effort of Mons. Guisot, in the *Palais de la Paix* of the Palace of Guise in France, where capital intelligently and wisely used had made a realization of the new religion practical, even now, and that in the future, capitalists should use their surplus means for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and ignorant, that crowd and fill tenement houses in the large cities, by instituting co-operative associations similar to that of Mons. Guisot.

The speaker said that in the past this movement for the elevation and enlargement of woman's sphere, had been spontaneous, but that in the future it would be more by united work, and cited many instances even now, where woman, by her associative effort, was doing much to ameliorate the sufferings of those who dwell in poverty and ignorance. The new religion would combine the whole man and the whole woman, and from it would evolve greater happiness, greater purity and greater intellectual and spiritual growth.

Col. Jno C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, was the next speaker, who received a very cordial welcome as one of the standard bearers of Spiritualism in the great West. He said that Spiritualism means right thinking and right living, and that we should not ridicule the churches while we have such vagaries among the people in our faith. He said that we should study the laws by which we could classify the facts already evolved out of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and urged his hearers to accept nothing from a spirit unless it accords with sound reason and judgment.

Mrs. Mary Gridley was the next speaker, who said: "I have been deeply interested in the able address of Mrs. B., and am also deeply interested in the Woman's Social Congress recently organized in New York City, as one of the aids to establish the new religion. She alluded to the Woman's Mining Bureau, also recently established in New York City, and claimed that if man found woman capable of inaugurating great movements, he would be glad to heartily co-operate with them. She expressed her hearty sympathy in the Fraternity, and could see great future success in its work, and she said that we cannot have too many conferences, and hoped that they would be multiplied.

W. C. Bowen said: "It is with intense satisfaction that I have listened to the very able and instructive lecture of the evening, and if that is the new religion as shadowed forth in the clear statement of principles, I say, 'Give us the new religion.' I also believe in evolution and also in revolution." He alluded to the publication of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," which largely

contributed to bring about the American Revolution. He appreciated evolution, and also that spirit as evolved in the life of Jesus, and in our faith, and said, "Let us have a scientific Spiritualism. I heartily endorse the remarks of Col. Bundy as to right living and right thinking."

Mrs. Hope Whipple said: "At this late hour I have but a word. Emerson says that if we are doing anything, we must present it from the higher ground, and I trust this Fraternity will not only have sentiment, but will organize for effective work in the Gospel of Humanity."

Col. Wm. Hemstreet said: "To say that woman's sphere is only at home after listening to the able and exhaustive address of Mrs. Bristol, is an error, and the thought occurred to me while listening—that, if, politicians had cudgeled their brain to evolve a solution of the problem by which the great social questions could be accomplished, they could not have given as clear a statement, or one so grand and apparently easy of solution. What a magic influence would the appearance of such a woman have in a political convention—out of place, some would say; nay, it would refine, purify and elevate. Is Queen Victoria out of place as the ruler of the English nation? We should do all in our power to enlarge the sphere of woman and make her the co-worker and equal with man in every duty and privilege, civil and political, as well as moral and social; and the lecture to-night convinces any who may have doubted before that she is the peer and equal of man, and like a beautiful rainbow is the lecturer to-night. This is the second time I have heard this address, and shall take every opportunity to hear it again, for we can hardly realize the deep and high benevolence that has placed her in the public lecture field."

Some of our Fraternity have to-day assisted at the funeral exercises, and helped to place the mortal remains of Mrs. J. H. Whitney back to Mother Earth. Mrs. Jennie Foster officiated by special request of our Fraternity, who took possession of the medium and spoke through her organism so clearly, distinctly, as to be recognized, and a committee was appointed by the chair consisting of D. M. Cole, Abram Kipp, Mrs. S. M. James, Judge Wm. Colt, and Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, as a committee to look after the sick, and especially funerals, that on such occasions our friends could have aid and cordial sympathy.

The chair announced that the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Dawn of Light* and spiritual books, would be found on the desk of the secretary; also that a meeting of the Board of Directors would be held at the residence of the president, 407 Waverly avenue, Friday evening, for the transaction of important business. Henry Kiddle gives us his new lecture, "The Christ Spirit," on the evening of February 7th, and as Bro. K. has a warm fraternal abiding place in the hearts of us all, we can predict an overflowing meeting.

S. B. NICHOLS.

407 Waverly Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Association with the People of the Other World.

BY MRS. AYANDA M. STENCE.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

In my association, as a medium, with the people of the other world, I have been made aware that they not only operate, at times, on a large scale, moving great numbers of persons simultaneously for the accomplishment of large and important results, as I have illustrated in my last three articles, but that they often interfere in the smallest minutiae of our lives. As will be seen by the examples which will be given in some of my succeeding articles, the spirits with whom I have for so many years been associated, do at times concern themselves with and interfere with the smallest and most unimportant affairs of my daily life and those of my family. Nevertheless, whatever they have done through me for myself, has been done in such a way that, even were I so disposed, I could not surrender my own self-reliance and individuality and depend upon them in anything except such matters as pertain to themselves and their own work.

Spirits have never made any attempt to influence or overawe me or those to whom I have been related as a medium, by claiming to be George Washington, Jesus Christ, Benjamin Franklin, Socrates, Demosthenes, or any one of earth's departed worthies. In all my labors as a medium, I have always been moved to say and do what I have said and done without knowing who it was, by name, that moved me, or was associated with me. Thus both myself and others have been left free to judge of the value of what I have been made to say and do, solely from an investigation of their intrinsic merits. And I would here say, as the result of extensive observation and investigation of the experience of mediums, that, where a spirit announces himself as Daniel Webster, Lord Bacon, Plato, Paul, Swedenborg, or some other person of authority and distinction, further acquaintance with him generally reveals nothing but a great name, the reputation of which is seldom if ever sustained by either the sayings or doings of the medium, as a medium. And I would also remark, in this connection, as the result of my observation and investigation, that, where spiritual influences, by any means whatever, induce mediums to believe that they have some great and extraordinary work to do, or some work that far surpasses in importance that of other mediums; or that, for some particular reason, they, as mediums, are so incomparable, exalted and especially consecrated that they can learn nothing from other mediums, and scoff the idea of comparing experiences with other mediums with a view to the better understanding of their own, and the better understanding of the whole subject of mediumship, I have found that, as a general rule, nothing comes of such mental elation and exaltation but bitter disappointment and defeat to such mediums until they are cured of their vanity and egotism, and become thoroughly reconciled to the conviction that they, like all other mediums, are but small fractional parts of a great movement—so small indeed that when, in after years, there shall be made a general summing up of results and of the means by which they were accomplished, their little quota will be found to be so diluted and lost in the vast aggregate of mediumistic contributions, that they can not be recognized or sorted out from the rest any more than we can, in some vast upheaved coral line of sea coast, sort out the deposit of one polyp from another.

The spirits with whom I have been associated, have always managed their own business in their own way, without any attempt or desire on my part to dictate what should be done or how it should be done. On the other hand, I have always managed

my own personal affairs in my own way, always exercising my best judgment, and following its dictates, except so far as spirits may, in spite of me, have given shape and direction to both my thoughts and my actions, sometimes with, and sometimes without, any direct evidence to me that they were interfering. Thus I seem to live two lives—one in which I submit myself as a formless power wholly to another intelligence, to do its work in its own way; and another in which I live myself, use my own faculties to the best of my ability with the same self assertion and personality as if spirits were but associates upon whom I can no more permit myself to lean or depend than upon my associates in the body. Yet, as I have already intimated, I cannot say that they have kept as clear of all interference with my affairs as I have of theirs. There is one peculiar feature of my experience which inclines me to the belief that, in all probability, my whole life is in their hands—that they, at all times, have a firm hold upon the reins, and, in ways that I do not understand, and for purposes that are in keeping with the general object for which they hold me as a medium, indulge or restrain me in all my individual movements and enterprises according as they see that it is necessary in furtherance of their own work with the people of the earth, or it may be, at times simply in furtherance of my own temporal interests or my own individual development.

The peculiar feature above referred to of my relation to the spirits with whom I have been associated for so many years, and the feature to which I shall have occasion to refer in some of my future articles, is this. Ever since I became a medium I have, at irregular times, felt moved by an influence which I have no desire to resist, to retire alone to some convenient place where I am the least likely to be disturbed by intrusions or noises of any kind, and there place myself in the most comfortable attitude which I can assume, that is, in an attitude in which I am the most free from muscular tension or effort, and also the most free from pressure or contact with any material object, so that there is the least possible amount of physical or outward impression or disturbance to bring me to outward consciousness. Thus situated I pass into a state of deep and absorbing conscious rapport with a spirit or spirits whom I am in the habit of calling my guides. When the rapport is fully established, I commence giving them a report of the exact condition of all my public and private affairs—my relations as a medium to the people at large with whom I am laboring, and the condition of the special work in which I am engaged, and also my relations as an individual, beginning at the larger outer circumference with my relations to people in general, then passing in succession to my social relations and my family relations and ending with my domestic relations—children, husband and self—sometimes descending into the smallest items pertaining to my own personal comfort, such as the dress which I contemplate buying, or the kind of hat which I would like to have. While in this state, everything flows in a clear, unbroken stream of words, so apt, so brief, so adjusted to their purpose, that their use seems to be, not to clothe my thoughts, but to unclothe them and render them perfectly transparent to those to whom I am reporting. In this condition, if it were possible for me to desire to conceal or cover up, or to magnify or diminish anything, I could not. My reports become the absolute truth from which I have neither the power nor the desire to make the least shadow of deviation. When the report is really ended, I cannot continue it by any voluntary effort of my own. If, for instance, there is any item of special interest to myself which I omitted, but which I would like to add to the report, I cannot do it. If it is not in the first run of the clear crystalline truth, it is because it is of no consequence to those with whom I am in communion, and if I attempt to report it, my mind gets confused or becomes a blank and I cannot conceive a thought or think a word.

Furthermore, I cannot make these reports whenever I choose. I cannot put myself into the state; and if I undertake it, as I have sometimes done when I supposed that some special event urgently required to be brought to the knowledge of my guides, my mind either becomes torpid and I fall asleep, or else it flies off to every imaginable subject but the one upon which I try to concentrate. I do not always get any evidence that spirits make my reports the basis of their actions, whether in behalf of myself, or of others, or of the spiritual movement at large. In many cases, however, it is very obvious that they do, as will be seen in the account of the Bucksport affair which I published in my last article, and as will also be seen in the illustrations which I shall give in this point hereafter.

A Heavy Sleeper.

A boy in the service of Thomas Fawcett, of Gate, Eng., lately accompanied his master in shooting all day upon the moors, and on returning in the evening his master told him to make the best of his way home. The boy proceeded on foot, but being much fatigued, sat down and fell asleep. How long he remained in that situation was uncertain, as, when found, he was in his own bed asleep, and a neighbor passing on the road early next morning, found his clothes scattered in various directions, nearly half a mile off. The account he gave was that he dreamed he had been at a neighbor's house, ate a good supper, after which he supposed he went to bed there. It appears he actually walked three miles, though in a profound sleep the whole of the time, during which he stripped off his clothes and walked home naked, passed the gate and went upstairs to bed, being the whole of the time asleep.

Laws are apt to be like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object around them and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

God's mercies are as cords to lead us to him; but our sins are as sharp swords that cut those cords.

Let us not fail to scatter along our pathway the seeds of kindness and sympathy. Some of them will undoubtedly perish; but if one only lives, it will perfume our steps, and rejoice our eyes.

It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

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MILE-STONES.

The New England Primer—Dean Stanley—Spiritualism.

Certain notable books (as often small as large), the words of representative men, and certain great movements (like modern Spiritualism), are like mile-stones by the wayside, telling the traveler of his progress. To us, as we look back, they give the distances of the path our ancestors have traveled, and so indicate that it is for us to move on and follow the light. We have before us a curious *fac simile* reprint of "The New England Primer, improved for the more easy attaining of the true reading of English," to which is added, "The Assembly of Divines, and Mr. Cotton's Catechism, Boston, printed by Edward Draper, 1771."

This little book of some 80 small pages, was sold for a century by hundreds of thousands, was in every home, and in every public school in New England, and was held next to the Bible itself in sanctity and authority. Opening with easy spelling and reading lessons, and selections from old hymns, we find next the quaint rhymes with wood cuts as quaintly illustrative, so familiar to every child in Puritan days, and down to less than fifty years ago, but now out of sight and fading out of thought. Some are as follows, each coupled with its picture:

"In Adam's fall
 We sinned all."
 "Proud Korah's troop
 Was swallowed up."
 "While youth do cheer
 Death may be near."
 "Young Timothy,
 Learn sin today."

After these is "The Short Catechism agreed upon by the Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster"—107 questions and answers, the condensation of the work of the famed gathering of 120 English divines who sat over five years to frame a body of theology which bore wide and strong away for generations, and is now dying out—its dogmas dying, its truth to live on.

This Short Catechism is the first mile-stone for us to look back at—the especially significant part of this Primer, telling what thoughts and ideas bore sway then. Some of its questions and answers will give insight of its character:

"What is the chief end of man? Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

"What rule hath God given to direct how we may glorify and enjoy him? The Word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify God and enjoy him."

"The outward authority of a book, not the soul or spiritual discernment within, was their idea."

"What is God? God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth. [This is a gleam of light.]

"What are the decrees of God? They are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his own will, whereby for his own glory he hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass. [What pitiful and selfish pride in the words for his own glory.]

"Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression? The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression."

"What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell? All mankind by that fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains and miseries of hell forever."

"Did God leave all mankind to perish in the state of sin and misery? God, having out of his mere good pleasure from all eternity elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of a state of sin and misery, and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer."

"What benefits do believers receive from Christ at their death? The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, and their bodies being still united to Christ, rest in their graves till the resurrection."

Next after this Westminster Catechism, comes "Spiritual milk for American babes,"

drawn from the breasts of both Testaments, for their souls' nourishment," by John Cotton, an eminent minister. Of this milk a single draught may suffice.

"Are you born a sinner? I was conceived in sin and born in iniquity."

"A dialogue between Christ, Youth and the Devil," ends this book, once so widely read. Not forgetful of the good of those old days, we may well be grateful and glad that these painful dogmas are fading away, and that we have passed the mile-stone by which The New England Primer was studied and believed.

We will now look at another mile-stone, whiter, fairer and near to us. Last year Arthur Penryhn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, eminent in the Episcopal church of England, preacher in the same Westminster Abbey, in which the old divines sat five years to frame that old Catechism we have quoted from, visited this country and preached and spoke to fine audiences in our eastern cities. He represents the liberal thought in the churches, pointing beyond dogmas and creeds, and his words tell of this onward march of thought.

To the Episcopallians of New England he spoke on Liberal Theology, and said: "The crude notions which prevailed twenty years ago on the inspiration of the Bible have been so completely abandoned as to be hardly anywhere maintained by theological scholars. . . . The doctrine of the Atonement will never again appear in the crude form common both to Protestant and Catholic churches in former times. The doctrine of the more merciful view of the future punishment, and of the hope of a universal restitution, has been gradually advancing, and the darker view receding. . . . The question of miracles has at last reached this point—that no one would now make them the chief or sole basis of the evidence of religious truth." To the students in Union Theological Seminary, New York, (Presbyterian) he said: "Let me entreat you to look facts in the face, whether facts of the Bible, of science or of scholarship. Do not be afraid of them. Go as far as you possibly can in the comparison of the sacred volumes of the Old and New Testaments with the sacred volumes of other religions. Make the most searching investigation you can, with light from whatever quarter as to the origin of the sacred books."

On Religious Inquiry his word was: "The most excellent service that churches and pastors, authorities of State or of religion, universities, or teachers, can render to the human reason in this arduous enterprise is not to restrain or blindfold it, but to clear aside every obstacle, to chase away the phantoms that stand in the road. . . . Robert Hall says: 'Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry is favorable to error. Whatever promotes it favors truth. Nothing has greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than a spirit of party.'"

Discouraging on the Nature of Man he nobly says: "All human authority, civil or ecclesiastical, must in the last resort be alike subordinate to the one divine authority which speaks to us through the voice of conscience. When the apostles declared, and when we after them declare that we must obey God rather than man, it was not the repudiation of the laws of ruler or magistrate; it was then the assertion of the supremacy of conscience against the authority of a Sanhedrim, of priests and scribes, as it may still be against the authority of a Pontiff, a Synod, or a Council."

It is a long way, not only in years but in thought, from the Westminster Assembly in 1645 to the Dean of Westminster in 1877. Verily, the march of man is onward, and this last mile-stone—these discourses of Dean Stanley—marks a space traveled, and points still on and up.

We have looked back to take these bearings and distances along the road, and now before us another mile-stone stands. We are marching on toward it, and the host will come up to it in due time. It is modern Spiritualism. The clouds of bigotry, the stumbling-blocks of intolerance and superstition, and chilly mists of materialism, dim our sight of it, and hinder our way toward it; yet we move on, and it stands out white and fair, its shaft lit up by a soft and brilliant radiance from the light of heaven.

As the stern theology of the Westminster Catechism made an era in the thought and life of the past, as Dean Stanley's words represent the larger, more charitable thought which a new era brings to many in our churches, so modern Spiritualism represents the opening of the closed gates, the actuality and nearness of the life beyond, the real presence of our dear friends from the Summer-land, the knowledge of the inner-life of man, the indwelling soul of things, a spiritual philosophy to supplant materialism, a rational religion, an abiding faith in the progress of humanity on earth and in heaven, a system of ethics and morals based on obedience to law and to the voice of the soul. Its coming is a great epoch, its growth wonderful, the conquering power of its facts and central ideas and inspirations sure to gain at last. We may well plant a mile-stone by the wayside to mark this newest era, and take heart at its sight as we go on.

According to the *London Globe*, Dr. Rudolph Falt, an eminent philologist, has traced the language of the aboriginal Indians of Peru and Bolivia, to pure Aryan roots held in common with the Semitic race. He concludes from this that America was peopled first, and that the highlands of Bolivia was the cradle of the human race; or, in other words, Adam and Eve were Americans! There is not the least value in this hypothesis, yet it shows the uncertainty and restlessness of those who receive the account of the creation as given in Genesis literally.

The quarterly meeting of the Spiritualists held at Omro, Wis., and closing, Jan. 25th, was a decided success. Prof. Lockwood, J. O. Barrett, and J. H. Talmadge, were the principal speakers. The meeting took a decided stand against giving one man or any body of men the exclusive right to practice medicine in the State.

SALVATION OF SOULS.

Mr. Kiddle Denounces the Orthodox Doctrines of Christianity.

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle lectured lately in New York, on the "Salvation of Souls." It appears from the report given he said that in Christianity nothing takes precedence of the salvation of the soul, and the man, in the Protestant orthodox faith, who does not accept the dogmas of the church will be lost in hell. With the Christian the question is not, "What shall I do to be saved?" but "How shall I escape eternal damnation?" Mr. Kiddle went on to say that the eternal punishment and "hell fire" passage in the New Testament were not in the original manuscripts of that work, but were evidently the inventions and interpolated forgeries of monks and priests. He quoted from Jonathan Edwards and similar churchmen of an earlier day, showing how terrible were their ideas of the tortures that awaited all unbelievers in the future life. The torment, and agony, and endless punishment to be inflicted on innocent but unbelieving souls would take place in the presence of God, the lamb and the angels of heaven. This spirit of revenge and unmercifulness the speaker regarded as the product of human invention, which had given the world a devilish theology. The Roman Catholic doctrine was not so bad as the Protestant faith, because it admitted of an intermediate state—a place of repentance and possible salvation. Luther began well, but his career ended in blind and despotic dogmatism. A reaction followed the first Reformation, and Protestantism would never recover from the Calvinistic blight.

To remedy the errors of these fanatical teachers modern Spiritualism had come with love to God and man. The brotherly spirit of Jesus Christ had taken the place of revenge and unmercifulness. Mr. Kiddle pictured the spectacle of a "paid divine" professing to believe that his friends and loved ones would be eternally damned, spending his leisure hours at watering places or in the art galleries of Europe. If he really believed what he preached, he would sit up nights and spend every moment in beseeching his friends to escape the awful fate he depicted. The present Christian doctrine was too horrible for even Satan to accept. Mr. Kiddle closed by quoting from alleged spirits who had been out of the body 200 years and gave the result of their interesting experiences for the benefit of the faithful Spiritualists who were to come after them.

SOMNAMBULISM.

The Boston Herald, in commenting on the recent Hamilton Place tragedy, gives an exhaustive resume of somnambulism, describing its strange influence over human actions, and showing that its "victims" are morally and legally irresponsible for acts committed while in that state. The writer of the editorial relates many strange incidents, the greater number of which are old, and as a story-teller is interesting, but when he attempts to enter the domain of causes, he is not at home. He says in an autocratic way:

"The phenomena of somnambulism are similar to and help to explain, the condition and performances of clairvoyants and mediums who frequently exhibit much more mental and bodily capacity in their unconscious than in their conscious state. Mediumistic trance is, in fact, only somnambulism artificially induced, of which, indeed, it is a familiar example. The alleged spiritual mediums who, in a state of more or less unconsciousness, talk with so much fluency upon matters of which they can only speak with halting accents when in their normal condition, are really indebted for their facility to an artificial somnambulism. De Holmsm, the French psychometrist, previously referred to, recognizes this condition of things, and the distinction between it and what may be called natural somnambulism. In referring to the elements which differentiate the case of the person in whom the somnambulic tendency has been induced by the power of human agent from that of the individual who is affected by causes which are the result of the conditions of his own organization, he makes these remarks: 'The natural somnambulist seems only to avail himself of a single sense; he only directs his attention to one order of events, viz, that with which his mind is occupied; his thoughts are on only one object, and it is with that only he concerns himself.'"

A cursory examination of the phenomena of Spiritualism, will show how erroneous this explanation is. It is true that somnambulism may shade into and become true trance and clairvoyance. What this writer regards as a single, well defined state, really is most complex, and presents incalculable phases. A person may, during sleep, become mediumistic, while far removed from that state during waking hours; or clairvoyant sensitiveness may become quickened by the depression of the bodily functions.

DAVID M. KING.—This active and energetic worker, whose whole soul is engaged in the cause of Spiritualism, as well as his favorite subject, Phrenology, is now lecturing in Michigan on the science of man. He is a hard worker, close student, and has received flattering press notices wherever he has been. From personal knowledge, we can affirm that in delineating character, he is the equal of any phrenologist we have ever met, not excepting O. S. and L. N. Fowler, the founders of the science. Wherever he may go, we assure the friends that they may repose the utmost confidence in his ability and integrity. Mr. King is a graduate of the American Institute of Phrenology, class 1867, and received flattering mention from the eminent professors of that institution.

Death of Jules C. G. Favre.

The death of this distinguished statesman recently announced, takes another name from the list of well-known believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism. With his equally distinguished brother, Leon, he early received the teachings of Spiritualism, and was a firm and consistent advocate of its claims. Mr. Peebles speaks of these noble brothers who have been always on the side of scientific Spiritualism and opposed to the re-incarnation theories of Kardec. Mr. Champagnon in a list of eminent names published in the "Year Book" for 1871, mentions those of the Favres.

Jules was born in Lyons, France, in 1809. He became an able lawyer and liberalist, and through all the vicissitudes of the reign of Louis Napoleon, strenuously led the opposition in the face of every danger. In 1838, when the would-be Orsini was in need of counsel, Favre at once offered himself, and ably defended him. He vigorously opposed the Franco-German war, predicting with wonderful prescience the results, and after the fall of Sedan became vice-president of the provisional government, and minister of foreign affairs, and took a prominent part in the negotiation of peace. In 1871, under Thiers he retired from public affairs and devoted himself to the pursuit of literature and law.

The Journal, published at Kirksville, Mo., says:

Rev. A. J. Fishback's discourses last Sunday were listened to by large and appreciative audiences. His lectures exhibit a broad culture and a deep and fervent morality. The interest in Spiritualism is increasing rapidly, and many persons are now turning their attention to the subject earnestly, that heretofore have treated it as an illusion or the product of the imagination. There are now two mediums in Kirksville, through whom independent state writing is easily obtained. Communications from departed friends are written without human hands touching the pencil, under fraud proof conditions. These demonstrations can be witnessed in the broad day light, and are occurring daily and hourly in Kirksville. Inter-communication with ours and the Spirit-world is a demonstrated fact, and any person can be convinced of the same that will honestly and patiently investigate the matter, and the time is speedily coming when all can know this fact even from the least to the greatest.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Jeane Shepard held a séance at 491 West Washington street, last Monday evening.

We refer our readers to the suggestive article of Judge Holbrook on our eighth page.

B. F. Underwood lectured at Albany, N. Y., February 15th, and at the Parker Memorial, Boston, the 22nd.

Mrs. Vogl and Allen have removed to a larger field of usefulness, and their address is now Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. R. Shepard will speak in Washington, D. C., during February. Her address will be 1,230 I street, Northwest.

Mrs. Hyzer has resumed her labors as the regular speaker of the Brooklyn Spiritual Society in Everett Hall, 308 Fulton street.

Frank T. Ripley is now in Dayton, O., at the Arlington House, where he will remain during the months of February and March.

W. E. Coleman has moved from Fort Smith, Indian Territory, and his address will hereafter be Chief Quartermaster's Office, Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Das Neue Blatt, (A. H. Payne, Leipzig, Germany), has just published a biographical sketch of Andrew Jackson Davis, and speaks in high terms of him.

A subscriber at Urbana, Ohio, renewed his subscription to the JOURNAL on Dec. 24th, but failed to give his name. We will credit when he lets us know his name.

Mrs. Ophelia Samuel lectured again last Sunday to the First Society of Spiritualists, corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets. Her address was listened to with much interest.

The Kirksville (Mo.) Journal says: "Mr. Fishback lectures at Owasco, Milan and Unionville, regularly. He is engaged to deliver ten discourses in Illinois, in about a month from this time."

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectured in Tyringham, Mass., February 5th, 6th and 7th and Sunday the 8th. He would like to receive calls to lecture or hold-parlor circles for the manifestations and teachings of the spirits. Address him Greenwich Village, Mass.

A correspondent from St. Louis writes: "Mrs. Ophelia T. Samuel has been lecturing for us during the months of December and January, to full houses. We regret she was compelled to leave us to fill her engagements at Chicago and Whittier, Ill. She is one of the best lecturers in the field. We hope to have her again in our city."

Robert Courtney, of Toronto, Ca., writes: "Our late president, Mr. J. L. Chancey, and Mrs. Dr. A. Hull, of Philadelphia, have started through Canada with the intention of establishing spiritual societies and furthering the cause of Spiritualism. On his leaving, he was presented with an address and album from members of the association. The society have engaged the services of Mrs. C. Lawson, of Corliffe, Eng., for the coming month."

Dr. D. P. Kynner, of 94 LaSalle street, Chicago, is almost daily in receipt of letters coming from different parts of the United States and Territories, acknowledging the correctness of his clairvoyant examinations, and also of favorable results from his prescriptions. Although the doctor does not claim perfection for clairvoyance or any other of the human faculties, it is safe to say, from what we know of his practice and from the letters of endorsement he is receiving, that he comes about as approximately near to it as any one we know of.

Prof. J. M. Allen is again busy in Battle Creek, where he is filling his engagement for the five Sundays of February. He spoke during January in Sturgis, closing with a scientific lecture on Language and Alphabet, Monday, January 27th. He spoke in Middlebury, Ind., January, 28th and 29th, closing each lecture with a psychometric test reading. Address till March, Battle Creek, Mich., care P. O. drawer 53.

Original Answers to Interesting Questions.

The brilliant improvisatrice, Emma Har-dingo-Britten, has been lecturing in San Francisco, to literally packed houses of eager listeners. At one lecture folded papers were drawn from a hat and instantly answered when drawn, as follows:

Question.—Why do we pray?
 Answer.—Prayer is the efflux of a full heart addressed to a superior power. In hours of trial it is the spontaneous cry of the soul in search of inward strength; for a silent witness is in every heart, before whom the guiding ray of faith and holy trust becomes manifest. The true scholar never petitions blindly to have his own self will ignorantly substituted for the perfect will of God, as obtained and expressed in his works. Prayer is an advertisement of our wants, and when humbly addressed opens the door of hearts by aspiration that inappreciable may shine in. By humble prayer the weak come into more intimate rapport with the Great Spirit and receive strength, but concealed forms attempting to instruct the infinite are ostentatious mockery.

Question.—What is the difference between dreaming and sleeping, and what causes both?

Answer.—Sleep is a physical condition of human bodies. Man's body is fitted with voluntary and involuntary nerves, each set capable of independent action. In waking hours they act harmoniously. When bodies become weary, the contractile property of the muscles becomes incapable of responding to the will, and the whole form sinks into that state of torpor called sleep. Then only the involuntary nerves act while the voluntary rest. The indwelling soul of man never tires, but becomes temporarily liberated during sleep, when the soul clothed in its spiritual envelope leaves the flesh on short excursions and becomes refreshed by spirit communion, always prepared, however, to return instantly when proper to awaken the body. Upon returning consciousness, after unquiet sleep, imperfect recollections of the soul's experience when absent become mingled in strange likenesses, impressed from the soul's memory on the mortal memory of the human mind, by a process somewhat similar to photography. These commingling forms upon the brain produce memory, partly of fact and partly of distorted fancy. Visions, which are rare, are spirit pictures, impressed by other souls upon the brains of human organizations sensitive to their influence. These may be prophetic, instructive or to impart special intelligence, and do not necessarily occur when the body is sleeping or unconscious. The brain of flesh is then in part magnetized by the soul power of some disembodied spirit, who displays to the subject's vision images formed in the magnetizing spirit's mind. Thus dreams are sometimes significant, but not necessarily so. During ordinary sleep, our souls, absent from the body, talk with others in spirit forms, but remain connected by a subtle magnetic cord. The body's sleep of death differs only in the fact that this silver cord is severed, and the soul, enveloped in the form of such spirit as its life on earth has attracted to itself, abandons forever its form of clay.

Question.—When does the individual spirit of man begin to exist?

Ans.—Spirit and soul of man are separate derivations from the vast primordial spirit, the soul of the universe, and in accordance with that law which is the will of the infinite, numberless stages of gestation have been passed, until attraction has placed them within the nomadic germ of a mortal body, then first surrounded by living tissues capable of retaining and developing its special form of organized life. So I am informed by spirits who have carefully studied the process of life. The original acorn does not contain the full potency of the oak tree, but draws from all about it; so the ultimate material particle, of simple vacant germ cell of the human nomad, attracts, with its initial quickening, the higher life, the gift of immortal individuality, implanted with the living soul by the infinite source—giver and sustainer of all life—after which growth ensues in accordance with the universal law of progress.

Question.—Is there any perfectly well defined principle of law in existence?

Ans.—Law is a rule which it appears impossible to break with impunity, but at what point has even the most advanced scientist discovered its ultimate limit? Not even so fixed a law as that of simple mathematics has been fully fathomed. Law fails at the point where man's perception fails. No finite process can grasp the infinite. Our knowledge of law is but of a fragment of such forms of law as have chance to unfold to our limited view. There is no point at which man may limit law, except he learn it from the spirit as the expression of the will of God. Spirit is a microcosm of law not yet unfolded. It is mathematical, geometrical and world binding, uniting together all things, but existing in various forms and degrees of condition. Until we understand its action we have not grasped the first great principle of our mathematical being. Law now limited by man's knowledge of the past, makes boundless advances in the realm of spirit, which we can only understand gradually as we advance successively in our future progress after the death of the body. The immutability of divine law is a perfectly well defined and existing principle.

Question.—Are the spirits, dwelling in the highest spheres, able to come to earth and visit their loved ones, and where do they come from?

Ans.—This question was answered as if limited to spirits in the higher spheres around this planet or system. The telescope reveals myriads of stars, all blazing suns, and nearly all populated. Do you suppose that our earth plane, which is sacred enough for the presence of an omniscient God, is not to be approached by God's highest and holiest archangels desirous of ministering to wants of suffering loved ones? The higher the angel the easier he comes to our hearts. Higher spirits can better care for and protect us in emergencies than those of less knowledge, and consequently less power, who are next to us in physical condition of development, and necessarily work only by the similar mechanical laws of being. All such well intentioned spirits are assisted, when desired, and instructed by higher spirit teachers. If you

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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Letter from Dumont C. Dale, M. D.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Change, change, is written everywhere. Progress is a modern gospel, therefore we are not to be bound to believe in that which we believed yesterday. Years since, when first entering on the path of mediumship, I was blessed with the vision of a banquet, whose bright feast was to be held in the future. I have received from my spirit friends:

Hochester, N. Y., January 9th, 1866.—"Man of earth, we are here to teach you. We will show you your talent, and then you must improve it. The door is opened for a life of usefulness and you must press through, and go forth in the name of truth and right, and in the name of God, in the name of the Father, and in the name of the Son, and in the name of the Holy Spirit, Amen. Learn to recognize him everywhere, and in every thing, and go out alone and meditate upon the wonders of creation. You will draw inspiration, and your spirit friends can impress you when in harmony with nature. Take our advice as to your reading. (See Andrew Jackson Davis's books and read them.)"

"Dr. CHANNING.

At that time I was ignorant that I knew absolutely little or nothing about Spiritualism, or the Harmonical Philosophy. I never had heard of Mr. Davis. I followed their instructions, and after some trouble procured several of his works, and commenced carefully reading "Nature's Divine Revelations" and "Mankind." One day when alone and deeply absorbed in perusing the same, a great power fell upon me; it came so suddenly and with such force, that it felt me to the floor, as it did good old Paul to the ground in "days of yore." Although many years of active life, with thrilling episodes, have passed since then, I still do remember the thrill like lightning through the spirit, awakening its gratitude and filling its love with inward songs of celestial harmony. My inner faculties were excited and illuminated, warming and fortifying the affections, giving unity, joy and beautiful happiness for the time, and the spirit lifted beyond all earthly things. I centered my attention upon this wondrous power that as Milton sang, "Dost attend us when we wake and when we sleep." "Everywhere and in every thing" is occupied with the history of some person, it is up by the divine inspiration that flows like a silver pool about the consecrated soul. In the Pantheon of Progress we have many glorious names, but not one more glorious than that of Andrew Jackson Davis. The gentle Nazarene gave the world a new commandment, that ye love one another. Bro. Davis, on page 221 of the Great Harmonia, says, "Can ye love that which repels? Can ye admire that which is not admirable? Verily ye need a newer commandment, that is, ye need yourselves to love one another." The Harmonical Philosophy issues its bulls or flaming proclamation; nor does it "wrap nonsense round."

With pomp and darkness ill it seems profound. But, thank God, it teaches principles and not man, therality and not individuality. It does not lead us around Robin Hood's barn, but makes out a pathway for human feet to tread, with the seeming wisdom of the Infinite.

"So that he who runs may read
His little clear to manna in the sky."

Would that his works were in every household in the land, not on the unpolished shelf, but on the table and in the hand, until their Divine Revelations were understood so far as to make us all better men and women. His books have been my daily companions, and I have learned from them many and beautiful truths in all of his writings. You did well, Mr. Editor, to secure him as a contributor for the JOURNAL. Mr. Davis has many, very many, warm and appreciative friends, not only in this country, but in Europe. There are, however, I am sorry to say, a very foolish set of shallowly shallow heads who say or say that Mr. Davis wants to be Pope. Please do not let such speakers and writers, may and do seek to injure him. This good and therefore great man needs no encomium from my pen. Being the true man that he is, he is therefore above acclamation or adulation. He stands upon the sublime inherent indestructible of eternal truth and truth, and knowing this to be so, I thus speak as an impartial friend of the world's best friend, Andrew Jackson Davis. God bless our noble brother. We will take this opportunity to inform the friends of reform and progress as well as its enemies. That the new departure is a glorious success. Mr. Davis is speaking to good audiences, No. 11 East 14th st., New York City. We have attended all of his lectures, and have had rich food for the intellect and the heart. His magnetic golden thread of truth, for the soul can also make us free. Long may the seed live on this earth to enjoy the rich fruits of fruition.

New York City.

Wrongly Reported.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the report of the Annual Exercises of the First Harmonical Association of New York City, published on the 11th inst., the type is wrong and we use exactly the type, in two or three instances of what I did say. May I ask a correction?

About midway of the second column on the first page it reads—"If we cannot do this, there is always some fault, some error in ourselves." For "fault" read "fall."

Below that, in the quoted letter, it reads—"principles of immutable natural laws as produced in the Great Harmonia, etc." For "produced" read "presented," which is the word in the original letter.

Also in the third paragraph from the top of next column it reads—"Spiritualism cannot be of much value to the conservation or support of a true philosophy, etc." For "without" read "without."

Without these corrections, I fear that those who take the trouble to read the article will be greatly puzzled to see the meaning intended.

Yours truly,

J. B. Loomis.

Richard L. Loomis writes: I must confess that since I have been reading the JOURNAL, I have become a very dear friend of mine. Every week it comes freighted with spiritual instruction to cheer my lonely life. May the angels bless you while weeding out the tares from the wheat.

Chas. W. Willard writes: I can say all that the many do in commendation of the wise course of the grand old JOURNAL. I cannot think of giving it up; I have taken it ten years, and it has grown better and better.

J. B. Loomis writes: Your many and honorable manifestation of faith in Spiritualism by prompt and vigorous efforts to sift out of it all imposture and imposture, has induced me to subscribe for your JOURNAL.

J. M. Landerbach writes: The JOURNAL is the best paper I ever saw. If Spiritualism is not a fact and cannot stand all fair tests, let it go down.

Report of the Northern Wis. Spiritualists' Convention, held in Omo
Jan. 23, 24 and 25, 1880.

The meeting was called to order by Pres. Lockwood at two o'clock on Friday afternoon. The meeting was held in the first of the convention. Afternoon was spent in conference—W. F. Jamison, Pres. Lockwood and others participating. The key note of the meeting was sounded at this session, which was closely followed throughout the entire meeting, i. e., the differences between Spiritualism and Materialism. In the evening the meeting was called to order, the numbers having increased considerably. Short conference, after which W. F. Jamison gave a very interesting lecture, entitled, "Have We a Right to Change Our Minds?"—a very fine effort and well received.

MUSIC by Pres. Lockwood.

Saturday, Jan. 24, two o'clock meeting was called to order by the President, Conference, after which Pres. Lockwood gave us one of the finest and most logical lectures ever given in this place, giving the reason for leaving the materialistic field, and coming into the Spiritualistic. He was applauded loudly by the Spiritualists through the entire lecture. In the evening W. F. Jamison spoke on "Materialism versus Spiritualism." He reviewed Pres. Lockwood's afternoon effort, and gave many fine thoughts on Materialism, saying among others, "If Spiritualism is true, there will be no one more pleased than myself; also if true, the spirit is material, consequently Materialism is true." J. O. Barrett and J. R. Talmadge arrived on this evening's train and were welcomed by hosts of warm friends. Meeting adjourned till Sunday.

Sunday morning—A goodly number was present when the meeting was called to order by the President, Conference, J. O. Barrett then gave one of his concise and spiritual discourses defending Spiritualism. "Doubt," he said, "was the portal of science; no discovery of truth can advance without it. Reviewing Mr. Jamison's lecture, he said, 'Jamison is not lost but will by and by blossom out and be grander and better for having passed through his experiences caused by doubting.' At the close of Bro. Barrett's lecture he was loudly applauded. The Secretary elected at our last meeting, being unable to attend to the business, handed in his resignation. The convention proceeded to elect a Secretary in place of Dr. J. O. Barrett. Charles Phillips (formerly of Dr. J. O. Phillips, former Secretary) of Omo, was unanimously elected to fill the position. The session closed by singing by J. R. Talmadge.

The two o'clock, P. M., meeting was called to order. The subject of church taxation, the extending of same courtesies by railroads to Spiritualists and liberalist speakers, as to clergyman, and the bill now before the Wisconsin Legislature prohibiting certain physicians practicing medicine, were ably discussed. Committees were appointed to draft proper resolutions and present them at the evening session for action. J. R. Talmadge then gave his lecture entitled, "Who has the Truth?" I wish I could give a verbatim report of it, but suffice it to say, it was concluded by all to be the finest lecture of the convention. At its close Mr. Jamison arose and in language peculiar only to himself, gave Mr. Talmadge some very flattering compliments. J. O. Barrett also wished to know where he (Talmadge), timid soul that he is, ever got the courage to go before an audience like this to give his earnest appeal for what he considered truth. The meeting closed with remarks by the President and a song by Talmadge.

Evening, seven o'clock.—The first thing presented to the meeting was the following report, which was unanimously adopted.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists assembled in Omo this 23th of January, 1880, do hereby recognize, that we are utterly opposed to all laws which give to any person, or any set of persons, the exclusive right to practice medicine and surgery in this State, and that we are in favor of giving the people the right to choose whom they shall employ and whom they shall pay without let or hindrance.

A. K. BAKER, Committee.

W. F. JAMISON, Committee.

J. O. BARRETT, Committee.

The following resolutions on taxation of church property were discussed and passed:

Resolved.—That the hundreds of millions of dollars in the hands of ecclesiastical organizations are a dangerous precedent to be allowed in a free government, as such can and may be wielded for the union of church and state.

Resolved.—That in our secular forms of government, the principle of equal rights demands the taxation of church property.

Resolved.—That the present law exempting such property from taxation impose unequal burdens upon the people, more especially the producing classes.

J. O. BARRETT, Committee.

W. F. JAMISON, Committee.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, Committee.

Also the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

Whereas.—The Spiritualists and Free-thinkers constitute a large body of citizens in Wisconsin, representing a commendable share of intellect and influence, and whereas such have had extended to them in other States the same rights as to clergyman, of half fare on the railroads, and whereas our public lecturers travel more upon all such lines, than any other class of itinerants, therefore,

Resolved.—That we respectfully request of railroad companies throughout the State the same courtesies to Spiritualists and Free-thinking lecturers as are accorded to clergymen.

Resolved.—That all lecturers having certificates from this association, according to forms of law, shall be entitled to make applications for half fare.

Wm. M. LOCKWOOD, Committee.

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W. F. Jamison then proceeded to give the closing lecture of the convention, the hall being well filled by an attentive audience. Mr. Jamison came here for the first time since his advent to Materialism, and consequently the Spiritualists, many of them, were prejudiced against him, but I may safely say he goes away without an enemy. Gentleness and courtesy in his dealing with no one can be faulted. He is a man who is not acting out his highest convictions. The best of his lecture was his direct vision of the truth. The best of his lecture was his direct vision of the truth. The best of his lecture was his direct vision of the truth.

The convention closed by Talmadge singing, "I wait at the Golden Gate." The time and place of holding the next meeting will be duly advertised.

Wm. M. LOCKWOOD, President.

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C. T. Cunningham writes: I am pleased with the manner in which you have handled and exposed pretended mediums, particularly Mrs. Stewart.

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Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have read with care and interest the article of Mrs. E. L. Saxon, in the JOURNAL of January 10th. I approve fully the exposing of every weak point in Spiritualism, though by so doing we put ourselves in the mouths of our enemies. It can hardly be expected that mistakes and errors should not occur in all we do, but the true medium woman will aim to profit by all experience. To accept vain counsel and desire to be led into all truth, has ever been the wish and prayer of honest souls. If there is danger in mediumship we ought to learn where the quicksands are located, that we may avoid them if possible. In the affairs of this life, some are sanguine and positive, missing from the onward conception of things, counsel from none, while others seeking advice from all. I think the first of the above are most successful, but how do any of us know how much we owe to invisible influences. I know of no public speaker on the spiritual trinity to-day, who discards entirely those influences, and most of them claim a band of control, as they call it. There are many influences, and many influences. There are many influences, and many influences. There are many influences, and many influences.

I think it is to the external manifestations that the evidently pure and true mind of Mrs. Saxon alludes when she has called so much angry bluster of controversy of late. It is earnestly hoped that before long the "hay, wood and stubble" connected with them, will be burned up. How can we ignore the facts, however connected with modern Spiritualism? Must not all science have facts for its basis? Do we not through mediums, get the facts, and can we get the elements? Many of the mediums have been false, charged with frauds, but as this is so fearfully disqualifying, and so much has been practiced, it is not wonderful that it calls out a difference of opinion.

There are many floating, ignorant persons who throw themselves upon the world with a supposed mission, but, perhaps, no more among Spiritualists than any of the sects. The organizations, and the bill now before the Wisconsin Legislature prohibiting certain physicians practicing medicine, were ably discussed. Committees were appointed to draft proper resolutions and present them at the evening session for action. J. R. Talmadge then gave his lecture entitled, "Who has the Truth?" I wish I could give a verbatim report of it, but suffice it to say, it was concluded by all to be the finest lecture of the convention.

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My attention then again turning to the man at the well, I noticed that he seemed electrically started from his work thereat, surprisingly so. The horse in the stable, threw down his long pick-pole: ran down to the stable; stooped down in front of the horse; picked from the ground, some new, ripe apples, and reached them toward the horse, he eating them out of his hand. The import of the vision, seems now clear. Until long after the inauguration of Hayes to the presidency, I supposed that it signified the displacement of him by Tilden. But the different season of the year, indicated by the various symbols, and especially the new, ripe apples, together with the startling change of attitude of Chandler—the long pick-pole manipulation at the well, and chief manager of the "counting out" of Tilden—now to my vision, signifies that Tilden will be elected and inaugurated the next president of this republic.

It remains to be seen, whether the prophetic symbols of this vision are, in culmination, correctly interpreted; or, if correctly interpreted, whether the prophetic opinion of the inspiring intelligence will be realized; for, I, in common with many, have a strong feeling of doubt, and hence no absolute certainty of prophecy.

But, Col. Bundy, the dream-vision faithfully recorded, is submitted to you for publication now, or at a future time, as your judgment shall decide.

A STRANGE STORY.

Richard Cowles's Singular Case—A Man Lost to Himself and the World for a Year.

(Cleveland Leader, Dec. 31.)

It is just one year ago—New Year's day—that Mr. Royal Cowles, a well-known jeweler in this city, suddenly disappeared, and every indication of his existence was lost. The solution of the mystery, but recently it became known that he still lived, and on Monday last he returned to Cleveland and is once more among his friends. His case is a remarkable one in many respects. He left a business card, on the reverse of which were a few lines addressed to Mr. George F. Hanson, who had worked for him for years in the jewelry business, and was therefore intimately acquainted with the missing gentleman. The note stated that Mr. Cowles was about to go away; that it would do no good for his friends to look for him, and he desired Mr. Hanson to close up his business.

The disappearance naturally aroused considerable excitement in all circles, for Mr. Cowles and his father before him were well known business men. Nothing, however, could be gleaned as to the whereabouts of the lost, and his friends had fully made up their minds that he had committed suicide, and the finding of his dead body was thought only to be a matter of time.

One day in August last a mysterious letter came to the residence of Mr. Cowles's mother, penned in the familiar hand of the missing man. It told her that he was in the city, and that the time was about to come when he would be with her. The letter stated in substance that the writer was sorry that he had not to send his little girl on her eleventh birthday except the living love of her father.

NO DATE WAS GIVEN.

Nothing that would indicate whence the letter came, but the postmark, quite faintly printed on the envelope, and with this as a clue the search for the missing friend was renewed. It was learned that a man answering his description arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 1st of September. What he had done since, could only be conjectured. He was about to go away; that it would do no good for his friends to look for him, and he desired Mr. Hanson to close up his business.

His case awakened a wide interest among medical men, and the facts were published in every part of the land. The mention of his mother's arrival had the effect of bringing a number of

LETTERS OF INQUIRY.

from persons who had missed friends, but none of the descriptions given answered, and it was only when a letter was received from Cleveland that any hope of identifying the stranger was felt by the officers of the institution. He gave his name as Ralph, his father's name, and knew no other. At no time was he changed in behavior, his work being done without mistakes, and no traces of insanity could be noticed. He was the same free-living man of bygone days, only he had no recollection of anything occurring prior to the 22d of last January.

When his friends were fully satisfied that it was really Mr. Cowles, steps were taken, though cautiously, to effect his return to Cleveland. It was feared that he would refuse to come back, and his friends were not desirous of imposing upon him. As a security, however, in order that he should not be lost, he was taken to the city, and in the absence of his mother went with Mr. Hanson to the residence of the latter in East Cleveland. He could not recognize the wife or any member of Mr. Hanson's family, though formerly knowing them well, and nothing in the scene about the city, awakened in him of his past life. He has forgotten also about writing to his child. Pictures of all his friends were shown him with no effect, and even a very true jeweler's mate, which he had spent years in constructing, failed to arouse his dormant memory; with every part of a watch, however, he was perfectly familiar. He converses on all the subjects of literature and politics with an ease and intelligence, any one quoting from the writings of noted authors and narrating many important events in the history of public men.

An Antiquarian's Ghost Story.

The Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp, who is known in England as an eminent antiquarian, publishes in the current *Antiquary* (London) an account of an extraordinary apparition of which he affirms that he was the witness at Lord Oxford's library at Manington Hall, Norfolk, last October. He had dined at Manington Hall on a certain day that month, and when the party broke up at half-past ten he went into the library to take notes of some of the rare books which it contained. His experience while there is related as follows: "I entered the library at half-past ten, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation. The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out where I was sitting into this library and took upon me a chair, and I was very soon at work. There were six small tables in all. I took them down, and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning. I was sitting at the table, and at my left, at one corner of the table, there was a book, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet. I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I

expected, and no one more took to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of cologne water, and then I was going to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, as I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, I saw a figure of a man, a somewhat stout man, with his back to the door, and sitting slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high nose. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim of edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was resting on the table, with the fingers of the left hand, both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery. I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiously and with interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, 'Upstairs I have a sketch-book. Shall I fetch it?' There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staring, but that he should go. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this—my arm passed in front of the figure and it vanished. I was simply disappointed and nothing more. I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract, when the figure appeared again exactly in the same place, and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address to him when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice. There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and I finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared.

Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; I made a slight noise as I felt the figure vanish. The next morning I took up my chair, I sat for some seconds, and I remembered wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, and the room-candle took me by the hand into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honor to appear to me. By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched out to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just and the guiltless. I know not which of my sleep sounds. This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory or inference I leave to others.

Communication from L. B. Field.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I "feel inclined" to notice the reply of Samuel Watson to W. S. Wood in a late issue of the JOURNAL. While I am pleased in the main with Mr. Watson's paper, it still leaves the impression on my mind that he regards Jesus as divine—semi-divine—or somehow superior by birthright to any other specimen of the genus homo of ancient or modern times. With your permission I propose to briefly notice some of his teachings, that the reader may compare the Spiritualism of Jesus with his own. Jesus taught that there was a personal devil and a local hell, that the wicked would finally be sent there or remain in a fiery furnace forever. (Witness parable of tares and key to Matt. 13: 24-30 and 40-42; also 10: 19, 19; He fasted forty days, then talked with the devil, then was carried by him to the holy city and placed upon a pinnacle of the temple, and thence to mount Olivet high enough to render all parts of the earth visible from its top (Matt. 4: 1-11). He promised the "twelve" (Judas Iscariot being one of them) that they should sit upon twelve thrones in his kingdom, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, as their pay for leaving all and following him while on earth (Matt. 19: 27-29). He abrogated or yea'd the law of cause and effect, and forgiving sins (Matt. 9: 2-5; Luke 7: 47, 48). He professed to give a like power to his disciples breathing the Holy Ghost into or on them at the same time (St. John 20: 22-23). He directed his disciples to not fear them which kill the body, but were not able to kill the soul, but to fear him who was able to destroy both soul and body in hell (Matt. 10: 28). He declared that he would remain three days and three nights in the heart of the earth, and as a fact and a type, the abiding of Jesus in a whole's belly the same length of time (Matt. 12: 40, 41). He mentioned righteous Abel's murder (Matt. 23: 35), the story of the flood and Noah's rescue (Matt. 24: 37-39), the destruction of Sodom by fire and brimstone, and the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt (Matt. 23: 33, 34). He mentioned the chapter of Genesis (Luke 17: 29, 30, 32) as historical facts.

He claimed that at his second coming he would be king; that he would separate the righteous from the wicked, sending the wicked "into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal" (Matt. 25: 31-46). He said he saw Satan fall from heaven; that Satan had

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VOL. XXVII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 21, 1880. NO. 25

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Rostrum: A Lecture by Joseph Cook, at Boston, Feb. 20, 1880, "On Recent German Experiments in Spiritualism."

SECOND PAGE.—Life with the Spirits. Who are the Spirits and what do they do? Are all souls immortal? Spiritualism in Germany.

THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. An Apparition seen by the Supreme Council of India. Book Notices. Magazine Notices.

FOURTH PAGE.—The Government and the Media. The Illinois-Olla. Mediation of Mrs. Dole. A Lively Wake. Mrs. Joseph Cook on Spiritualism. President Lincoln. Laborers in the Spiritual Vineyard, and Other Strains of Interest. A Deep Beyond the Grave.

FIFTH PAGE.—Mrs. Willing's Departure for America. Encouragement for Magnetic Healers. Letter from Mr. C. W. Vile. Special Notices. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.—Christian versus Human. A New Move on Old Satan. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity. Spiritualism—The Issue of the Hour. Letter from New York. To Spiritualists of Ohio, Spiritualists and Liberals. Letter from Joseph B. Hurr. Notices and Extracts, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—List of Prominent Books for sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Spirit Presence—Interesting Experiences that Inspire Rejuvenation. The Uxter Way. A Husband's Faith.

THE ROSTRUM.

A Lecture by Joseph Cook, at Boston, Feb. 20, 1880, "On Recent German Experiments in Spiritualism."

Mr. Cook spoke to a crowded audience in the old South, at the one hundred and forty-fourth Boston Monday lecture, February 20. The subject of the lecture was: "Chinese Students in American Schools;" and it was strikingly illustrated by the presence on the platform of several bright-looking Chinese lads from Phillips' Academy, and from Boston. On the platform of the old South, where Standing Bear and Bright Eyes lately represented the Indians, and where the Fish Jubilee Singers led the service of music when the Negro Exodus was discussed, there were now present eight Chinamen. The three despised races of the United States have all thus been represented and defended in the Monday lectureship. Large numbers of the audience remained after the lecture, and passed over the platform to shake hands with the Chinese students. The lecture, on the celebrated recent German experiments in Spiritualism, was well received.

THE LECTURE.

Six renowned German names, to their own credit or discredit, can now be quoted in the list of believers in the reality of the alleged facts of the modern psychical, or spiritual manifestations. They are Prof. Zöllner, Fechner and Scheibner of Leipzig University; Prof. Wundt of Göttingen University; Prof. Fichte of Stuttgart, and Prof. Uriel of Halle University.

Zöllner was born in Berlin, in 1834, and is therefore yet a comparative young man. He is Professor of Physics at the University of Halle, and perhaps the foremost educational institution of the world. It is doubted in Germany whether Berlin or Leipzig stands in the first rank, but of late years the palm has been given to Leipzig.

Fechner was born in Gross-Saargen in 1801, and is Professor of Physics. He is renowned for his publications on Mental Physiology and as a most searching experimental investigator of nature.

Scheibner was born in Götting, in 1823, and is Professor of Mathematics.

Weber was born at Wittenburg, in 1804, and is Professor of Electricity, and author of celebrated works on that topic.

Fichte was born at Jena, in 1797, and died at Stuttgart, in 1876. He was the son of the famous John Gottlieb Fichte, and was Professor of Philosophy at the University of Tübingen. He is the author of important philosophical works carrying out the thoughts of his father and establishing what is known as the system of concrete theism. He was founder and one of the editors of the *Zeitschrift für Philosophie*.

Uriel was born in Lusatia in 1805, and is Professor of Philosophy and editor of the *Zeitschrift für Philosophie*, published at Halle.

The celebrated experiments described by Zöllner in his *Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen*, published in 1878-9 (by Baakmann, Leipzig), were performed at Leipzig by Prof. Zöllner, Fechner, Scheibner and Weber, in November and December, 1877.

Prof. Wundt, Thiersch and Ludwig of the same University saw only a portion of the experiments, and expressed themselves as not convinced of the objective reality of all the facts. Prof. Wundt has published an article, which has been translated into English, in reply to Uriel, and insists much upon the tricks of legendarism.

The Court prestidigitator of Berlin, however, has given to the public an affidavit in which he says that the explanation of the alleged facts is wholly impossible. I think it important to read the text of this affidavit

of the Court. Conjuror, for its author is a man of dignity of character and is regarded as one of the most skillful representatives of legendarism in the world. He is not a Spiritualist, and is far from believing that spirits were concerned in the famous experiments performed at Leipzig. His testimony is the reply of an expert to the positions taken by Prof. Lankester and Dr. Donkin in England.

Henry Slade, being then resident at Berlin, was visited by the Court Conjuror and Prestidigitator to the Emperor of Germany, Samuel Hellachini, No. 14 Grossbaronsstrasse, who subsequently made affidavit before a public notary, Gustav Haagen, in the following terms:

"Excited at Berlin, on the sixth of December, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and entered in the Notary's register under the number four hundred and eighty-two, for the year eighteen hundred and seventy-seven.

Signed and officially stamped.

GUSTAV HAAGEN,
Counselor and Notary.

"I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting, and the observations so made.

"After I had at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening, in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomena occurrences with Mr. Slade, have been thoroughly examined by me, with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have not in the smallest instance found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus, and that any explanation of the experiments which took place under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining, by any reference to prestidigitation, is absolutely impossible.

"It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace, in London; Kerty, in Bern; Bouliouf, in St. Petersburg, to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen, as to the 'how' of this subject to be premature, and according to my view and experience, false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a notary and witnesses."

(Signed) SAMUEL HELLACHINI,
Berlin, 6th December, 1877.

Henry Slade having proceeded to St. Petersburg in order to fulfil his engagement with M. Aksakof and Prof. Bouliouf, and to present the phenomena of psychography to the scrutiny of a committee of scientific experts, has had a series of successful sittings, in the course of which writing has been obtained in the Russian language. At one recent sitting writing in six different languages was obtained on a single slate.

On Wednesday, Feb. 20th, accompanied by M. Aksakof and Prof. Bouliouf, Slade had a most successful sitting with the Grand Duke Constantine, who received them cordially, and himself obtained writing on a new slate held by himself alone. (See "Psychography by M. A. Oxon," London, 1878, p. 150.)

Out of the mass of the observations of the Leipzig and Göttingen professors, allow me to select five classes of phenomena:

I. Experiments with a closed book-slate.

The following incident occurred in the presence of Prof. Zöllner and Prof. W. Weber. "I pasted half a sheet of ordinary writing paper on a rather large wooden board," says Prof. Zöllner, "and blackened the paper by holding it over a petroleum lamp and then laid it under the table at which W. Weber, Slade, and I had taken our places. Suddenly the board under the table was violently shoved out about a yard, and when I lifted it up there was upon it the impression of a naked left foot. I at once asked Slade to stand up and show me both his feet. He willingly agreed. After he had pulled his shoe off, his stocking was examined to see if there was any foot upon it, but nothing was found. He was then asked to have his foot measured, and the length of the impression was found to exceed that of his foot by 4.2 centimetres." The professor, anxious to find confirmation for his theory of the existence of four-dimensional beings, asked Slade to try whether an impression could not be obtained inside a closed book-slate. A half sheet of letter paper was pasted inside by Zöllner, and blackened with the lamp, and here is his description of the result:

"I closed this slate, and remarked to Slade that if my theory of the existence of intelligent four-dimensional beings in nature were well founded, it would be easy for them to give the impression heretofore obtained on an open slate inside a closed one. Slade laughed, and was of opinion that this would be absolutely impossible; even his 'spirits,' whom he asked, seemed very much perplexed about this proposition, but at last answered on a slate with the cautious stereotyped reply, 'We will try it.' To my great surprise Slade agreed that I should lay the book-slate (which since I had blackened the paper I had not once let go out of my hands) during the séance upon my knees, so that I could always see half of it. We had been sitting perhaps five minutes at the table in the brightly lighted room, our hands linked with those of Slade upon the table in the

usual manner, when I felt twice, at short intervals, that the slate upon my knees was pressed down without the slightest visible cause. Three knocks on the table announced that all was finished, and when I opened the slate I found inside on one side the print of a right, and on the other of a left foot, the latter the same as we had obtained the two previous evenings. My readers may judge for themselves how far it is for us, after such facts, to look upon Mr. Slade as a deceiver or a trickster. Slade's own astonishment at the success of the experiment was almost greater than mine." (Zöllner, *Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen*, Vol. II, part I, p. 244.)

I now have the honor to exhibit to this audience a scientific representation of this foot [presenting a plate from Zöllner's work]. There is the slate, there is the paper on the inside of it, there is the foot on the paper, there is the impression of the foot and that was made on the inside of a book-slate locked together and held on Prof. Zöllner's knees during the experiment. How do you explain that? By shutting your eyes. Prof. Hammond, of New York City, has written a book on Spiritualism and Nervous Derangement. He quotes the testimony of Lord Lindsay, of England, as to certain marvelous phenomena observed in full daylight. The first explanation which Prof. Hammond gives is that possibly Lord Lindsay ate too much at dinner, or that "perhaps his cravat was too tight." (Laughter.) It may be that when Prof. Zöllner held this slate on his knee, his cravat was too tight; I cannot say that it was not; and if it was, who knows that what he seemed to observe was objectively real? The circulation of the blood in his brain may have been disturbed, and he may have been in a 'trance.' This cravat philosophy, however, will hardly sustain examination by serious men.

The mechanical theory of matter is expounded by Zöllner's alleged facts can be proved to be real, but here are grave experts who write in assuring the world that these events occurred under their own eye-sight. Here is the Court Conjuror who says he can do nothing of the kind. I hold in my hand a volume by Fichte and he says, quoting these experiments, and naming the professors who performed them, that he could himself if he were authorized, give in addition to these names many others in Germany who by the experiments at Leipzig have been convinced of the reality of the facts and of their worthiness to be made the subject of scientific research. (Fichte, *Der neue Spiritualismus*, Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1878, p. 104.)

Pardon me if I ask you once more to remember that I am not here to defend the theories of Spiritualists. Perhaps all that Prof. Zöllner has observed can be accounted for by what Prof. Crookes calls the psychic force. Here is a magnet. It attracts iron filings. I put between the magnet and the filings a sheet of paper. The filings strike against the lower side. I move that magnet so that it describes the lines representing the initials of a man's name. Do I not thus cause the iron filings to follow precisely similar lines on the opposite side of the paper? What if they were filings of black lead, would they not write the initials? If a magnet can do that, and if, as Sergeant Cox and Prof. Crookes assert, there is in the human organization a power by which physical objects can be moved without contact, who knows but that the will of the psychic, I use that term in preference to medium, may control the action of the concealed pencil between the slates and produce writing? If you admit that this psychic force exists, there may be found in it an explanation for facts like those observed by Zöllner, without resort to the theory that there are spirits concerned in the phenomena. If the psychic force may be so managed by you as to cause a slate pencil to write, so by acts of will, you may possibly produce such an impression of a foot as this engraving represents. I do not say that the impression was thus produced, but only that perhaps it may have been. Until the psychic force has been far more scientifically investigated than it has been as yet, I hold that we are far from having full proof that the psychic force cannot account for psychography. Here are Zöllner's and Weber's facts, however, and in the present stage of the discussion the important thing is to look directly at observed phenomena. [Applause.]

A professor of Leipzig University buys a book-slate himself and ties it up or locks it, or screws it together, first having cleaned it and carefully removed any chemical preparation on it. He does not allow it to go out of his hands during the experiment. It is watched by men of trained habits of observation, while writing appears on its interior surface. An elaborate scientific work from the foremost university in the world, contains plates illustrating writing produced in this manner. Facts thus attested are likely to fix attention. All this has been done at Leipzig University. The condition of Germany is much like what that of New England would be if four of the most renowned professors of our Atlantic coast, say three from Harvard and one from Yale, were to testify to the reality of facts like these, and if then two of the most trustworthy of our metaphysical philosophers should take up the facts and make them the basis of acute discussion. If books should come out from our staidest houses with plates describing these occurrences, a storm would be raised in the minds of educated

youth. If another professor should reply to the professors who assert the objective reality of the facts, the storm would only be heightened; but if the reply should be weak, as it seems to be conceded that the reply of Wundt to Uriel is, the storm would not be very likely to go down.

Very often the subject-matter of the writing found on the slates is beyond the knowledge of the psychic. Greek has been written on slates, and found to be accurate, when the psychic knew nothing of the language. It is thought by Zöllner and his associates to be demonstrably impossible to produce these results by fraud.

Finally some of you were startled when I insisted, as much on Prof. Crookes's experiments as on a psychic force, but you now see that if you grant me the use of his theory, many of these phenomena can be explained without the supposition that there are spirits behind the phenomena.

Fichte was induced to attend to psychical facts by the psychography of Baron Guldenstäubel, an honorable and learned man, who had a marvelous faculty of producing writing on untouched surfaces. In many churches and ancient ruins of Europe, and in the Louvre, and *Père la Chaise*, and in Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum, this Baron produced such writing, and there are hundreds of his manuscripts thus written now in existence. (See Guldenstäubel, *La Recluse des Esprits*.) Scores of men in high official position witnessed the production of this writing. He obtained writings without putting any pencil, or any fragment of writing substance, into the closed box where he put his paper. Perhaps Baron Guldenstäubel could produce any writing which he wished to come into existence on his manuscript. When I study his account of his own experiments, I think Prof. Crookes's hint concerning the psychic force goes very far toward unlocking the mystery of the phenomena.

II. Experiments with knots in endless threads and straps.

The two ends of a piece of pack-thread were sealed together by Prof. Zöllner. The whole thread was closely watched. The experiment occurred in a room with which the psychic was not familiar. The ends of the thread next to the seal were held beneath Zöllner's thumbs and the curve of it hung down into his lap. Here is the professor's own engraved illustration of the method in which this thread was arranged, [exhibiting it]. In an endless cord or thread no knot can be tied. While that sealed pack-thread hung, without a knot, in the lap of Prof. Zöllner, and when the psychic was out of reach of the thread entirely, four knots were tied in it.

If this single circumstance, attested by the Leipzig professors, is a fact, it blows to the four moons of Jupiter the whole materialistic-mechanical theory of matter. [Laughter and applause.] The materialism of ages is answered by a single fact like this. But here we have these six men agreeing that these Leipzig assertions are worthy of credence. Zöllner threatens a law-suit against Wundt for accusations of trickery against our American Dr. Slade.

In spite of all defenses of this man, I am, however, very suspicious of trickery in Slade. Prof. Crookes acknowledges that he has sometimes been deceived by skillful legendarism. Later, in London, there occurred what the *Times* calls the capture of a spirit. Who was the Spirit? Why, a lady who had once been a medium in the employ of Prof. Crookes! She was found out in one of the coarsest kinds of impersonation, and it is fair to say that one of Professor Crookes's best authorities has been thus broken down entirely. It is very well understood, however, by those who read the spiritualistic newspapers, that the more sensitive of them (and the more sensitive are very few in number) [laughter] are objecting more and more to experiments in dark closets, or in cabinets, as affording opportunity for trickery. Some of the most scathing remarks against trickery are made by the spiritualistic writers themselves. At the same time I must say, with equal frankness, that there are no social errors more poisonous than some which have been taught by spiritualistic tricksters unworthy of any place except in jail.

Zöllner insists that the tying of knots in an endless cord proves the existence of a fourth dimension of space. Explanation of the phenomena in our three dimensions there cannot be, and so he is forced to adopt Kant's idea that there is a fourth dimension of space.

III. Experiments concerning the Disappearance and Reappearance of Matter.

I translate to you exactly, in this and subsequent passages, the language of Zöllner, and I am not aware that it has been given to the public before in English:

"At about half-past eleven o'clock, in bright sunlight, I became wholly without expectation or preparation, a witness of a very extraordinary phenomenon. I had, as usual, taken my place with Slade at a card-table. Opposite me, and near the card-table, stood a small round stand. Something like a minute may have passed after Slade and I had seated ourselves and placed our hands, one above the other, together, when the round stand began slowly to sway to and fro. We both saw it clearly. The motions were soon more extensive, and meanwhile, the whole stand drew near to the card-table, and placed itself under the latter, with its three feet turned toward me. I, and as it seemed also Mr. Slade, did not know in what

way the phenomena were to be further developed. For perhaps a minute nothing at all happened. Slade was about to use his slate and pencil to ask the spirits whether we were to expect anything when I resolved to take a nearer view of the round stand which was lying, as I thought, under the card-table. To my greatest amazement, and Slade's also, we found the space under the card-table perfectly empty. Nowhere in the rest of the chamber could we find the stand which a minute previously had been before our eyes. After five or six minutes spent in breathless waiting for the reappearance of the stand, Slade claimed that he saw appearances of lights of which I, as usual, could see nothing. Looking with more and more anxiety and astonishment in different directions in the air above me, Slade asked me if I did not see the appearance of large lights, and while I answered the question with a decided negative, I turned my head in the direction of the ceiling of the chamber, and suddenly saw, at a height of about five feet the lost table, with the legs directed upward into the air, float downward rapidly upon the top of the card-table." (Zöllner, vol. 2, part 2, p. 917.)

Zöllner undertakes to face all Germany with experiments like these. He affirms that Weber, Fechner and Scheibner agree with him and Leipzig University keeps him in his place. [Applause.]

IV. Experiments concerning the power of matter to pass through matter.

Two conch-shells lay on the table, the smaller covered by the larger.

Slade was holding a slate in the usual manner under the edge of the table to receive writing," says Prof. Zöllner, "something suddenly struck on the slate with a clattering sound, as if some heavy body had fallen upon it. When immediately thereafter the slate was taken out for examination, the smaller conch-shell lay on it. Since the two shells had lain before almost exactly in the middle of the table, untouched, and constantly watched, here was, therefore, the often observed phenomenon of the penetration of matter presented in a surprising and wholly unexpected physical manner. Immediately after Slade drew the slate from under the table, with the smaller shell on it, I seized the shell, in order to ascertain whether it had suffered any change. I came very near letting it fall, so very hot had it become. I gave it immediately into the hand of a friend, and he found it of a remarkably high temperature." (Zöllner, vol. II, part 2, p. 925.)

In other portions of the Leipzig experiments, coins were taken out of a locked box and put into it, while the key was in possession of the professor. I have in my hand at this moment a letter from a gentleman of excellent position in this city, who informs me that he and thirteen others have signed their names to a document affirming that flowers were put into a locked wooden box, while the key was retained by the experimenters. Under the shadow of Zöllner's testimony, coincident observations may be quoted, even if the latter were not made by experts.

V. Experiments concerning the appearance of legible hands.

In describing the general researches I have emphasized only the facts which Uriel places stress on, and have therefore given you a glimpse not only of Zöllner's chief assertions, but of those which Uriel and Fichte have discussed and considered the most suggestive.

"Almost regularly in all our sittings," says Prof. Zöllner, "while Slade's hands were visibly laid on the table, and his feet continued, we felt under the table the touch of hands. I wished, therefore, to institute an experiment by which yet more convincing proof of the existence of these hands could be obtained. I proposed to Mr. Slade that he should place under the table a shallow porcelain vessel filled to the brim with white flour, and that he should request the spirits before they touched us to dip their hands in this flour. In this way the visible traces of the touch would show themselves on our clothing, and after the touch, at the same time we could look on the hands and feet of Slade for any remnants of the flour adhering to them. Slade expressed himself as ready to undertake the experiment under these conditions. I brought in a large porcelain bowl; filled it to the brim with flour and placed it under the table. As to the outcome of this research we did not make ourselves anxious, but for more than five minutes carried on magnetic experiments, while Slade's hands were always visible before us on the table. I felt suddenly my right knee under the table vigorously clapped and pushed downward for about a second by a large hand. At the same moment, as I stated this to those who were present and was about to rise, the bowl of flour was pushed, without visible touch, some four feet from its place under the table. On my pantaloons I had the impression in four of a large powerful hand and on the surface of the meal in the bowl were printed the palm and forefinger with all the fine details of the skin. A painstaking examination of Slade's hands and feet showed not the slightest trace of flour. The comparison of his own hand with the impression in the flour proved that the latter was considerably the larger." (Zöllner, vol. II, part 1, p. 340.)

Zöllner, Weber, Scheibner and Fechner affirm that they obtained music from untouched key-boards, and repeated successfully most of Crookes's experiments.

Continued on Right Page.

It is very pleasant to see some men round, pleasant as a sudden rush of air in winter, or the flash of fire-light in chill dusk; they shed radiance on all around them.

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The Government and the Mails.

Several firms with high sounding names, quartered in New York City, have for some time flooded the country with circulars, holding out great inducements to speculate in stocks. These firms were really with, perhaps a single exception, under one management, and so successful were they through their advertising, that some days thousands of dollars were sent to them to be invested. They had one method for all: they pocketed the money and wrote their victims that the investment had proved disastrous! The Government has for some time employed the best talent to detect and bring to justice this den of thieves, who preyed on the unsuspecting, through the facilities afforded by the mails; but so adroit were these worse than robbers, that they could not be caught. Under the circumstances it was a most commendable and perfectly legitimate act for the Government to publish the names of these rascally firms, and refuse to distribute their tons of circulars to their victims.

In the same manner we commend the Government in refusing to carry lottery advertisements. Lotteries have been declared unlawful. They are most pernicious in their effects on the morals and prosperity of a community. Being illegal, everything connected with them is illegal, and the Government has the same right to refuse to carry their advertisements and tickets as it would to transport counterfeit money.

With this light, the following editorial endorsement of the Philadelphia Record, by the Banner of Light, is at least a trifle singular. The Record says:

"If the postal department of the Federal Government is to be allowed not only to refuse to carry the lotteries, but to refuse to carry the advertisements of the same, it is a most commendable and perfectly legitimate act for the Government to publish the names of these rascally firms, and refuse to distribute their tons of circulars to their victims."

To the above the Banner adds:

"It further remarks that there is danger that the interference with the affairs of citizens in the name of morality may go too far, and eventually result in a tyrannical and despotic government upon individual liberty. Such an oversight, if accepted by the people, a servile dependence upon the Government which undermines the dignity and free will of the citizen, is a danger to the Republic which the Government is the primary object of a republican Government to secure and encourage."

Now, if the Government really confiscates letters and acts as a censor of opinions, it is most dangerous and reprehensible and all our contemporary says is true, but to write thus when the cause is the refusal to carry lottery advertisements and the circulars of a crew of rascals, is to advocate the cause of the latter against morality and justice. The same arguments and cry of danger against Government usurpation were raised by an esteemed contemporary when the Mormon question was agitated. The attack of the Government to eradicate the most immoral, heartless and misery-fraught system of polygamy, was heralded as an attack against freedom. Every lover of morality and purity will hail with joy when this plague-spot is removed, and the rule of law made so strong that the foul crimes in Mormon history can never be repeated.

When Government really invades private liberty, we shall not be backward in sounding the alarm, but we draw a sharp discrimination between liberty and license; between the moral and immoral. One of the prime offices of the Government is to protect the people against rascality, and in this office it must interfere with the individual rights and liberty of the rascals, and it is a strange occurrence to see the men who are thus protected, turn in defense of the thieves against the Government.

Col. and Mrs. Bundy have met with a most cordial reception from the prominent Spiritualists during their trip East. They spent last Sunday in Philadelphia, going to Washington on Monday. They will return home before the next issue of the JOURNAL.

The Bhagavad-Gita.

Doubtless thousands of intelligent but not liberally educated readers, as they glance over our book catalogue, pause at the enigma, Bhagavad-Gita, and try to divine the character of the work with such a strange, unpronounceable title, and finding no clue to the mystery, hurry over the list wholly unaware that the book with the unpronounceable name is a volume which on very many accounts should have a place in every library. The literary world is now being profoundly astonished at the vast extent and richness of the literature of ancient India, which has been for so many ages locked up in the dead Sanskrit language, and now being made accessible to the public through the untiring and enthusiastic labors of modern scholars.

The civilized nations have for centuries looked back to the pagan literature of Greece and Rome for the most perfect models of poetry and eloquence, and the genius of philosophy and science, but in the judgment of many scholars well qualified to make a just comparison, the literature of ancient India, when "rightly understood," will take high rank beside the Greek and Roman classics. It is not surprising that there should be an intense anxiety to disentangle the thoughts of this ancient people, whose culture and refinement are so clearly traced in their language, which is as "polished as the Greek," and in their poetical scientific text books.

Had the Christian world been acquainted with such samples of Hindu brain work, as are found in the subtle, metaphysical poem, Bhagavad-Gita, they would have had more respect for the "blindness" of the "heathen that bows down to wood and stone," and felt the necessity of sending among their missionaries of the highest talent if they hoped to supplant Brahminism with Christian dogmas.

Very few readers in this busy practical age have time and scholarship sufficient to attempt a critical acquaintance with the immense theological lore of India; yet in this age no intelligent person can afford to be wholly ignorant of the main outlines of its religious philosophy, and the public is under especial obligation to the enthusiastic translator, who has placed within easy reach of the English scholar this philosophical poem, which is regarded by competent Oriental scholars, as one of the very finest specimens of Hindu literature, presenting in small compass and in the attractive garb of poetry, a fair synopsis of the leading systems of Hindu theology.

Ancient India being without chronology, the antiquity of the poem cannot be fixed with entire certainty, but it undoubtedly dates from the first or second century before the Christian era. The poem is an "epic" extracted from the "Mahabharata," a poem of "one hundred thousand double verses," which is regarded as the "Iliad of India."

Bhagavad-Gita is of great interest if considered merely as a relic of the almost primeval literature of our Aryan ancestors, but what chiefly attracts the attention of Christendom to the petrified libraries of old India, is the fact that this immense mass of prehistoric lore is mostly of a theological character. This religious feature of the Hindu philosophy gives it a peculiar interest to all moralists, statesmen and reformers in our times when the world seems losing its confidence in old faiths, and is anxiously searching in science and human nature, for some permanent natural basis of religion. When we consider that the theologies which have controlled the intellects and met the religious needs of so large a part of the human race for thousands of years, were the creations of the Hindu minds, it is not surprising that religious philosophers of even this egotistical age are earnestly studying and analyzing these old mythologies to detect, if possible, the potent underlying principle which has given them such a controlling influence over their votaries.

The high rank which the translator (J. C. Thomson) holds among oriental scholars, is a sufficient guarantee that we have in this translation a genuine copy of the wonderful divine discourse between the demigod Krishna and his companion Arjuna. To most readers the learned introduction to the work by the translator, is a valuable volume by itself, giving in a condensed form a clear outline of Hindu metaphysics which could not be gained from other sources without much hard critical study. Intelligent Christians seeking to find the true origin of doctrines, will find in the volume from unprejudiced authority striking evidence of the influence of Brahminism on Christian ideas and institutions. It is a volume of about three hundred pages, beautifully printed on fine paper, with convenient index to the copious notes, which occupy on each page nearly as much space as the poem itself.

The book, aside from its intrinsic value, cannot but be regarded as one of the most unique and attractive literary curiosities that can be put into a library, as it always affords important and timely themes for thought and discussion. Those whose tastes do not lead them in the theological direction of the poem, will find a copy of Bhagavad-Gita in their geological cabinet among their choicest relics, as a rare and beautiful specimen of fossilized human thought.

It has been well said that "Nothing is accomplished by clipping the twigs with the scissors of reform. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree. It's not the lotion, but the probing that cures the wound."

The Mediumship of Mrs. Dole.

Perhaps no medium in the city is doing a more effective work for Spiritualism, in a quiet unostentatious manner, than Mrs. Dole, who resides at 401 West Madison st. Although she has been a medium since 1880, she never consented to give the public the benefit of her wonderful gifts until about two years ago. She is not only clairvoyant, seeing and describing spirits, but she is clairaudient also, and therefore is enabled to come in very close rapport with the Spirit-world. She not only seems to be endowed with the remarkable faculty of following the life-lines of each individual, through the past, detailing the interesting features connected with them, but she critically traces them into the future, unfolding the leading events that will follow. The spirits communicate to her through the instrumentality of symbols, which she is enabled to correctly interpret, and the lessons imparted thereby are varied—sometimes premonitory, at other times encouraging in their nature, or conveying a message, or imparting instruction, etc. Any one seeking light from the Spirit-world, can certainly pass a very pleasant and profitable hour by holding converse with their departed loved ones through Mrs. Dole's mediumship.

A Lively Wake.

It appears from an exchange that there was a lively Irish wake lately held at San Fernando, Cal. The corpse was stretched on a bench and covered with a cloth. After the parties had sat around the body a short time, one of the boys went out to get some lager-beer. As soon he was gone, his friends removed the body to another room, and one of the wakers, with awful levity, stretched himself on the bench, and assuming the rigidity of a dead man, allowed himself to be covered with the cloth. At this juncture an old lady and an old man entered the room for the purpose of helping to watch the body and probably also to help drink the beer. On returning, the messenger placed the foaming stuff on the table and proceeded to dip it out to the crowd. Suddenly the supposed corpse raised himself stiffly on the bench, and said: "Ow! ow! but I want some of that myself." This was sufficient to set off the poor uninitiated fellow, who jumped through the window with an unearthly yell!

Rev. Joseph Cook on Spiritualism.

We publish to-day one of the recent discourses on Spiritualism by the Rev. Joseph Cook. He has been looking into the testimony of the German physicians in regard to the phenomena through Slade, and has come to the conclusion that there are genuine phenomena enough to annihilate materialism. Whether they come from independent spirits, or from the psychic forces of mortals, he leaves an open question.

We cannot too much commend the manliness and courage of Mr. Cook in thus admitting the phenomena. He risks his popularity in so doing, for the prejudices against our facts are bitter and intense; but, like a brave man, he is not afraid of the facts. He knows the standing of the eminent German men of science, who have testified to them, and he sees the folly of ignoring and repudiating them any longer. We care not how much Mr. Cook may now rebuke the follies and credulities of Spiritualists, he is helping us by our own course by so doing. He has done what every sensible man ought to do, who loves the truth better than his own prepossessions and prejudices—he has looked into the subject fairly and bravely, and he finds that there must be something in it—something, too, that is directly at war with the materialism that would make death the end of our conscious existence. Honor to Joseph Cook for thus defying the prejudices of the many!

President Lincoln.

Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, in an address lately delivered in London, said (a fact well known here) that Abraham Lincoln was a devoted Spiritualist, and that some time after his death his widow disguised herself and traveled to Boston to see if some of the mediums there could give evidence relating to the Spirit-world. Mrs. Lincoln called upon Mr. Fletcher, who did not know her, but told her that he saw President Lincoln by vision, and gave her the name of her son Willie. Before leaving she told Mrs. Fletcher who she was, and said that she was satisfied with the evidence. She was so disguised that even without her thick veil she was not likely to be recognized. Next, Mrs. Lincoln, similarly disguised, went to Mr. Mumler, the spirit photographer. He did not know her, but a likeness of Abraham Lincoln came out with her own, both upon the same negative plate.

THE HARMONICAL SOCIETY, of New York City, which holds its public meetings every Sunday morning, in Steek's Music Hall, No. 11 East Fourteenth street, will give its first musical, literary and social entertainment, on Saturday evening, Feb. 28th, at eight o'clock. This will give the congregation and other friends an opportunity to meet in a social way for fellowship and acquaintance.

Mr. E. V. Wilson gave three lectures, in Devereaux Opera House, Opeldt, N. Y. on Sunday, Feb. 15th, under the auspices of the Spiritualists and Liberalists.

The Rochester English and Classical School, located at Rochester, Minnesota, we learn, is in a highly flattering condition, under the management of Prof. Sanford Niles and his estimable wife. Mr. and Mrs. Niles are pronounced among the most able teachers in the northwest, and are not ashamed to be known as Spiritualists. Prof. Niles speaks on that subject when occasion permits, and his lectures are marked with profound thought and erudition.

It is claimed that in the times of Charles II. of England, he confined in the dungeon of his tower a miller named Porteous, suspected of having wilfully set fire to his own premises. No sooner was he dead than his ghost began to torment the household; and no rest was to be had within the Tower by day or by night. In this dilemma, "Sir Alexander, according to old use and wont, summoned a whole legion of ministers to his aid; and by their strenuous efforts, Porteous was at length confined to the scene of his mortal agonies, where, however, he continued to scream occasionally at night, 'Let me out—let me out, for I'm deen o' hunger!' He also used to flutter like a bird against the door of the vault, and was always sure to remove the bark from any twig that was sportively thrust through the keyhole. The spell which thus compelled the spirit to remain in bondage, was said to be attached to a large black-letter Bible, used by the exorcists, and afterwards deposited in a stone niche, which still remains in the wall of the staircase."

Baroness Adelma Von Vay, (Countess Wurmbbrand) has had some interesting experiences with a glass of water. When she first examined it, she saw objects in the water that resembled tiny bubbles and floating clouds. By and by a railroad, a dog, figures of men and women were developed. This was the beginning; then the water was disturbed, and the pictures glided off by the edge of the glass. She can only see in the evening. She experiences with these representations their joys or pains and their conditions of purity or development. At times she beholds some sick person whose sufferings for the time are made her own. Often the pictures unfold one after another, many remaining some short time, each being separate and distinct; others again vanish immediately. When she looks into the Wasserglas she dictates all that she sees to her husband, Baron Eugen Von Vay, who takes notes; and afterwards she receives the explanation in automatic writing from her spirit guides.

Speaking of good and evil, Henry G. Atkinson says: "If a man stumbles he rights himself before being conscious of the fact, as by an automatic guardian soul independent of or beneath the conscious element, called the neutral state of sub-consciousness, or Dr. Carpenter's unconscious cerebration. The burnt child withdraws its hand without conscious intention, to speak figuratively, as though by the aid of some watchful attendant spirit or guardian angel; and, but that the burn caused pain, the hand might be completely burnt away without the sufferer being at all aware of what was taking place. Then surely here we must recognize 'a soul of goodness in things evil.' And if the hand is pained by cold, the pleasure of the warmth attracts the hand to the fire for relief. Here we recognize the conservative character of both pleasure and pain, and in this instance we recognize the psychological illusion—first, that the fire is hot; secondly, that the pain is in the hand."

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

W. J. Colville's lectures at Cleveland, Ohio, created a great deal of interest.

J. H. Patten, of Monmouth, Ill., a prominent Spiritualist, called at this office last week.

Emerson has well said, "Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts his balances in all parts of life."

A young man in Chicago has been adjudged insane and sent to an asylum from having too much Moody and Sankey on the brain.

At the close of Capt. H. H. Brown's engagement at Williamstown, Conn., Feb. 8th, his friends, in token of their appreciation, presented him with a fine suit of clothes. He anticipates an early return to their platoon. He was in New London, Conn., Feb. 11th and 12th, and in Norwich the 14th and 15th.

Judge McAllister and his daughter attended the last musical séance given by Jesse Shepard at 401 West Washington st. Mr. S. left this city for New York on Monday last. His musical successes here were considered very fine; his success has been most brilliant.

When Mr. Wong Ching Foo, the Chinese missionary, preached to our people here, in his opening discourse he said, "I have come to tell the Christians of this wicked Chicago that there is salvation for them, if they will give up their religious mummeries and embrace the sublime principles of Confucius."

We learn with pleasure that Dr. Eugene Crowell, after resting from his task of authorship, is about entering upon the investigation of the phenomena of materialization. No man is better qualified for this task, which he commences after ripe experience and with thorough knowledge of the principles involved, the errors to be avoided, and the requirements to make his investigation of value. The result will be looked forward to with deep interest, not only by Spiritualists, but by all who make the spiritual nature of man a subject of study.

A Peep Beyond the Grave.

We publish the following from the Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune, to which journal it was contributed, not for its new presentation of facts, but because the appearance of such an article in the columns of one of the most conservative and dignified journals of Massachusetts, published under the very shadow of Harvard University is of itself a most significant sign of the times:

Jack Millicent is a journalist. Of course he had his good times and his bad times, we've all had that; but Jack is popular on the Boston press. He's a man who, hard on or otherwise, has never been known to do anything shabby—anything that might bring the breath of discredit either on the paper that he is connected with or on himself. Jack is, notwithstanding, a thorough Bohemian; but with all his Bohemianism he never forgets what is due to Journalism, which he represents, or to gentility, which is per force his métier. Jack has a mother and a sister. These two, outside of the turmoil and excitement of his newspaper work, are his all—his little world. These, he tells such friends as I, he exists for. The sister, whom, by the way— heaven forgive him for it—he worships more than his mother, fell ill. She was attacked with a disease in the leg, which the most noted physicians gave up. There was no hope, the leg must go. Poor old Jack! It nearly drove him mad. One day Jack met a friend who asked him if he believed in Spiritualism. Jack started and I fear made an irrelevant answer; but upon persuasion he agreed to go and see for himself, something that he did not for one moment credit. The result of his visit was a complete restoration to health of his sister, and the saving of the limb from amputation; and it was the recital of his interview with this benefactor which occasioned our conversation recorded at the commencement of this paper, and which I now give to the believing or disbelieving public for what it is worth.

"The woman is blind, my boy," he said, "she can't see; there's nothing to help her by external experiences; she doesn't know me from Adam, and yet I can't understand it. She does not know what it means herself. Go and see her; of course you'll go covered with the armor of incredulity, but please, for experiment, try. Let us know what you think. If it's hush it's hush, but hang me, if I know what to make of it."

Now if there is one thing I hate more than another it is anything connected with the supernatural. When I was a boy I had a nurse, and that nurse's influence, up to a very short time ago, although I am now well stricken in years, has not been entirely eradicated. She had a series of ghost and other stories that I think of now, that a good dinner invariably reproduces in the shape of a nightmare. Naturally I kicked against Jack's invitation. He simply invited me to go and see this blind female doctor, who, when in a sort of cataleptic fit, prescribed for her patients or diagnosed a disease. "Of course it looks like Spiritualism," he said, "but it isn't. She does not pretend to be what they call a medium. Nothing of the kind—only as you suffer from bodily infirmity. Can't you give her a trial, just to set my mind at rest?" I hated it, but for poor old Jack's peace of mind I did it.

This is what happened. It took me forty-eight hours to get my courage up to the proper point. Not that I was afraid, but somehow the more I thought about it, the more my imagination became surrounded with wild ideas and fancies of the supernatural. At last the eventful moment came. I put on my overcoat, assumed a sort of martyr look, which said look is easily achieved by neglecting to brush your hair, and snatched along Washington until I arrived at one of the busy thoroughfares connecting the main artery of the city with its parallel vein, Tremont street. Oh, how I looked for an excuse as I stood at that corner. On other days I should have given half a hundred friends who would have given it to me, but to-day not a soul. Well, here goes, and I find myself opposite a neat-looking entrance, and on a marble slab I read that my place de residence is to be interviewed one night up. I approach the door. I ring the bell, which seems to me to echo a sort of dull, sepulchral clink, and the wire vibrates and gives it a more weird like pathos. Decidedly I am a fitting subject for the supernatural to pray upon as I stand shivering at the door. Presently I hear a step. I pull myself together and clutch the handle of my umbrella vigorously. The door is opened, and to my surprise a very neatly dressed, fresh and blooming looking young lady receives me. Will I please to come in? Mrs. — will be disengaged in a few moments, and before I know where I am I find myself in the dreaded room that I have already pictured to myself. I mumble out something about not disturbing, and mechanically sink into a rocking-chair, where I am left to my own reflections and observations.

I kept my eyes very steadily fixed on a particular spot in the pattern of the carpet, fearing to raise them as my busy imagination had already pictured stuffed toads, bats, and such like concomitants of the supernatural hanging round. Little by little I raised my looks, slowly I gazed round, almost disbelieving my senses. My supernatural romance had received a rude shock. No toads, no bats, not even a skull. Stay! What is that under the couch? I approach it cautiously with the ferule of my umbrella. Ah! only a foot-stool. No; there is nothing very dreadful here. A bright cozy room with warm hangings; the walls papered with a delicate gray, and hung with a few choice prints; a piano open, with one of Beethoven's sonatas on the stand, a delicate perfume of violets fills the room, and I begin to feel more comfortable, more at home. Just then the door opens, and a stately, well dressed lady stands on the threshold. No doubt about this being flesh and blood, for she must weigh, at least, one hundred and eighty pounds, and has within a look of refinement and good breeding. The face is highly intellectual and attractive, but the eyes, those indicators of the mind, are stony, fixed and lifeless. My feelings are those of pity as I gaze upon the somewhat sad face, the quiet pose of resignation in the figure, I am about to step forward with a chair, when a pleasant voice tells me to desist; she knows where her chair is, it says, and she moves towards it and seats herself with perfect grace and composure. I am no longer nervous; I begin to feel interested. My old journalistic habit comes upon me, and I inadvertently caution the lady not to answer any question or make any statement she does not want printed.

"I beg your pardon, I concluded you had come to consult me medically; and if so, before proceeding any further, I shall require you to give me your name and address so as to be assured that I am not the victim of mere idle curiosity, and that will

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Christian versus Human.

I went to church on Sunday last, I think it is the first time. I went to church, I mean, sir, considering what I was. I wore my dark, plain garments, and those modest clothes of mine. Quite out of fashion, and the place where every thing is new. And the other people looked at me with a stare. On a plain, dark bench of timber—reserved seat for the poor. Then he took a life young lady, with silks and diamonds on. And he bowed her politely to a place ahead of mine. And I thought it wasn't equal to put her up so near. For she was young, and I was old, and very hard to hear. And I couldn't catch the sermon, for I sat so far away. So I walked through the service only to watch and pray. Watching the points Christians who were seated round about. Praying with me for purity, as they were pure without. And I doubt not many wealthy who go out from that fold. Are pretty near relations to the Pharisees of old. When returning from their worship, they raise their heads on high. And scornful of the humble ones the Christian life holds. Away with such professors, sir, they're doing more to-day. To block the anxious way for upon the holy way. Than modern infidelity in theological fray. Examples thus indeed are they for any human need. They minister to greed and greed, but not to hearts that are dead. Intemperance they wink at, sir; but why should Christians care? The church must be supported, sir, by means both foul and fair. The whiskey-selling deacon, too, can have his choice of power. If only he's willing, sir, to help the parson through. In this we must trust, the dollars are, but not in brother man. Unless the Lord the dollar is—then worship all you can. Some other metal just as well might take the place of gold. To keep the precious body well, and cheat the human soul. But common estimation, sir, they think will justify The worship of the golden calf by greater calves close by. Success obtained by honest toil should have its honest due. But do not starve the many, sir, to feed the haughty few. Consider all the works of God, how marvelous and grand. The ocean waves, the skies above, the dowers upon the land. The glided rays of rosy dawn, of universal birth. Add to that for the rich man only, but for the poor of earth. Then why should man look down on man, because of lack of gold? Why put him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old? Why keep him down in any place, nor help him higher rise. 'Till he can claim an equal right to union with the skies? A heart with broad humanity, a heart that God has blessed. Is worthy of the highest place, among the very best. Then lift your weaker brother, and falling sister, too. Excite in them the prospect of much better things in view. Then shall you hear the voices sound along the shining shore. Inviting you to grander life, in heaven forevermore.

A New Move on Old Satan.

(Philadelphia Times.)

A clergyman in London has stepped aside from the ordinary routine of ecclesiastical labor with a view of trying his hand at working a much neglected territory. He proposes to labor for the conversion of the devil. To this end he has issued a circular letter to all the ministers he knows asking them to unite with him in the prayer that Satan may experience a change of heart. His chief argument is that, if converted, the devil would be a most potent agent in the conversion of the world. Heretofore the attack on the devil and his works has been in the contrary direction. The endeavor has been to put him down and wipe him out of existence. This endeavor does not seem to have been attended with success, except partially and in spots. Wherever the devil has been cut off or bowed down in one direction he has come somewhere else or turned up in some new character, and thus greatly annoyed and discouraged his most valiant assailants. They have prayed and labored for his extermination, and have sung many a loud chorus of thanksgiving for the expected time when he no more should be a hindrance to the spread of the truth. In spite of it all, the devil has held his own with a perseverance which, notwithstanding all our objections to him, must admit is greatly to his credit. Exceedingly little is known about the devil. Our knowledge of him and his habits is picked up partly from Scripture, partly from ancient mythology, and partly from our own fancy, though mostly from the pages of mere tradition. Why he was created and why he is suffered to exist are mysteries which baffle the most profound theologian and the most learned scholar. Most of us have never seen the good of him. While we regard him as a talented and energetic, we find it hard to admire his motives, as far as we know them. But he seems to have vast influence, and all we know about him teaches us that he delights to exert that influence for evil. Were it possible so radically to change his nature as to turn his influence into the scale of that which is lovely and of good report, it would be well for suffering and sinful humanity as well as for poor Satan himself. The London clergyman proposes to utilize Satan in behalf of missionary effort, and set him at work building up the cause of religion, in destroying which he has been so actively engaged. One of the difficulties will be to get at the devil in order to reason with him and teach him the error of his way. Falling in this, the clergyman and all his brethren will pray in the dark, to a great extent, knowing as little as they do of the person and the character of him whom they seek to convert. Perhaps it would be a grand thing for humanity if the devil were converted. But then, on the other hand, perhaps it might make us lazy. Had we nothing to struggle against we might have no ambition to put forth effort. If everything in the world were as lovely as we might hope for it to be if the devil would cease his mischief and begin to put things to rights, we should have a gloriously idyllic time of it, exceeding in delightfulness the visions of those who in former centuries prayed for the fall of Satan. In the meantime, however, England all reasonable success in his undertaking, we see but little prospect that he will accomplish his purpose. We fear that for some time, and until further notice, old Satan will keep prowling around seeking whom he may devour and making all sorts of mischief.

J. H. Hall writes: I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper from its start. We cannot express our consolation and comfort that we gain from its perusal.

Brooklyn N. Y. Spiritualist Fraternity.

A very intelligent audience assembled in Downing Hall, to listen to the lecture of Henry Kiddle, Esq. Superintendent of Public Instruction, in New York City, this evening. The lecture was a new one, and in the many calls now being made on the public mind, this one can be said to have more times its value than the others for the present. I shall make but a very brief synopsis of it, trusting that in the near future that it may be spread broadcast over the land through the daily press as well as in the spiritual papers. A marked contrast is now seen in the change in the New York dailies towards it, and the utterances from his lips. When he first stepped upon the stage, both secular and religious, had nothing to do but only condemnation. Now they send their reporters to give fair reports of his lectures, and the lecture, "Why I am a Spiritualist," was published almost verbatim, and the representative of the Herald requested the manuscript to that an accurate report could be given. This is a large step towards the right, and the time is not far off when the right and left, and his voice is not, but has it ever been, on the defensive. Would that he had many more such able and loyal representatives men and women in our faith, whose public and private lives are so eminently marked by the Christ spirit, which was the subject of the lecture, and which has been the rule of our noble lives.

The speaker said that the Christ spirit has existed in all ages, among all people, and while this was largely exemplified in the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, the church theology had made a great mistake in attributing this exclusively to the Nazarene. We find this spirit in the earlier nations of the earth—in the writings of Aristotle and Zoroaster, and largely among the earlier Hindu writers, and the Christ spirit in the divine love that has ever flowed to the human race down to us from the heavenly home, as we are imbued with this spirit, we are one with him, as Jesus was, for he truly said, "I and the Father are one."

The Christ spirit is shown conclusively to us in the annals of history, and in the lives of men that have been given, and are being given to the world. Although many refuse to receive this influx of the Christ spirit, that is now pouring down to earth from the heavenly home, all who will place themselves in a condition to receive the same, can be in union and harmony with it; and in conclusion he urged his hearers to cultivate the Christ spirit, as well as the teachings imbued with this spirit, which are being given to the world. The large audience listened with great attention to his lecture, and at its conclusion a very hearty vote of thanks was given the speaker on motion of D. M. Cole, for his ever-ready kindness to respond in our calls for assistance in our efforts to know the way, the truth, and the light. The next invited to the platform, and it was claimed that she was controlled by the spirit of Thomas Paine, who said, that in the new unfoldment of the Christ spirit, man was to be the central power from her keen spiritual perceptions, and that in the near future, this would be made manifest, and the continuing influence urged us to cultivate this Christ spirit, which the speaker of the evening had so ably elucidated. Mrs. F. was also controlled by another spirit professing to be Mrs. J. F. Wilton, who passed to the Spirit world but a few days ago.

Deacon D. M. Cole was the next speaker who said: "Since I listened to the very able address of Bro. K., I have had singing in my ears. 'What think you of Christ? I would ask the question of you here to night. I have often heard spiritualists answer at the work and teachings of Christ, but you all well know that it is influence and what the speaker of the evening had termed the 'Christ spirit,' and finally to redeem and save the world—not in this sense, however, that theology has taught in the past, and we must judge him and his works by his life—what he has done for others in all ages, his healing the sick and ministering to the needs of the world. He did not wait for the people to come to him. He was where we are, and he was with us. What are our relations to Christ and this Christ spirit? Have we this spirit of self-sacrifice that characterized him, and which is pre-eminently characteristic of all imbued with the Christ spirit? You talk of your millions who are Spiritualists in this land. What are you doing for the world in the Christ spirit? Have you illustrated in the lecture that we have listened to? I know that Spiritualism has convinced the world; that it has agitated thought, and broken down much of the ecclesiasticalism of the age, but with your millions of believers, what are you doing to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor and the ignorant. I know that you are making independent thinking in the church possible for this Spiritualism must be credited. Are you still hunting phenomena? Is it not time for reconstruction to begin? When Spiritualists are ready to work in this Christ spirit for the redemption of the world from sin, poverty and ignorance, then will it be a much greater power than now. If, as you say, you are having this light and love from the other world, this Christ spirit in the message that come to you, and to it that you do not miss your opportunity, cultivate this Christ spirit. I do not like the spirit that is continually finding fault with what the Christian churches have not done. Are you doing as much with your countless millions? Let us cease to theorize and become practical. Did Jesus find fault? He says: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' He said that he and his followers were separated and actuated by this Christ spirit."

Judge W. P. Good, of Plainfield, N. J., followed Bro. Cole. He said our brother would not be himself unless critical, and such criticism brings out thought. I differ from him when he says that Spiritualism has accomplished nothing in the last thirty years. In how many thousands of homes have life and immortality been brought to light? How many have received greater and nobler conceptions of God, and have been strengthened in their life work by spirit presence and communion, and the improved condition of woman in the many avenues of usefulness now opened to her, is largely due to Spiritualism and the teachings given through woman's voice on the public platform, and when she shall have in the near future, the same civil and political rights as man, will be largely due to the influence of Spiritualism on the modern thought, and the lives of the simple of those who have accepted its sublime truths.

Judge Wm. Colt was the next speaker. He said: "I have listened with profound interest to the able address of Bro. Kiddle, which is imbued so largely with the Christ spirit. His elucidation of this is broad and comprehensive. The church and the world have in the past misunderstood it, and have given credit alone to Jesus, who but gave the same truth that had been known by the earlier nations in his day. I think the Christian world have not fully understood this Christ spirit, and I believe firmly that this is the mission of modern Spiritualism, to permeate the churches with the true Christ spirit, and hence there should be, and I believe in the near future that there will be, no antagonism. Jesus was overflowing with this divine spirit of love. It has always been in the world, but Jesus seemed to be able to give out to all more of this love of the All-Father. You have no war with the Christian churches, for they are to become spiritualized by this new truth. When people become less dogmatic, and stand less on creeds, we may be able to see more progress. I do not feel so despairing as does our Bro. Cole with his large heart and active brain. Perhaps he hopes too much in a short space of time. The literature of Spiritualism would make a large library of itself, and I feel that it has achieved a great deal, and in the coming years much more, I believe, will be accomplished. If we are but imbued with the true Christ spirit."

It was announced that the public circle held in the lower hall this week, was a grand success, and that the place was too small for the number who came, and for this and future circles, it would be held every Wednesday evening in our Conference Hall. Bro. D. M. Cole and Bro. Abram Kipp have this in charge. Admission to free expenses, ten cents. Several persons were introduced at the last circle. The next address before the Fraternity will be given by Henry J. Newton, President of the Society of Spiritualists of New York City. Subject, "Man's Natural Attributes." Bro. M. is a sage speaker, and a very interesting and very instructive address may be expected. A large number of strangers were present to-night, who listened

attentively to all the speakers; and so the good work goes on and on.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 7th, 1880. D. M. Cole.

Spiritualism—The Lesson of the Hour.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Last autumn I had the pleasure of entertaining at my home, for a few days, a gentleman who is well known throughout the United States, for his efforts in behalf of the enslaved and down-trodden people in this country. The gentleman was a white man, and a free colored man, with a halo of white hair, and a life spent in philanthropic labors for the welfare of the most unfortunate and oppressed in our land. Like Garrison and Phillips, and many other reformers of our time, this old gentleman is a Spiritualist. Many readers of the Journal will know him without the name, which, I regret to say, I am not at liberty to give. I am sure, however, because the time he visited me I did not think of giving the public any of his very interesting experiences.

An Englishman by birth, and reared in the church, he said that from his youth his prayer had been for wisdom. Having read in James: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and his shall be given him," he had "in faith" asked "nothing wavering." When modern Spiritualism was brought to his notice, and he had heard some of the sublime utterances which the angel world had impressed on a sensitive medium, he rejected and thanked God that his prayer was now about to be so fully answered by a direct communion with the better world. At some time he walked on the misty borders of the angels, and his soul expanded as it drank gladly in the genial sunshine, and the life-giving dew-drops from the other world. But one evening he was shocked, and mortified to see the medium personate, both in manner and vulgar billingsgate, a poor undeveloped spirit still in the prison of his own lusts and passions. As he went home he concluded that if this is Spiritualism he would have no more to do with it. At the time, he was stopping at the Institute of Dr. Trail, in New York. On reaching home, he went into the library and looked upon his disappointment, but said nothing to any one. While sitting here, an inmate of the house, a medium, but one who knew nothing of his recent experience, came in, evidently under control, walked over, and sat in the room, then came up facing him and in the mildest and most sympathizing manner possible, asked: "Do you know what Spiritualism is for?" He replied that he had supposed that it was to help the people of earth gain wisdom. "That is one of its uses," said the medium. Then, describing the spirit whose communication had given him so much trouble, he said: "Spiritualism is to help the people of the next world as well as those of earth. This suffering was brought to you for help. You should have given it to him wisely, and in the true spirit of fraternal love, and your light have been the angel-band to lift him from the depths of degradation, and start him on the upward path of wisdom and virtue. He is the brother of heaven within the soul, whether of the dweller on earth or in spirit spheres."

Said the old man to me with much feeling: "A new revelation dawned on me there and then. I saw that in more senses than one it is more blessed to give than to receive; and that in the Spirit world as in our own, our greatest happiness is attained by laboring for the welfare of others."

In view of recent revelations, is not the above pertinent just now? As good Mrs. Saxon says, we see so many who have wasted their happiness by implicitly following the dictation of spirits, and resigning their own reason. We think we see two causes for this. First, the erroneous teachings of orthodoxy in relation to man's state after death, with the notion that growth and progress pertaining to the Spirit world is pure and perfect. Second, man's own selfishness and jealousy, the former exhibited in his desire to get all he can from the Spirit world, and to keep all he gets; and the latter, in the habit of taking everything on authority, rather than put himself to the trouble of exercising his own reason. And so, we expect that great growth in moral power, in spiritual culture, without putting forth the necessary effort to bring growth. Forgetting that "it is man's blessing that the tools" we eagerly seize this or that system which promises to yield us the quickest and the greatest returns, material or spiritual, with the least effort of our own.

In its dwarfing influence upon humanity, we fail to see great difference between those implicitly following a "thus saith the Lord" or a "thus saith the spirit." Nor, except in its fashionability, do we see much difference between those who expect to go to heaven by listlessly following in the velvet paw of some church, delighting themselves with the sweet words of a preacher; and those who expect heaven to come to them by passively attending church, and listening to moral power, in spiritual culture, without putting forth the necessary effort to bring growth. Forgetting that "it is man's blessing that the tools" we eagerly seize this or that system which promises to yield us the quickest and the greatest returns, material or spiritual, with the least effort of our own.

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My friends, we must cease being desirous, greedily drinking in the showers of angel-love which have come and are coming to us, and we must become sparkling fountains, refreshing, "by loving and wise effort," many a way-worn, hungry and thirsty fellow-traveler up the evergreen mountains of life. Let us forget the past and wash ourselves in the crystal current of the on-flowing present.

C. W. COOK.

Ottawa, Ill.

Letter from New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In reading in your paper the details of the Harmonical Philosophy, at their annual meeting, held in New York, January 4th, I could but feel to drive a stake down there, and say, "So much has been done for the Spiritual cause!" I am glad, too, that your paper is so willing to accord all efforts in this direction. At last we are to have order and harmony brought into our Spiritualism. Here let me say to those who for at least one hour in the week, wish to sit and listen to divine words, and to feel pure spirit influences wafted around them, let them attend these meetings at St. Mark's Hall, believe every one can feel and realize this condition, if they enter with a prayer for such an experience. How much better is this than to spend our valuable time, running about in search of phenomena, and paying our money out therefor. I would not displace or deprecate those who constantly seek the same, without bringing up their reason and power to bear upon it, in order to find the causing back of it—all such persons become sensational and consequently superficial.

There are persons calling themselves Spiritualists, whose aspirations seldom rise above attending circles. Notice the lives of such, and you will inevitably find them to be of little use, if any, to the advancement of our cause. We are glad that Mr. Davis and his good wife have come forth to be seen and listened to on each Sunday in this city; they are now gathering up the sheaves of ripe grain, which is the fruit of seed sown by them many years ago. The Foughtkneeps seem to have found such as was given unto him. Now, in advanced years, he gives us the benefit of his thought of his reason and power. May his heart be content simply to be willing listeners; but may they be earnest doers, living epistles of the Harmonical Philosophy, showing in their every day walk and conversation, that the gospel has in it more of love, joy and truth, than can be found in the prevailing doctrines taught by the popular church. The Harmonical Philosophy is in my mind a grand and noble development of a true Spiritualism. DR. SAMUEL E. SOWARD.

New York City.

CIRCULAR.

To Spiritualists of Ohio!

BARTHOLOMEW AND STURGES, FRIENDS OF FREEDOM AND RIGHT:—The waves of agony of the tormented doctors of the so-called "regular" schools, have struck our State at last, and the selfish devotees of the warring "pill-balls," are banishing our legislature, with all the force at their command, trying to secure the passage of a most infamous bill to secure to themselves special protection and privileges. But content to stand upon their own merits and take their chances by other modes of healing, and being in danger of being left behind in the onward march of science and liberal thought, they seek special protection for their old-fashioned class legislation, which is inimical to the very genius and spirit of our free institutions, and strikes a death blow at individual rights and personal freedom.

Are we to be prohibited from employing the physician of our choice, and compelled to risk our lives with the man-layers of the old schools, because, forsooth, they cannot compete with the "irregulars" in a fair competition? It would, indeed, seem impossible that our legislators would risk their reputation and political domination by perpetrating such a measure, or even doing it in a respectful bearing, but we cannot tell what influences will be brought to bear upon them (and they are human) and, hence, behooves us to be up and doing, and watch our rights with jealous care.

We must not sleep while the enemy sows tares. Remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." We ought, as once, to circulate a remonstrance petition in every county and town in the State, and get the name of every liberty-loving man and woman upon them, and roll them in upon "our servants." In such a way as to show them that we do not propose to allow our dearest rights trampled upon, even by doctors or legislators, without earnest protest.

If you have a better form of petition, cut out the following, and paste it to a sheet of paper and go to work at once and make a thorough canvass of your neighborhood. You need not be ashamed, for the heart of the people will be with you. The scheme is laudable, unmanly, ungenerous, unprofessional and disreputable. We feel the need of organization at such times; but let us not as individuals sit calmly by and see our rights trampled upon and our early bought privileges wrested from us by these self-constituted censors in the healing art, because, forsooth, we cannot pronounce as gibberish as they, the gibberish of the old schools.

STILES BINGLOW.

Chairman of State Central Conference of Spiritualists of Ohio.

RESOLUTIONS.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Ohio:

Whereas, An effort is being made to secure the enactment of laws conferring upon a certain class, legal rights and prerogatives, which are in direct conflict with the constitutional and natural rights of all citizens, under the precious guise of "a bill providing for a State Board of Health," and, therefore, the undersigned citizens of the State of Ohio, most respectfully, but emphatically remonstrate against the passage of any law looking to such a result, or any class legislation whatever, or the curtailment of individual rights or personal freedom to choose, without hindrance or restraint, one's doctor when sick, as well as his assistance when well.

Besides, the people constituting the majority of the citizens of this State, do not ask for such laws; they are opposed to them and to all enactments which infringe upon their just liberties or infringe upon their natural and "inalienable rights," in the interests of a favored class. Therefore, we, your petitioners earnestly protest against this attempted interference with individual and equal rights, by a class of our citizens who are now seeking the enactment of a special medical law which will enable them to control the practice of medicine within this State, for their individual benefit, to the great injury of the right and privileged class justly pertaining to all other classes of citizens. And as in duty bound we will ever remonstrate.

Spiritualists and Liberalists.

On Saturday, Jan. 31st, the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Van Buren and adjoining counties met in convention in Gray's Hall at Brecksville, Mich., at two o'clock p. m., according to previous notice, with L. S. Burdick in the chair, devoting the afternoon session to a conference.

Saturday evening Wm. W. Wooster, of Decatur, Mich., made a short speech on the Alliance of Spiritism, treating the subject of marriage and divorce in such a masterly manner as to surprise the entire audience. Dr. McCulloch, of Holland, Mich., followed with a few concise remarks on the Mission of Spiritualism.

Sunday morning Dr. McCulloch occupied the forenoon session speaking on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism as it relates to theology, saying that history is replete with evidences that the phenomena have existed from the earliest ages of which we have any record.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven, Mich., put in a plea for the imprisoned faculties—the organs in your own hearts; also to show that it is not a thing to be feared, but a thing to be improved, and that the talent he has does all he can. She was followed by Mrs. L. D. Cowles, of Clyde, Ohio, speaking on the important question that has agitated the minds of all ages—If a man die shall he live again? She said when a religion has worked out its mission it dies, the judgment seat is reason.

Sunday evening was occupied by several speakers. Mrs. Woodruff said: Spiritualism is a right to be remembered; we are looking for the invisible in the visible. Mrs. Cowles said prayer is an aspiration for something unattained, self-growth and culture included. Wm. W. Wooster expected to see men and women more individualized, which would hasten the miller's mill; we need to grasp some hand to help us to labor. Dr. McCulloch spoke of natural law in relation to Christianity, treating the subject from a scientific standpoint. True religion does not consist in observing forms and ceremonies but it means sixteen ounces for a pound, three feet for a yard, and one hundred cents to the dollar. If we are prepared to live we are ready to die. The salvation we need is to be saved from sin and ignorance.

Mrs. Child, of Kalamazoo, favored each session of the convention with her choice inspirational songs, each of which was a sermon in itself. The attendance was large, and at the intermission a picnic dinner was served in the hall, making the convention a success socially as well as financially. The convention adopted the following preamble and resolution, to-wit:—

The members of the press have been courteous in publishing our notices, therefore, we, and that the Secretary be invited to give them notice of the appreciation of the same. A vote of thanks was given to the ladies of Brecksville for their hospitality, after which the convention adjourned to Bangor the first Saturday and Sunday in May next.

LOTTIE M. WARNER, Sec.

Paw Paw, Mich.

Joy N. Blanchard writes: The First Society of Spiritualists, of Delphos, Kansas, held its second annual meeting, January 4th, 1880.

Officers elected: Joy N. Blanchard, President; A. D. Ballou, M. D., Vice President; George Knowles, Secretary; Mrs. E. Knowles, Treasurer.

Letter from Joseph B. Burr.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On 4th January, 1880, a few friends of Liberal and Progressive movements, had a meeting in Leeburg, Carroll Co., Ohio, to take into consideration the propriety of celebrating the birthday of Thomas Paine. On due deliberation they concluded to do so, and made a program in which they appointed eight Liberals to speak fifteen minutes each, and assigned to each their theme—to me they gave "The Religion of Thomas Paine."

A general renovating and retreating of the hall was determined upon, the old motives, etc., taken down, and replaced with new ones. Many pictures and portraits, etc., were added to the walls. I counted upwards of forty, the most of them large and splendid, enlivened with fresh made wreaths of evergreen. The large portraits of Paine, Washington, Lincoln, Ingersoll, etc., artfully festooned, and conspicuously hung, gave an imposing appearance.

On the evening of the celebration, the M. E. Church was in the midst of an excited protracted meeting. The roads were so extremely bad, that no person who could avoid it, attended to the hall, yet there were present in our hall, upwards of one hundred adult persons, and better order or more profound attention is seldom witnessed.

The music from the select choir of twelve, with the organ, etc., gave very excellent entertainment in itself. James Stephenson, the teacher of our high school, was elected chairman, and on taking his position gave an excellent, and appropriate speech, followed in rotation by six or seven of those appointed to speak, each of whom did ample justice to the allotted parts. The meeting was in every respect a decided success, exceeding our anticipations.

We have arranged to give place in the same, to speeches and most of the proceedings of the meeting. The meeting adjourned for one year. I then announced that on the 31st of March, the Spiritualists would celebrate their anniversary in this hall, and that we will have help from abroad. Leeburg, Ohio, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

J. C. Van Fossen writes: Your course suits me as you have so effectively carried the Pines Hall folks, and I assure that would be grand old fraud, put in the forenoon, those that seek truth will pass them by, and thank the Journal for its manliness and courage in exposing ecclesiastical. Keep on, and we can look to the Journal as the finger board to truth and honor.

J. H. Hand, M. D., writes: It is needless for me to add to the general expression of the high appreciation entertained for your labors in behalf of the progress of man, and your untiring determination to drive humbuggery and hypocrisy from the ranks of Spiritualists. It is the great work of the day; your efforts are appreciated by all true Spiritualists.

E. C. Culver writes: I can't live without the Journal. It is meat and drink to me. Do on; root out the foul weeds which dry up the fountains of pure Spiritualism.

E. F. Johnson writes: The Journal is my ideal of a paper and I wish to help extend its circulation.

Dr. S. J. Dickinson writes: I am having wonderful success in this country. Our orthodox friends are among the foremost to be healed.

Notes and Extracts.

Nothing can ultimately go backward.

Movement upward, and superior, is ever the law.

What you neglect to-day, cannot be done to-morrow.

If woman is truly beautiful, let not her beauty be made dim by the dash of diamonds.

Spiritualism has been revealed to the world as an educator, not only in regard to life, but in regard to death.

Without wives there could not be families; without children to love there could be no families complete.

Swedenborg communicated with spirits, and through their aid he sought a channel for bringing about a reformation.

"Dare to do right, dare to be true!" All the world's scoring can never harm you! Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith! Stand like a hero, and baffle 'till death!"

Every day brings its responsibilities and cares; every dawn of a new day unfolds duties to be performed, and it matters not how diligent you may be, for every moment there is a duty.

The man who is curious to see how the world would get along without him can find out by sticking a cambric needle in a mill pond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.—Detroit Free Press.

The ancient Quakers had the gift of spirits; and even coming to more recent times, John Wesley was himself a Spiritualist, confessed to the fact that they depicted his convictions, and had infused immortal truths in him.

There are apparent retrogressions, but they are only for a time; eventually, the obstacles to progress will be removed, and you will see the capable of progress but will ultimately be ordered as happy as its nature is capable of being.

Many of the old creeds have to be plucked up by the roots, and no doubt, great pain, but yet necessary; and many of your old thoughts have to be cast aside, and new thought that thoughts are sometimes deeper rooted than the altitudes of the body.

If it be necessary for man to receive information touching national things by objective and classified intelligence, will it not be better to have with reason and intelligence that avenues for spiritual information and culture should be opened to them?

Seen in his crimes, his wars and devastations man might be mistaken for an incarnation of an evil spirit; contemplated in his scenes of charity, his discoveries in science, and his vast combinations for the benefit of his race, he seems a blight intelligence from heaven.—Combe.

As you stand on the sea beach you witness the waves ebb and flow, but still they are composed of the same water, and continue in their ebb and flow, and as with the ocean, so is there a continual progress in the unfolding of the earth. And what occurs on earth, occurs also in man.

I had rather that a child of mine should learn morality from Shakespeare than to learn religion from the sickly sentimentalism of religion which has come down from the swamps of medieval superstition which would have been died up long ago, had they not been protected by the cathedral roof of popular reverence.—Savage.

The heart of man becomes ossified by the accumulation of riches and the position of influence. The sound of public praise contains more music than an angel's song; the sound of a welcome the possessor of power, bath more in melody than the music of the spheres; and now, a more empty form and senseless ceremonies are all that remain to the churches.

Death comes to remove you from your present sphere of conscious existence; it comes to alter the relations in which you stand to the visible realities of the universe; and it also comes to introduce you to another phase of existence, in which growth, association, and labor are all invested with widely different circumstances to those you experience now.

Classrooms may, in their divisions, really see and absolutely describe animal forms and grotesque figures, which are animate with conscious life in all its phases, and in the atmosphere of earth, but these forms have never been human—they are not human spirits, and never will be. In cabalistic writings, animals, birds, fishes, and almost every discovered object in nature, was a word or hieroglyphic expressive of some idea, and ancient modes of thought have frequently been grossly misrepresented and misunderstood, owing to the fact that the hieroglyphs, illustrations, and symbols have frequently been introduced into the sacred texts, and to those only who had been initiated into the lodges of orders which were founded with the express intention of keeping secluded and safe the highest knowledge the priests and oracles possessed.—Voice of Angels.

*For sale at the office of the Religious Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth fears no blush, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: She only asks a hearing.

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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.**—What and Where is Truth?—An Address by Andrew Jackson Davis, delivered in Music Hall, New York.
- SECOND PAGE.**—Richings, Items and Criticism. Life with the Spirits. Are all Human Souls Immortal?
- THIRD PAGE.**—Woman and the Household. Are All Souls Immortal? Book Notices. Magazine for March. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.**—Editorial Notes of Travel. An Investigator wants Information.
- FIFTH PAGE.**—Religious Vagaries. The Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City. Death of M. C. Vandercook. A Dream. Laborers in the Spiritualistic V. Service, and Other Items of Interest. Campbell Starr's Speech. Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Downing Hall. Business Notices. New Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.**—Concerning the Women and the Twelfth Annual Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity. Items from the Pacific Coast. Items from Philadelphia. Notes and Extracts.
- SEVENTH PAGE.**—List of Prominent Books for sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.**—Mr. Middle and his Book on Spiritualism. Those Vampires of Evil—An Impromptu Letter-Reviewing Mrs. L. Saxton, by J. O. Jackson. Letter from Switzerland—A Plea for Dr. Monck.

WHAT AND WHERE IS TRUTH?

An Address by Andrew Jackson Davis, Delivered in Music Hall, New York.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Clara Z. Brockway.)

I will say to the good friends assembled, that in accordance with the notice published and printed in circular form, this is the beginning of a series of discourses in this hall, commencing at 11 o'clock every Sunday morning, on the live questions of the nineteenth century, from the harmonical standpoint of observation and of speech, as far as possible.

A few ladies and gentlemen of New York, having made themselves acquainted somewhat with the spirit and the letter of Harmonical Philosophy, have at last taken this step for the purpose of giving other persons, other ladies and gentlemen, an opportunity to hear some of these propositions; and they have, not being able to do any better, engaged me to speak those propositions and to state those questions, which I shall undertake to do faithfully, and in as plain language as my experience and judgment will furnish.

These meetings are preeminently free and I think they will be found essentially religious. Do not undertake this morning to run the flag to the top of the mast, because I remember, as you do, that whatever goes to the pinnacle, must, the very next move either vanish or come lower; so I prefer this morning, to begin about one-third the way up the mast, not one-half mast. This will give me an opportunity to use the halyards a little more hereafter.

The subject this morning will be concerning the efficiency of the nature of ideas. This I think is one of the best lessons to start with on a campaign of this nature, in which I trust every person will enlist for three months or during the war. The subject advertised for this morning is, "What and where is Truth?"

What is truth? I should answer it is a correct, an exact, accurate statement of a principle, or of a fact, or of circumstances and facts which are strung like beads on a rosary. Truth is not a principle, as I understand it, like the attraction of gravitation or the great powers that move it or the universe. Truth is a statement, and a lover of truth is the only person who enjoys it. All the other persons tell it when it is convenient, when it suits their probable objects. The lovers of truth are the worshippers of the exact and merely conscientious, not a sense of having a thing stated literally, but a love of what is supreme in the human spirit; that love so warm that no one holds it, feeling its glow, and its expanding power, can vary from it not so much as the needle varies from its great magnetic attraction at the north, for that under circumstances will quiver and change. I believe every person here would bow before another person, whom they know, under all circumstances, whatever the temptation, would speak exactly what he understood to be the truth.

Where is truth? At the heart of any thing, or fact, or principle, or person. At the heart! I do not mean now the physical organ merely, though that itself is a temple that covers affection and is a portal for the action of love through the system, as well as for the blood, which is very low and crude as compared with it. But I mean the heart of things, the soul of things, of principles, that veiled goddess in the temple that can be approached only when your shoes are off and you are clad in garments of pure white.

Truth hides herself from any insincere person, any sophist, from one who is simply in love with intellectual ability, splendor and display, and loves that supremely, because it influences his fellow men and women. Such a person stumbles upon the truth and passes it without knowing half what it is, or the force, or beauty of it. Now, I say, truth is a correct statement concerning a principle, a fact. The principle is always universal, unchangeable. A

fact is local and special. No person with intellect alone can understand a principle, except mechanical principles, principles of science, as we say. Only wise persons see principles of truth, or see the statements of principles which are truths. Intellectual people are the skeptical people, the analysts, the atheists and the sturdy, scientific dissectors. They have important missions to perform and each of us can drop into that state and be as much of an atheist as any other person. But I feel to sympathize with a person who has not the power to say, "Stop there and let us go up higher." There is a part in man's nature which we may call wisdom, that is as much superior to knowledge, as knowledge is superior to the ordinary emotions of the senses.

Every century has a plant, that plant we will call an idea. Not that every century, with great regularity, produces a plant of that nature, but that they are about centuries apart. And an idea is something totally different from a thought. I have no doubt there are many here who are thoroughly settled upon this question and there are others who have imagined there must be a difference between thoughts and ideas. The world is full of discords and misunderstandings, leading to litigations and wars because men's thoughts conflict with one another.

Now, I am for a harmonical understanding of thought which will be to them a voice stilling the tempest. Here is a man who sees only what is local and special, what is applicable to circumstances and who is very clear and circumspect, and very cautious about the application of his thoughts to the circumstances of the case. There are professions that require just that kind of talent. But if man wishes to get at the essence in which thoughts are hung, the life of the vine in which all the truth clusters and blooms, why, he will go deeper than anything his senses can recognize; he will go into what we call intuitions.

Thoughts are recognized by a cluster of powers in the frontal region of the brain, which we call intellect, which is not always intelligence, for you will find many intellectual people, smart, brilliant, energetic persons who are not intelligent people; they make blunders, falling over the very things that are blessings, destroying often those very saviors that would make of them beautiful beings and a happy life. We have wise people who are even more imperfect. They often get a reputation for genius, and not only for that, but for making genuine mistakes and failures. You can pick them out among your acquaintances and friends; they are no strangers.

I wish to call your attention this morning to ideas, as separate and apart from thoughts, so that you may see how gloriously the great Providence hovers over and rules all, and has brought in the world these beautiful and eternal realities, which I call ideas.

Idea, not thoughts, rule the world. Men are moved by their passions and their thoughts, but centuries, nations, worlds, are moved by ideas. They are the disclosures of the Infinite Mind, and how slowly, how steadily, how harmoniously, they are evolved and expanded, made part and portion of human life, without any one—not even the man or the woman who gave expression to them, knowing what they did. That is the glory of all genuine inspiration and of all ideal evolution, that the man or woman who is engaged in bringing light into the world, knows but very little of the work he is performing; that is for others to see. The spectators are all about; the audience is immense; people have great facilities for communicating with one another what they have witnessed, but the actor, the recipient, the expression is always building wiser than it knows; otherwise it might be puffed up with vanity; it would not add to its goodness and gentleness and faith, the superior merit of meekness.

Idea have come into the world in that way. One, sometimes three or four to one century, and these ideas or the idea has always been spiritual. Every evolution of an idea has been a religious evolution—not mechanical, not scientific, not philosophical—religious. Now I mean by the word religious, spiritual, in the sense that it partakes of the Divine Nature and is, so far as it goes, a revelation of the Divine Nature. I wish this morning to illustrate these propositions by reference to some characters who have been instruments, receptacles, and organs of these expressions.

If we go back about 400 years ago, we will find Martin Luther. Where was he? He was a priest buried under an immense number of Bishops, under a large conclave of Cardinals, under a mighty weight, called the Pope. Now this weight is enough on a man so that if he has any wine in him—if he is not a dead cluster of grapes—it will bring the wine out of him, and that is just the way we are ourselves made to bring forth all that is worthy in us—by the actual suffering we have, not by the method of escape; not by this joyous and easy-going and go-as-you-please style.

Martin Luther had this pressure brought upon him. What was the result? At first it opened his eyes. Now I suppose you thought he was not a blind man before, but he was. The first thing it did was to open his eyes, and the first thing he saw was the selling of indulgences in a mighty church, that was understood to be the embodiment of the Divine Will and Love. The selling of indulgences to the rich placed accumulations in the keeping of the magnates of

the church so that these persons had a credit in the other world and they could do certain things or not, do them good, bad or indifferent, and draw upon this extra capital, whenever the occasion required, even before they went. That was understood between the Father and Son and the Pope. Luther denied this right. The moment he did that, a flash of lightning came out of the sky and struck that church in its most vital nerve. He did not disturb or oppress it on the turbid sale of indulgences in order to circumscribe its revenues; that was nothing to a great and mighty movement of that nature. Luther revealed an idea. It was this: that man's faith—not the Pope, not the church, not even the Bible; not the bishops, not the cardinals—man's faith was his justification; if he only believed, he would be saved. Then he taught that that was the same as being reconciled to God through the Son.

The idea was the exact devotion of the human spirit to what it understood to be the truth. Well, I think you and I believe the same thing. That is a universal and omnipresent principle. Now, his thoughts were numerous concerning all this. His stroke upon the church was a boomerang. Why? Because it came back and struck him, and made him and all his followers larger than he intended. Because his faith was supreme in human reason, it resulted in people's saying, "Ah, well, if faith is supreme, so are also my reasoning powers. How can I have faith unless I have evidence? How can I read the Bible unless I look into its meanings? If I do not that, I construe it for myself. And if I do that, where is your supremacy of reason for the church?"

Luther did not want that, but he could not help it. He broke with the church and with himself at the same time, and if it had not been for the speech of Malanconch he might have stopped there, but he had a man who would speak in silver, golden words all the great things he did, very much as Mr. Olcott, who is a living fountain, springing up always, found a beautiful voice in Emerson. Now how beautiful it was! Another Damon and Pythias! These persons coming together, one to work, the other, the other to express.

John Calvin had a pressure upon him, thirty years or so after. Was it not all said? Nay, John Calvin had an idea pressed through him into the world and it was something you and I accept, though in different language. He said God, being an unchangeable God, must have unchangeable decrees and being all-wise, must have known from the foundation what would be the result in the ultimate, and then he said, "He will save, he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and on whom he will be hardeneth." He said God knew from the beginning the destiny of every person. Millions of ages, innumerable ages before a person was born, he knew what they would result in. But he said, it is well enough to feel that you are connected in some way with the kingdom that Christ is building in this world. You better keep yourselves all ready. How do you know that you are elected? If you are not, you at least have the benefit of feeling you might have been. There is some cold comfort in that. At the heart of John Calvin you find that glorious idea, the unchangeable law of nature or the irrepressible decrees of God. I am a Calvinist, I believe that. I am a Lutheran also, I believe in accepting a faith that is obedience to the spirit of truth.

George Fox had to come next. He did not know the work that was before him; neither do you that which is before either of you. When he had the pressure upon him of the whole descending world of religion, in the quiet chamber of the Penetrals where he lived, he found that the Divine Spirit is a guest of every man's bosom and so he said, "Listen to that still, small voice, and in order to listen, keep still; silence." So the friends got together, and how silent they were. Those who heard but little voice went to sleep, and those who had never heard it, kept awake waiting to hear it, and so between persons who were indifferent and those who yearned, he came to begetters of the truth. George Fox gathered thought after thought, man after man, and woman after woman, until how large, and sweet, and beautiful became the great church of the spirit! We will take the idea. I am a member of that church. The thoughts of George Fox, of John Calvin, or Martin Luther, I have little to do with.

But do you suppose that John Wesley could keep still when there was all this going on in the world about him? You might as well suppose that you could repress the action of nature when spring comes. It will blossom. She will put forth her beauties and her fragrance and her fruitage at last whether you will or not. If you do not help her she will do it alone. Well, now, an idea came into the world from John Wesley. What did he say? Every man in Divine Providence has a work to do; if he has only the grace he will be helped by the spirit of the Lord to do it at once, here and now. That work is the work of the missionary to his fellowmen. So you see the great Methodist church came from one single idea—that the human spirit is a power to bring into the world true salvation. Well, that is only stating it with thoughts. We have nothing to do with thoughts. I differ almost totally from John Wesley, as I do not want many of you do. But the idea that we are missionaries to one

another, you all accept without controversy. You do not need a great intellectual display to say that living for others—as a mother for her babe or grown up daughter and son, or the father in the other world for them all—is performing a sublimer and more beautiful, grateful service than you can possibly do for your personal self. All you love is added to you; all you love, you own. You possess more than they know who are possessed. Whatever you can thoroughly take into your nature is thoroughly your property. You have no other property that will last forever. All the rest will go with the wings of the morning.

I like to think how these glorious ideas got into the world. Just think of that woman, Ann Lee, a woman whom Paul discomfited with his thoughts, not with his ideas. By the way, it is difficult to find an idea in Paul. Paul had many glorious thoughts, enthusiasms, heroic bursts of noble nature in religion and was willing to do and die for the truth. But he said that women must keep silence. Could Ann Lee keep silence? She could not. She had an idea that had to be born through her. Oh, the newspapers made great fun of her; the Nast of that period caricatured her. How many persons had their fun while she suffered more than words can tell, under the divine pressure that evolved through her, its expression. "There is a mother as well as a father side to God." Mother God! The woman nature will cling to the Father. That is because vines always grow up towards the sun. The feminine nature will grow up towards the Father spirit above and the masculine towards the Mother's side.

Ann Lee said, "God is Mother and Father too." How beautifully Theodore Parker expressed that so long after in a great hall in the city of Boston and surrounded by the best, bravest, some of the noblest of that great centre. When Ann Lee brought her great idea into the world she did not see its import. I tell you the Shakers do not understand it any more than the Methodists understand John Wesley or the Presbyterians the works of John Calvin. I tell you the Shakers do not understand, any more than the Quakers do, the beautiful spirit that was at the very heart of their great work. But something more had to be said. John Murray had to come. Well, how was he led by the spirit? What did he announce? Something new; the perfection and the universality and the all-conquering power of the love of God. Well, I am happy to announce that I am a disciple of John Murray. John Murray had innumerable thoughts about the texts, just as Wesley had, just as the other theologians and ministers have. That is their property; I have nothing to do with that. If you have nothing else to do, read their thoughts; it may amuse you, perplex you; it may teach you what not to believe, but it will enlarge your knowledge of what has been done, and when you come to his idea, you will be at home and happy. I am happy with John Murray, and I believe this moment he knows it and all the others, too.

Now let me call your attention to another instrument—Dr. William Ellery Channing. He read all the thoughts of all his predecessors and the thoughts of those who wrote the Bible and saw that the whole was predicated upon the infinite capacity of the human spirit for eternal improvement! The infinite capacity of all things human for eternal improvement—that is the seed of the whole Unitarian movement. I have seen plenty of Unitarians, however, who do not always recognize the idea, notwithstanding they preach thought after thought. What cultured men they are! What charming literature they evolve. Some of them are the very paragons of eloquence and of cultivation. But I tell you they do not always recognize this idea amid all these beautiful thoughts, that man's capacity for eternal improvement is the basis of all human concern and progress. O, I am a disciple of Channing, too. I sometimes think that when Theodore Parker got hold of the Bible and turned it the other side foremost, it was a new book. He found something in it entirely different from all others. He read it over and again. He had a mind that could take in a whole library of intelligence. The books were gathered in his sacred room from floor to ceiling. You were obliged to go up steps as they do in book-stores, to get at the great domes full of wealth. He could read them in any language and he read the Bible in any language, and he discovered this idea, that man's spirit has within itself, the consciousness of its own destiny; the truth that we are born for a purpose and for an infinite purpose. Well, now, it is not often that we are blessed with that idea. But when we catch it, it warms everything and makes everything blossom as the rose.

So when we come to Mr. Parker, he reaffirmed Ann Lee and Channing, and developed so much more, made the human spirit equal to itself and the repository of the prophecies of its eternal career. O, how often we may think upon that and yet not see the fullness of the grandeur of it! But it is there, and however long we may live, whenever we come to a serious, internal state of mind, we will realize it. "I was not made for this; I am not at home. I am uneasy, I am homesick. What is the matter with me?" Ah, those are the vague thoughts, the savage language of the soul before the speech has arrived, before the intuitions have declared their fullness of voice. If you only have some light coming

down through those beautiful windows that open up into the infinite, right over head, why, down through the still air you will hear the notes of voices that you will be glad to hear again and again. They will tell you that you are for another and better world and a better career. And I care not how low or high a man may be in the estimation of his fellows, whether he is in a cell in Center street, or whether he is in a beautiful mansion in Fifth avenue, if he is dark in the summits, he is without God and hope in the world; and whatever can open a higher place in his spirit—a prayer, music or the love of his child—that moment a man feels the primal idea of Theodore Parker. It may not last; it may vanish, but will it not be well to cultivate it? Will you not cultivate it?

But here are men about us; let us see. We come first to our brilliant diamond upon the bosom of intellectual progress in the religious world—Mr. Frothingham. I cannot say that he has yet developed an idea. His thoughts lie so close to ideas, make a bouquet so perfect, that you almost think the tree is here or the stalk or stem. But you find the same down through the histories of the past, and in Mr. Frothingham's discourses and in his spirit you will find the bouquet of the thoughts of the past. He knows them by name, he can give them in Latin with a grace that surpasses almost any other orator in New York. Let us send our prayers and gratitude after him.

Here is a sweet and glorious spirit, on the hill, trying to make an orthodox church, Unitarian, a church that did turn Osgood over into the Episcopal and did destroy Heyworth. Yes, it destroyed him, that is for a Unitarian, turned him over into a great tabernacle by the Central Depot. From that depot he has sent people onward to wherever they propose to go. But you will notice that church is a medium. They cannot make that a Unitarian church. I believe that places are often more mediumistic than persons. The first moment I met Mr. Collyer I remember was in Chicago many years ago. I went down some steps—everybody had to go down steps from the sidewalk to get into anybody's house. His was a little house, unpainted, with a little sign—"Robert Collyer, City Missionary." I saw people going in there with bundles of clothes. That was going on all the time. Robert Collyer was helping people to help each other. I do not see that there is any idea to be mentioned further than that he is giving expression to these glorious and beautiful thoughts that associated with ideas have come down with the tide of centuries, surging up against him because he is all sensitive to them and the moment he feels the lapping of the waves of thought, he is kindled, and like the angels who kindle their beacon fires on the pinnacle of their temples, he warns and leads humanity. He is a large and glorious man.

Here is another man, what a genius for work and what a close, critical man he is! He is an Anabaptist, who brings to bear the conscientiousness of the Hebrew mind, its determination to carve out clearly, in accordance with righteousness, whatever there is to be done. What a sublime sincerity and enthusiasm there is blazing behind his words! He is one of the live, fine men of the times, who is bringing humanity clear out into the sunlight of definite information. Let us be thankful for him.

There are other lights that are burning in our midst. Here is a lady who from Sunday to Sunday is feeding the people about her most excellently—Mrs. Van Cott. I have listened to her; I make it a point to listen to any woman or to any man. Then there is a sweet ministry in our city, who has the simplicity of a child and the sweet majesty of a woman, who declares the glory of truth as it is poured over her tongue. She is giving expression to these thoughts, aspirations, ideas. They are often very harmonious. They are always spiritual and sentimental.

Now I feel thankful that I am alive to-day and here, and I am thankful, good friends, that you are here alive and that you mean from this time to sit down at this table of the feast of the Passover—this table of ideas. Let the thought go. We are Lutherans, we are Calvinists, we are members of the school of George Fox, of John Wesley or John Murray, of Ann Lee, of Channing, of Theodore Parker, of Frothingham, Collyer, Adler, Brigham, all these. But I tell you we are that and something more. I ask you to sit at this feast. The dishes that are brought on are the work of centuries and they are spread upon this table before you.

I know you will be fastidious. You can not take the side dishes especially, but take time, taste one and then another. They are all before you. Isn't this the Lord's supper? I know of no other.

I have one more word to say to you this morning and that is, there is another movement in the world that has an idea at its heart. It is known as Spiritualism. Oh, how many discords, how many diameters, how many impositions, frauds, false prophets and false Christs cluster about this beautiful diamond. What is it? The demonstration of the personal immortality of every human being. Luther did nothing with that, nor Calvin nor any of these persons. That is a new idea, and it is central to the progress of the world. We are talking from the Harmonical standpoint. That standpoint is from an idea, physis and sophos. Physis, to love; sophos, wisdom.

Continued on Eighth Page.

Reviews, Items, and Criticisms.

BY J. M. NEEDLES.

THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: While far from endorsing all the racy dogmas and theories that the Rev. Joseph Cook puts before the public in his Boston lectures, I nevertheless admire the man. He is evidently in earnest. He dares to grapple with every living issue—dare, and did tell in late Boston addresses, mostly orthodox, that "Prof. Zoeller, Fechner, and Schleier, of Leibniz University, Prof. Schlegel, of Stuttgart and Prof. Uriel of Halle University, are all believers in the reality of the alleged spiritual manifestations." In the same lecture he gave the impudent and arrogant Prof. Hammond, of New York, a deserved slap, and then dubbed him professor of the "Cravat Philosophy."

WAILS FROM THE UNIVERSALISTS. The last autumn Universalist General Convention, held in Minneapolis, "seems," says the *Star* in the West, "to have been utterly lacking in legislative ambition, and accomplished nothing to mark its existence," etc.

A delegate writing in the same *Star* pronounces the convention "lame" and utterly lacking enthusiasm. . . . "We have not a live church in Kansas, since Bro. Bishop's was burned; not one in Colorado, nor Dakota, or Texas (or in the flourishing State of California), or in any of the territories. And yet we boastfully talk of being the church of the future! Rather let us ask if we shall have a name to live in the future!" Exactly so. This much is certain: Universalists have a less number of churches in Boston, and a less number of clergymen active in the ministry now than they had a quarter of a century ago.

They are not quite orthodox enough to be 'ellowshipped by orthodox christians; nor liberal enough to be much in sympathy with cultured Unitarians. Hence they stand out in the cold growing and gushing their oeth.

But another wall! The Rev. Mr. Briggs, Auburn, N. Y., recently wrote to the Universalist *Star* as follows:

"There could be no more inviting field for missionary enterprise, particularly in view of the fact that some fifteen church edifices in good order and unincumbered with debt stand ready as rallying points for any one who has the zeal and self-devotion to undertake the task. . . . Into the causes of this declension we are not careful to inquire. . . . But we may say that our cause has suffered seriously from Spiritualism. At McLean's fine meeting house with organ and all appurtenances complete, has drifted into the hands of the adherents of this declension. Those who have been thus led astray have never been indoctrinated with the gospel, and hence fell an easy prey to superstition."

Will Mr. Briggs permit me to tell him before proceeding further, that his ignorance of genuine Spiritualism is only excelled by the impudence he manifests in the above quotations. But what is to be done, Bro. Briggs, to recruit those "fifteen" dead churches? Pardon me for suggesting that you appoint Rev. Mr. Austin (who is rarely absent from church), Rev. Mr. Fiske, of Syracuse, Rev. Mr. Foster, of Utica—all pure and saintly—with some twelve others of like ilk, to take charge of them; and I will assume the responsibility of appointing the Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., to conduct and install these ministers into their respective churches.

Spiritualism, a "superstition" and a "delusion," is it? Then I personally know thirty Universalist ministers that are "superstitious" and "deluded."

A year or two since a prominent member of the Universalist Society, here in Hampton, N. J., called upon Mrs. Peabody for a contribution to aid in the support of the Rev. Moses Ballou, of Philadelphia. And during the conversation this gentleman admitted that "every member of the Universalist Society, so far as he knew, except two, were Spiritualists"—and yet "deluded," were they? "Superstitious" are they?

Will Bro. Briggs permit me to further inform him that the lamented Rev. Moses Ballou was an avowed Spiritualist—that he patronized the Spiritualist journals—that he held spiritual stances in his house at Atco, and that I once sat with him in a spiritual circle on a Sunday in Philadelphia at the well-known residence of Col. S. P. Kase. Dare you wickedly slander the dead by pronouncing the Rev. Moses Ballou "deluded" and "superstitious?"

Before the Rev. Mr. Briggs writes for the press again, he would do well to study psychic phenomena, quicken his spiritual nature and read the progressive literature of the age.

DARWINISM DARED UPON A MIRACLE.

Turning to Darwin's Origin of Species, 4th ed., p. 429, I find this passage: "Life was originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved."

If the above passage does not involve a miracle in the same sense that the Mosaic record does in saying that God "breathed" into man "the breath of life," etc., then words have no meaning. It is just as little amusing to see how readily modern Sadducees choke and strangle at a Mosaic miracle, or a well-authenticated spiritual manifestation; while a Darwinian miracle slips down like buttered toast.

It is but justice, however, to say that Mr. Darwin himself admits considerable change of opinion. These are his words in "Descent of Man," vol. 1, p. 146:

"In the earlier editions of my 'Origin of Species' I probably attributed too much to the action of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest. I have altered the fifth edition of the Origin so as to confine my remarks to adaptive changes of structure."

Mr. Darwin in confessing that he "attributed too much to the action of natural selection," and in "altering" his editions reveals his true greatness. Sincerely do I wish that many of Darwin's American disciples, had the modesty and wisdom of their master. As a fact-gatherer—as a patient student of nature, Mr. Darwin has few, if any, equals and one class of his facts form a necessary segment in the grand circle of evolution.

COLD COMFORT FROM PROF. TYNDALL AND FROM HARDWICK'S "SCIENCE TALK."

In Prof. Tyndall's *Fortnightly Review* article, published awhile since, I find the following admissions:

"If asked to deduce from the physical interaction of the brain-molecules the least of the phenomena of sensation or thought we must acknowledge our helplessness."

"The mechanical philosopher, as such, will never place a state of consciousness and a group of molecules in the relation of mover and moved. In passing from the one to the other we meet a blank which the

logic of deduction is unable to fill.

"Intelligent feeling is as much a variety as any other part of human consciousness; and against it, on its subjective side, the waves of science beat in vain."

"I could see that his (Carlyle's) contention at bottom always was that the human soul has claims and yearnings which physical science cannot satisfy."

"It seemed high time to him (Virechow) to enter an energetic protest against the attempts that are made to proclaim the problems of research as actual facts, and the opinions of scientists as established science."

In the same article Prof. Tyndall says, "I agree with Virechow that the proofs of spontaneous generation are still wanting." These are Tyndall's telling words. "I hold with Virechow that the failures have been lamentable, that the doctrine is utterly discredited."

Prof. Tyndall further says:

"If asked whether science has solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of the universe, I must shake my head in doubt. Behind and above and around us the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages."

"There ought to be a clear distinction made between science in the state of hypothesis and science in the state of fact."

"And inasmuch as it is still in its hypothetical stage, the ban of exclusion ought to fall upon the theory of evolution."

"After speaking of the theory of evolution applied to the primitive condition of matter, as belonging to the dim twilight of conjecture, the certainty of experimental inquiry is here shut out."

"Those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they only yield to it a provisional assent."

Hardwick's Science Gossip in treating of the "contradictions involved in the Darwinian theory" assures us that—

"There are some twenty thousand species of animals, and not one instance is known of different species being crossed without sterility ensuing in the animal thus begot. It seems a law of Nature to keep species apart. Darwin, to support his hypothesis, has to assume that there may have been a time when this law was reversed. What would be thought of an astronomer, if he were to argue that though the attraction of gravitation is true now, there may have been a time when an apple thrown into the air would travel forever in space? Darwin's argument is precisely similar, though its fallacy is not so obvious at first sight. If the Darwinian theory be true, a multitude of animals should be discovered in various stages of physical change, which would defy the efforts of naturalists to classify. As is well known, the reverse of this is true. A skilled naturalist finds no difficulty in placing each newly-discovered animal in its proper order."

DR. WILLIAM CROOKES, AND "RADIANT MATTER."

Among my acquaintances in the enlightened countries of the world, there is none whom I hold in higher esteem than Dr. William Crookes, of London. He will accept my thanks for "Radiant Matter" and other documents.

Speaking of Mr. Crookes's contributions to physical and chemical science, the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* makes this observation:

"Prof. William Crookes is unquestionably the most indefatigable and successful experimenter now living."

In the closing paragraph of his Sheffield address, before the British Association, he remarks as follows:

"We have in these researches actually touched the border-land where matter and force seem to merge into one another, the shadowy realm between known and unknown, which for me has always had peculiar temptations. I venture to think that the greatest scientific problems of the future will find their solutions in this border-land and even beyond; here it seems to me lie ultimate realities, subtle, far-reaching, wonderful."

Golden words these from a man every way the peer of Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer.

All alive with a love for science, Professor Crookes dared to lead off into a field quite unexplored—that field relating to the "fourth condition of matter," sometimes denominated "interstellar ether," where palpable emanations, and half-hidden causes play important parts in the realm of forces.

Scientists have long treated of matter in its threefold states, solid, liquid and gaseous; but now the fourth condition, the supergaseous, has been discovered. May there not be a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, where matter, better termed spirit-substance, naturally unites and assimilates with essential spirit, thus bridging the chasm, and introducing categorical—incalculable scientists to the dwellers who people the thither side of the border-land?

HURDON TUTTLE'S CRITICISM CRITICIZED.

The Parker Memorial Hall lectures delivered in Boston, elicited from Bro. Tuttle both praise and censure—all of which is well. As usual, however, in these review efforts, he begins by reminding the public of my "theological education." Of this I am proud—considering it infinitely better to be educated in an institution both literary and theological than to receive little education and that in a school rampant with materialism and irreligion. Evidently Mr. Tuttle agrees with me in this, else he would not have sent his children to Oberlin.

And here again comes the old complaint of Bro. Tuttle, viz., that in treating of salvation, I used the terms "Christ"—"Christ-principle" and "Christ-spirit"—used them in just the same way they were used by Channing, Theodore Parker, and A. J. Davis. The latter in his *Penitential*, p. 69, speaks of the "principle of Love, the Christ-principle."

That Mr. Tuttle's criticism, touching the terms Christ—Christian—and Christ-spirit, is untimely and exceedingly inconsistent, will appear the more evident when I inform the readers of the JOURNAL, that Bro. Tuttle some time last year became a member of the Independent Christian Church of Alliance, Ohio—said church giving him a certificate authorizing him to perform the marriage ceremony and enjoy all the advantages of a Christian minister. Possibly our brother felt when joining this "Independent Christian Church," like singing this dear old hymn:

"Oh, what a blessing is this
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I
Gathered into the fold
With believers united,
With believers to live and die."

But more than this—he has joined the "Knights of the Sacred Cross" in Mantus,

Ohio. I've only to ask Bro. Tuttle if—"the Sacred Cross"—and the "Independent Christian Church"—are not rather "old bottles" for the "new wine" he writes so much about?

Again, Mr. Tuttle faults my opinion as to the location of the human soul. Mr. Davis in his *Penitential* speaks of "the centre of the head" as "the seat of the soul." In locating the human soul between the cerebrum and the cerebellum at the point of the pineal gland, or conarium, I followed Descartes, Davis, and intelligent spirits. Mr. Tuttle sneers at their opinions. Therefore, it is incumbent upon him to tell us where—just where—in the bodily organism the soul is located! My critic believes that the soul is an entity—believes that it exists, and there is no plainer axiom than that whatever exists must exist somewhere, and the term somewhere implies location; therefore I ask Mr. Tuttle—and press the point—wherein the physical organism does he locate the soul? If in the thumb, or foot, or solar plexus, let him say so. But if he does not know, or if he has no well-matured opinion upon the subject, he had better have kept still. The man who tears down a neighbor's house without constructing a better one, is considered a nuisance rather than a benefactor.

On Sunday next I speak in Philadelphia. Tuesday evening of next week I deliver the opening address in a new hall lately secured by the Spiritualists of New York residing in the vicinity of what was once called Harlem. During the month of March I am engaged to lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., and so on; there is no end to labor for the willing toiler. The field, now as in the Nazarene's time, is this world. At present I am at home with my family, and in my library, happiest spot to me on earth.

Hammondon, N. J.

LIFE WITH THE SPIRITS.

By Ex-Clericus.

(Continued from last Number.)

MY PUBLISHED VOLUME.

And now at length I came to the special work for which I seem to have been guided into this harmonious and pleasant retirement, although I was not aware of this purpose until some time after my arrival here. I was to prepare for the press a small volume entitled "Spirit-Intercourse," a work which was wholly accomplished during my stay here. Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston, then the leading publishing house of the denomination to which I belonged, were my publishers; but I was able to attend to my part of the work at Hopedale, by having the corrected proofs sent and returned by mail. This volume was largely a compilation of matter previously published by me in papers and periodicals, so that the undertaking was not a difficult one, but served to occupy my spare time and energies quite pleasantly. In this, as in most other of my enterprises, I was conscious of acting under a strong impelling influence from the higher grade of my spirit helpers and guides. And I have never had occasion to regret that, in this instance, I followed the promptings thus given. I have reason to believe that my little book did a good work in calling the attention of candid and intelligent persons to the subject, then so new and imperfectly understood. Proofs of this have come to me in various ways, even down to quite a recent period. The last of these was in the shape of a letter from a stranger in Sacramento, Cal., dated some six or eight years ago, from which I take the following:

"Are you the Rev. ——— who wrote a book called Spirit-Intercourse? If so, I owe you a debt of gratitude; for several years ago, I got hold of such a book, and it set me to thinking, and I have been thinking ever since."

The book was not stereotyped, and the one only edition published, has long been out of print.

There was one incident connected with the preparation of this volume, that I now feel inclined to give to the public, although by so doing, I may lay myself open to a suspicion of something like moral cowardice in the past. About thirty pages of the volume were occupied with a series of questions and answers entitled "Conversations with Invisible Friends," various topics having been discussed in this way in a manner extremely interesting to me.

Prominent among these topics were several of a theological character; and herein it was that the radicalism of the invisible writers was, in some particulars, so extreme as fairly to frighten me into a suppression of some portion of what was given me. I will now give that which was by me ruled out of my published volume, being somewhat encouraged to this course by the fact that, since that time, substantially the same views have come before the public in at least two different forms. I now allude to a pamphlet entitled "Jesus Christ: the true manner of his death," purporting to be from an original manuscript found among the Essenes; and to a late work of William Denton's, the views of which were mostly obtained psychometrically, the title of the volume being, "What was He?"

The rejected part of the conversations was as follows, my own part not being fully written but, but sufficiently so, I think, to bring out the full meaning of what came from the other side:

Are these so-called miracles to be generally admitted as historic facts?

Generally, they are; but there are some exceptions to this admission, as for instance, those accounts which speak of the resurrection of dead persons. But these are not wholly incorrect. The persons referred to were doubtless in an unconscious state, and to all outward appearance dead. But the final separation of the spirit, from the material body, had not taken place, else, in the very nature of the case, there could have been no return of the former into the latter."

"You wish to know how it was in the case of Christ; we answer that even here it was much as stated above. There was, it is true, an unusual time between his apparent death and restoration. But yet it was not otherwise than as already stated. The story of his body being placed by a soldier was not of actual occurrence. It was, like many others, an invention of later ages. You do not seem to believe what we are now saying; but we assure you that we speak from certain knowledge when we say that there is no such thing as a return to the body after it has once been fairly left."

"You may not know our reasons for speaking thus positively; but you will, as we trust, receive our testimony when it is thus firmly and unqualifiedly given. You can ask further questions, if you choose."

In response to a mental question: "You are in doubt as to the truthfulness of our account from the known fact that the Roman soldiers were not accustomed to do

their work slightly; and this we confess is, at first thought, a serious objection. But the truth is that they did not wish to be thorough, and hence they were disposed to wink at some few omissions from the usual course of proceeding. It is not true that they thrust the spear into his side until it reached his heart; it was only a feigned action on the part of the soldier employed. You do not seem to accept what we are saying; but we assure you that our statement is made on the best authority; we mean that of persons who had something to do with the transaction. We do not mean to say that our statement is made on the present personal authority of Christ himself, but only on that of a general belief which has ever prevailed in the Spirit-world and which rests upon a statement that originally came from that high source. You seem staggered at this claim to a full knowledge; but you should not doubt its truth, for we know what we say on this point."

How can we reconcile this with his own prophecy concerning his death and resurrection?

"You must not suppose that what was attributed to him in this respect, actually came from him; it was an inference which others drew from a supposed fact that another recorded. It is not true that he said that he should be put to death and rise again. It is only true that he said he should be put to death. He did not come to life again; he only recovered from a deep, death-like swoon, and then lingered for a while among his disciples until the time of his natural departure came, which was not long after that severe experience when all forgot him and fled, whilst he suffered and bled to perfect exhaustion."

Were any of his friends in the secret of this strange transaction?

"We do not know as to that; but it is not probable that they were. They supposed him to be dead until they went to embalm his body."

What then must be said of his ascension, or the final mode of his departure?

"He did not ascend in the manner related; he only died in a natural and quiet way. . . . Yes, there was deception among his friends in this. They thought it would not do to admit what they now knew about his not dying upon the cross, for fear that the old animosity of the Jews would be revived. They therefore invented the story of his resurrection and ascension. It is true that Paul, and some others believed firmly in this, but it is no less true that they were mistaken. You need not think so strangely of this, for it is only one of the many instances of a self-induced falsity. But Jesus himself gave no sanction to the imposition. On the contrary, he did all in his power to prevent it. But after his severe suffering upon the cross, he was feeble, and not able to do much until the time of his actual death, which was only about a week after. His body was then taken and buried secretly."

Were any of the apostles knowing to this transaction?

"Probably not; they were only his most intimate friends and relatives who contrived and carried out this design. He was not with his apostles after the event of his suffering; it is a mistake of the New Testament records when this is said."

"But you must not dwell longer upon this topic; it is a difficult one to you, we know; but you may fully rely upon what we have said as being the truth."

Will you indicate any others of the miracles that are not historically true?

"It would do no good, and might do harm by shaking your faith still more seriously; so we would rather not at present. You can, however, ask questions in regard to some particular ones, if you wish; but it is our opinion that our time might be more profitably employed."

Thus have I given entire, what of these conversations was suppressed in my published volume. I am very positive that the replies to my questions did not come from my own individual mental action. The view of the case was novel to me; and its expression was a forced, rather than a voluntary one. It is true that by a sudden and energetic action of my own will, I might have thrown myself out of the guiding control; but I was too much interested in watching the unfolding of the new thoughts to do this. Besides, the writing was done so rapidly, and with such an emphasis of will-force, that I was, as it were, fascinated in my position until the impelling power was withdrawn.

To be Continued.

Are All Human Souls Immortal?

BY SAMUEL EARLE.

It seems that the above proposition has become a topic of quite general discussion, if not of general interest to the readers of the JOURNAL. I have been interested as well as amused, at the different positions taken, and the different conclusions arrived at, by different contributors upon this subject. If the solution of the above problem is of such transcendent importance as Brother Case supposes, it becomes quite important that it be authoritatively settled, but who will settle it? Judging from the attempts that have been made, and from the widely different conclusions arrived at, it will be a long time before Spiritualism is reduced to a science, if it depends, as Bro. Case imagines, upon the solution of this problem, especially if such decision depends upon the mere opinions of different individuals. The living have been interrogated, the so-called dead evoked. Seers, clairvoyants and mediums who profess to hold converse with the denizens of the other world, have been consulted, and the end is not yet, some affirming and others denying the proposition; yet I do not consider this discussion as labor lost, for many valuable lessons may be learned from these conflicting conclusions, even when coming from a source we might reasonably expect would be able to inform us definitely whether the doctrine of infant annihilation is true (a conclusion, it seems to me, to be inevitable, if the propositions or statements of Bro. Case and Tuttle are true); a sentiment that every instinct of my nature repudiates, and is only second in the category of absurdities to the old theological notion of infant damnation.

Supposing these conflicting statements and conclusions to have been made by spirits in the other world, may we not reasonably conclude that "death is not a great step in advance," that the second life is not vastly removed from the first, either in the height of the grade, or the consciousness thereof, as has generally been supposed. Strip death of its vagaries; make it a common sense matter; call it simply a step forward in continued existence, and that the apparently mysterious change neither makes one better or worse, more wise or foolish. Then these contradictory statements and conclusions, will seem less inconsistent with the reputed gravity of death, and it will not be expected that literate spirits will know more than living sages

or a "thou saith the spirits" be a finality—a lesson, I fear, that many who claim to be Spiritualists have yet to learn. It will also teach us not to be discouraged, for there are many things in this life, the nature of which we would like to know that those in the second, at their best, would be unable to tell us.

I have not the vanity to attempt an analysis of the human soul; the subject is too vast, too complicated, too subtle for my feeble powers. I believe that nothing but its eternal Author, can fathom its intricate possibilities. But there are a few propositions or statements made by Bro. Case and Tuttle, to which I will call the attention of the readers of the JOURNAL. I do not think their conclusions are logically drawn from the premises stated; neither do I think their premises are true, and in either case it would be impossible to arrive, with any degree of certainty, at the truth or falsity of the matter in question. Bro. Case affirms "It is the brain that makes the mind or intellect, and it is the intellect that confers immortality." Both these propositions are mere assumptions, and both mooted questions, and stand in need of proof; hence they are not premises from which correct conclusions can be drawn. The converse of the first proposition would seem to me to be nearer the exact truth. Again he says, "A well developed physical brain, harmoniously organized, will produce a good intellect, and a good intellect, well balanced, will cause one to live in compliance with the laws, and this obedience will confer immortality"—which statements are subject to the same objections as the first. But will Bro. Case explain to us what developed the physical brain? What caused it to be harmoniously organized, and what caused it to produce a good intellect? If intellect or mind is the product of a physical brain, will he also tell us how a product can contain properties and principles that do not exist in the producing cause? Will he affirm the old proposition that "Something may come from nothing?" a conclusion unavoidable if his premises are true. Nor does his explanation, when he says, "By the brain I mean not to be understood strictly in a physical sense, but as representing its mental characteristics," help him, for if the physical brain had mental characteristics, it must of necessity have intellect, in which case the intellect could not have been the product of the brain. The brain could not have been both cause and effect at one and the same time. How did individualized intelligence derive its existence, save by virtue of an intelligent cause, I cannot understand, and would like to be informed.

Again, if it is true, as Bro. Case affirms, that the intellect is a product of the physical brain, (and admitting, as all must that the physical brain is subject to death and decomposition,) does it not logically follow from the premises assumed, that when the brain is decomposed the intellect will cease to exist?—not proving conditional immortality, but the total annihilation of all men! The difficulty with Bro. Case's argument, I think, is in attempting to solve purely spiritual problems from a physical or material standpoint, when no analogy exists between the two. Because a persistent violation of the laws of our physical bodies will produce death here, he infers that a like violation or disobedience to law in the after life, will produce spiritual death or annihilation, and his whole argument is based upon the supposition that an exact analogy exists between the operation of the laws in the two worlds, and if such analogy actually exists, as Bro. Case supposes, the matter of continued existence and its duration can be very easily determined. We know that the physical organization, without regard to physical existence or disobedience of law upon the part of the individual, is liable to be destroyed in thousands of ways, being dependent upon all previous conditions and relations for its production, sustentation and development, and is necessarily subject to an almost endless variety of casualties incident to such a vast variety of conditions and relations, any one of which might put an end to its existence. Now, if Bro. Case's analogy holds good, there must be an almost endless number of ways by which spirit existence might be ended, without regard to obedience or disobedience of law on its part.

It is also a law pertaining to the physical man, that all must die sooner or later, and that the "Blessed" only survive a period of about three score years and ten, the average duration of life on the globe being about thirty-three years. If Brother Case's analogy holds good, the average duration of spirit existence will be about thirty-three years, and in any case not to exceed about one hundred, regardless of obedience to law. Again, he says that he does not believe in the sentimental notion that all the dishonest, wandering, deceitful Diakka of the other world, are to be redeemed, since they have no aspirations for any thing good, but glory in wickedness and persistent violation of law. This to a certain extent, it seems to me, is the reiteration of the old theological notion of the fall of man through disobedience, and as a result total depravity. Does Bro. Case really believe there ever was, or ever will be, in this or any other world, a human being so depraved that he is wholly bad, without one spark of good to relieve his baseness; and so hopelessly lost that he has no compassion in his soul, no touches of pity, no chords of love, no aspirations for any thing good; no desire for improvement, but glories in wickedness and persistent violation of laws? I can't believe that such a being ever existed, except in a distempered imagination.

Bro. Tuttle agrees with Bro. Case in regard to conditional immortality, but thinks that, instead of immortality being conferred by obedience to law, the human soul as an entirety depends upon an outgrowth of progressive development; that a certain degree of refinement is absolutely essential, above which is immortality and below which is nonentity; that no certain time can be given when man becomes immortal, that depending upon the infant's development, and that spirit existence may be limited by a day, a year, a thousand years, and then expire. Such are the teachings (says Brother Tuttle) of his spirit guides, etc.

Query: Have the spirit guides of Brother Tuttle or any other person, arrived through progressive development, at that stage of mental growth that they cannot annul their charters to eternal life, and are they conscious of the fact? If not, how do they know that immortality is a fact? If they have, is it not reasonable to suppose they might tell us with certainty whether infants departing this life, have attained, or can by the same law of development attain, this condition in the next? If requires no great amount of mental growth in this life to determine whether infants develop into manhood and womanhood, and I cannot see how it could be more difficult for spirits out of the body to tell whether infants departing this life, attain immortality through progressive development in the next? Is

Continued on Third Page.

JOHN C. BUNDY, - - - Editor.
J. B. FRANCIS, - - - Associate Editor

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Editorial Notes of Travel.

The monotonous daily routine duties of the editor of a spiritual paper, added to the cares and responsibilities of his position, strongly tend to mold him into a fixed groove, to lessen his scope of vision and to affect his judgment on practical matters of highest concern in this utilitarian age. To fill the position with even approximate success, these tendencies to isolation, machine-work and hobby riding, must be rigidly guarded against. To work for the people, the editor must mingle with them, partake of their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, listen carefully to the suggestions of those old in experience, and carefully garner the stores of wisdom accumulated by intelligent students of our phenomena and philosophy. And when one aspires to conduct a paper upon an independent, unsectarian, scientific and philosophical basis as we do the JOURNAL, it is all important that he should mingle with intelligent, cultured non-Spiritualists; such collision of minds is necessary to enable one to grasp the whole truth, for there are innumerable workers outside of Spiritualism, giving us precious spiritual truths just as valuable and as deeply inspired as any emanating from Spiritualists. Thomas, Swing, Collyer, Savage, Adler, and hosts of others are at times just as truly instruments for disseminating spiritual truths and as fully inspired as any of the bright lights in our own ranks. The more learned and cultured the medium, other things being favorable, the greater is the facility with which the Spirit-world can express itself, and contact with such minds is essential to those who aspire to bring the world to a knowledge of the stupendous facts and transcendent truths of Spiritualism. Again, the mind must often be electrified by powerful opposing views before it can do its best work, and frequently the clearest sparks of spiritual truth are the results of such collision. Furthermore, there are rich veins of spiritual knowledge which can only be worked by visiting the homes where they are concealed and where in social, pleasant converse, valuable and heretofore hidden treasures, are secured and laid away for future use.

Realizing all these things most acutely, we have striven to the extent permitted by our onerous duties, to take advantage of them all, and whenever opportunity offers we make the most of it. For six months past we have been daily on the watch for the propitious time, when, accompanied by the woman to whom we are indebted for more than seventeen years of happy married life, and to whose active daily assistance in the office for the past three years a goodly proportion of the success of the JOURNAL is due, we could take a trip through the principle eastern cities. One morning in January the consummation of our desire seemed as far from fulfillment as ever, when suddenly we felt that mysterious Rush, which we have long since come to recognize as from the Spirit-world, and instantly all seemed ready for the journey; within an hour it was settled that we should start on the evening of the 28th.

Arriving in Brooklyn on the morning of the 30th, we at once sought the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Nichols, where such a hearty welcome was given us that it will ever be remembered. We were agreeably surprised to find other guests also in the persons of Mrs. Augusta Cooper-Bristol and Mrs. Hope Whipple. After breakfast, Judge Good called in to pay his respects, and accompanied us in a call upon Dr. Wm. Flabough, with whom we passed a profitable hour in listening to his masterly exposition of problems which have long occupied his attention. Later in the day we called upon our old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Crowell, and were gratified to find them in better health than we had expected. In the evening we spent several hours most happily at the public

RECEPTION BY THE BROOKLYN FRATERNITY,
tendered us before leaving home, an ac-

count of which by Mr. Nichols has already been published.

Saturday the 31st was busily passed in calling upon Bro. A. J. Davis and others, and in the evening we attended the meeting of the Brooklyn Fraternity, where Mrs. Bristol was announced for a lecture. Every seat in the hall was occupied and the audience was one of the most intelligent we ever saw, one of which Bro. Nichols was fully justified in being proud. Mrs. Bristol's lecture was an able effort, evincing much research and a heart full of love for humanity; this lady possesses one of the finest molded heads we ever saw, and her calm, earnest, spiritual face is one never to be forgotten.

Sunday, Feb. 1st, was quietly passed at the elegant and happy home of Dr. and Mrs. Crowell, the latter delightfully entertaining Mrs. Bundy, while the host aided by Judge Good, caused us to lose all note of time. In the evening, through the courtesy of Dr. Crowell, we were able to spend an hour with Mollie Fancher, in whose sacred chamber we beheld the most wonderful exhibition of the power of the spirit over the body that we ever expect to see on earth. In a darkened room whose walls are profusely decorated with the invalid's artistic work, lying on a handsome bed, was the object of our interest. Though totally blind and so sensitive as to be unable to bear the sun's rays, never free from pain and often suffering intensely, yet her countenance is cheerful, her mind bright and active. Her spiritual sight enables her to read books and do the most delicate fancy work and coloring, it is claimed; we were shown many specimens of wax flowers, autumn leaves in wax, crochet and needle work, said to be done by her. During our interview she held a witty conversation with Dr. Crowell, whom she holds in high esteem; in reply to his question, "had she read his last book and what did she think of it," she replied: "Yes, most of it, but don't ask me what I think of it; ask me something easy." An inquiry from Mrs. Bundy elicited the following reply: "O, yes, a great many sorrowing people come to me for their comfort; they pour out their woes to me, and I have a little room in my heart for the troubles of each, which I lock up and send them off with lighter hearts." That strong men and women should seek this poor, blind, bed-ridden sufferer for spiritual aid and comfort, seems at first a strange anomaly until we remember that her spirit is held by so slight a tenure to its earthly tenement as to render her practically almost a denizen of the Spirit-world and enables her to bring therefrom the stores of spiritual consolation and wisdom, which she so cheerfully bestows upon the seeker. Next to the invalid in attraction is the loving devotion and sweet spirit of her aunt, Mrs. Crosby, who has given her life to the care of her niece. We also met a brother of the invalid, an unusually fine appearing young man. Procuring a thrilling memento of our visit, we bade them adieu with a feeling that we had seen the gates ajar and looked through into the world beyond.

A RECEPTION BY MR. AND MRS. HENRY J. NEWTON
 was given us on Monday evening the 2nd inst., at their residence, 128 West Forty-Third St., New York, where they had invited a goodly number of prominent Spiritualists to meet us.

The elegant parlors were filled with people, nearly all of whose names are more or less familiar to our readers, and many of whom we had often met before, but who now for the first time had the opportunity of greeting Mrs. Hyndy. After an hour of conversation, Bro. Newton called this company to order and brief remarks were made by a number of the guests, on the subject of Spiritualism, its mission and the proper methods for investigation and observation. We were greatly gratified to find a unanimity of sentiment closely in accord with the policy and methods of the JOURNAL. One statement made by our host in the course of his interesting remarks we wish to record; speaking of the investigation of spirit phenomena, he said, "A manifestation that can be accounted for in two ways, possesses no value for me." Here is the deliberate judgment of an earnest, intelligent Spiritualist of scientific attainments, who is expending as much time and money as any man in the country. We ask our readers to carefully ponder his remark and all that it implies, and to follow it in their investigations, rejecting everything purporting to be of spirit origin, that is doubtful or uncertain.

After the hour of speech-making on spiritual matters, Mrs. Newton brought us back to earth by serving refreshments, and at a late hour, after a most enjoyable evening, the company slowly and regretfully separated.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McVicker (of Chicago), Mrs. Helen T. J. Brigham, Mrs. E. L. Saxon (of New Orleans), Mr. and Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Hester M. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Nichols, Mr. H. Van Gelder, Mr. John Bullene, Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Geo. H. Jones, Mrs. Dr. Stocum, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Evans, Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, Mr. Sturgis, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Voigele, Mr. and Mrs. Cuzzino, and others.

Tuesday, the 3rd, we were the guests of Mrs. and Mrs. Bullen at their residence, 345 Fifth avenue, nearly opposite the marble palace where Mrs. Stewart lives in splendid loneliness. Our readers who were interested in Spiritualism twenty-five years ago will recall with a glow of pleasure the

beautiful and wondrously gifted trance speaker, Emma Jay, who in later years as Mrs. Bullene, has done most effective and lasting work for the cause. Though a delicate, fragile woman, she has a masculine strength of mind, which united to her quick intuition and correct moral discrimination the whole supplemented by a sweet and beautiful spirit, renders her one of the marked characters, without mention of whom no history of modern Spiritualism can be complete. There is no place more attractive to us than the private parlor of this noble woman, and we are glad to learn there is some prospect that she may again enter the lecture field. Among our callers on this day was our highly-prized friend, Mr. Bronson Murray, in whose company we called on Mrs. Jewett in her beautiful new home on East 67th St., where we found her as vivacious and interesting as of yore, with her faithful, devoted friend, Miss Phoebe Hull, for a companion. Accepting Mr. Murray's courteous offer to give a dinner in our honor the following week, and leaving Mrs. Bundy under the generous roof of Mrs. Jewett, we left on Wednesday evening the 4th, for a brief visit to Boston. During our three days' absence, Mrs. Bundy received every attention from our numerous friends in New York, attending a reception at Mrs. Deveraux Blake's, where our gifted contributor and esteemed friend, Mrs. Saxon, was the guest of the evening; also a gathering of notable workers in woman's interest at Dr. Lozier's.

In Boston we spent three very active days, receiving numerous calls at the Parker House, and finding when the limit of our stay had arrived, that we had not got half through our previously arranged programme, and must leave without seeing a quarter of the friends we had hoped to call upon. Among the first we went to see was our gifted friend, Lizzie Doten, whom we found living very quietly trying hard to gain health and strength, which let us hope, both for her sake and the good of Spiritualism, may soon come to her. Though entirely out of active life at present, her books of poems are silently and steadily doing their work in thousands of families, and she is held in loving regard by tens of thousands who will never see her face.

We had a sitting with Mrs. J. E. Potter, who has no superior as a trance test medium, and as has always been our good fortune when seeking communion with our spirit friends and counsellors through her mediumship, we received many fine tests and much good advice and encouragement from those in spirit life, who have a special interest in the spread of spiritual knowledge, and who believe the JOURNAL is one of the most effective means for the accomplishment of their beneficent purpose. In addition to her medial gifts, Mrs. Potter is a refined, intelligent lady. The first person to greet us on arriving in the city was that indefatigable investigator and genial good fellow, E. Gerry Brown, who having spent all his money and several years of time in trying to place Spiritualism in Boston upon a higher plane and who, for want of sufficient capital, was obliged to suspend the publication of the *Spiritual Scientist*, is now doing well as a partner in the publication of the *Bunker Hill Times*, published in Charlestown.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. PICKERING
was greatly desired by us, and recollecting that Mrs. Brown had made most thorough and satisfactory experiments with her, we solicited his aid in arranging for a private seance for us. He found the medium quite ill, suffering from a severe cold; without informing Mr. and Mrs. Pickering for whom it was desired, we having failed to instruct him specifically on that point, he sought to arrange for a seance on the following evening. They expressed grave doubts about its being possible in the precarious condition of the medium; but, Mr. Brown persisting, they agreed to give him a definite answer in the morning. On reporting progress and that he had not felt authorized to give our name, we expressed regret that he had not done so, as we desired them to be fully acquainted with the whole affair and to act intelligently. Calling on the medium Friday morning, the 6th inst., he found her feeling very ill, and in the judgment of herself and husband, unable to give the seance, especially in view of the fact that Saturday evening was the regular advertised night for a public seance; after getting this expression from them he then informed them

for whom the séance was desired, when at once they both affirmed they would give it, whatever the result might be, either on the health of the medium or the manifestations, and judging nonebut from their knowledge of the JOURNAL, that its editor desired only such manifestations as could be produced under conditions that would render a record of them of scientific value, Mr. and Mrs. Pickering proposed that the medium should sit outside the cabinet and in full view of the observers. Accordingly in the evening we called at 38 East Springfield st., where Mr. and Mrs. Pickering are located, and were received with a courteous welcome by Mr. Pickering, who invited our careful scrutiny of the cabinet and séance room. The cabinet is the same pattern heretofore described in the JOURNAL, and consists of black cambric curtains hung in the corner of the room against the solid brick wall on one side and a plaster partition on the other; across the front and about seven feet from the floor a small wooden hoop is sprung in, from which are suspended black cotton velvet curtains; the top is also covered with dark goods. The outside front is decorated with lace hangings, and altogether the cabinet presents a

neat, attractive appearance. We made a critical examination of the cabinet, as well as of the walls, baseboard and floor, and feel satisfied there were no arrangements for "assisting" the manifestations. Everything being in readiness the friends, who had been invited to witness the manifestations, were seated on a line running diagonally across the room. Among those who aided us in observing the manifestations were Maj. Downing, of Concord, N. H.; Mr. E. Gerry Brown, Hon. Charles Houghton, Mrs. J. E. Potter, and several other ladies and gentlemen whose names have escaped our memory. Every thing being in readiness, the medium was led in from an adjoining room and introduced. She was evidently suffering severely and ought in justice to herself, to have been in bed rather than attempting to give a seance. A heavy wooden centre table with a number of musical instruments lying thereon, having been placed within the cabinet and the curtains closed, the medium seated herself facing the audience on the outside of and near the cabinet, but not in contact therewith. She was seated on a plain cane bottomed chair, her feet resting on a hassock and hands clasped in her lap. The gas was turned off and a kerosene lamp lighted and placed behind a blue cambric screen, about eight feet distant and to the side of the cabinet. The lamp was now turned down quite low, yet there was light enough to see the hands on our watch distinctly at a distance of about ten inches from the eye, and the figure of the medium was clearly visible at a distance of about ten feet; her hands and feet were constantly under our notice during the entire seance. After about five minutes had been consumed in a poor attempt at singing by the observers, and the medium having apparently passed to the trance state, the manifestations began by the projection of a large and perfectly formed hand and wrist through the aperture in the cabinet curtain, several feet distant from the medium's hands, which were plainly to be seen and immovable. During the seance this hand was exhibited eight times; quite a fair opportunity was thus had to observe its anatomy and general appearance; it was evidently guided by an Intelligence, and took the slate from, and returned it to, Mr. Pickering on several occasions with messages written thereon, the writing within the cabinet being loud and rapid. Handkerchiefs belonging to different visitors, were taken by the materialized hand from Mr. Pickering and returned knotted; one was knotted and after the seance found pinned to the curtain in the further corner of the cabinet. It is unnecessary to give all the details of the manifestations, consisting of the usual playings of musical instruments, etc., within the cabinet. At one time the light was turned up so that we could see the time by our watch at a distance of two feet, and manifestations occurred within the cabinet as usual, though the increased light seemed to seriously distress the apparently entranced medium. During the sitting, the spirit controlling the medium, plead often and persistently to be allowed to take the medium into the cabinet, but Mr. Pickering quietly declined to permit it, though most of the observers joined with the spirit in asking that it be done. The extreme anxiety of the spirits to get the medium into the cabinet was very marked, and the impression seemed to be with them that they would then be able to give a full form materialization, which could be exhibited in a good light. However, for our purpose the exhibition of the hand and the work performed by it was completely satisfactory and, under the conditions, with the medium in full view, demonstrated beyond all question the power of materialization. As a mere show the seance was not of startling interest, but as an experiment affording results of scientific value, it was eminently satisfactory. We desire to here expressly call the attention of our readers to what we have repeatedly said before, viz., that every seance should be judged on its own merits, and the manifestations should be observed under such conditions that whatever may have occurred in the past or may take place in the future, the record of the manifestations shall be impregnable and beyond all cavil. Only in this way can a record be of any value, and no other should be published. We further desire to expressly state that in the foregoing account we are expressing no opinion on any other seance than the one we witnessed and predicate nothing as to the future.

During the séance an amusing little episode occurred; the spirit controlling the medium, and purporting to be an Indian, said: "We like that man; he all right; when he know a thing, he *know* it, but must be *sure* of it first, before says he know it." Upon inquiry the spirit said he referred to us, and certainly it was gratifying to find that though some of the well known embodied spirits in Boston, fail to understand us, this unknown Indian had succeeded, and was frank enough to say so. Following the above remark by the Indian, was another from the same source, which was quite significant in several respects. "Folks come here," said the Indian, "and tell medium not let Bundy man come; he make trouble for medium; me said, Bundy man shall come, he all right, he can't get medium into any more trouble than you did." Mr. Pickering was evidently greatly chagrined at this, to him, indiscreet uncovering of a bit of secret history, and scolded the spirit for telling tales; but in our opinion the Indian acted from a sense of justice and fair play and felt that both ourself and the company should know what influences were at work. After the séance we had a few

minutes conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, who both expressed regret that we had not more time to devote to the matter.

As we have already consumed more space than we intended to do this week, we must defer the account of our further experiences until the next issue.

An Investigator wants Information.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My mother is a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy, and admires my paper very much. I think your course as to the frauds perpetrated under the cloak of Spiritualism cannot be too highly commended, and has a tendency to make the doubtful give heed to your positive assertions. I am now, and have been for some time, halting between "two opinions," and find it to be no comfortable frame of mind. I have seen very little of the spiritual phenomena, but such as I have observed, table rapping, etc., convince me of the objective reality of that much of its manifestations, and in my investigations of the experience of others, I must come to the same conclusion in regard to them, or else refuse to give my assent to all rules of evidence. When, however, I come to apply the spiritual theory to these phenomena, and to grasp the idea of spirit communion, I must confess that I am staggered. While it is true that the possibilities of thought are not co-equal with the possibilities of existence, yet it would seem that if there is a spiritual existence, and such a thing as communion between that existence and this, we could at least have some conceptions of it, but here I fail.

I can no more conceive of a-soul existing, separate and apart from the body, than I can comprehend infinity, or grasp the idea of an uncaused cause. The researches of biological science have taught us the intimate relationship existing between thought and molecular action, and if not absolutely dependent on each other, yet so closely connected, as to be, as far as our positive knowledge extends, inseparable. We do know that the only means whereby we can gain any knowledge whatever, are through the physical senses, and as thought is but deductions from facts previously learned by means of the organs of sensation, can we think in the absence of those organs? How can the soul, after the physical senses have been lost by decay, continue its existence? By what means can it impress itself upon other souls, and how can it acquire any knowledge of the conditions by which it is surrounded? Does it have senses corresponding with the physical senses in the body? If so, where are those senses prior to death? Why, when a man goes blind, does not his spiritual sense of perception assert itself? Upon the decay or loss of any other of the physical senses, why does not the corresponding spiritual sense assert itself, and allow the man to go on in the enjoyment of those parts of which he has been deprived? These and other perplexities have crowded on me, and have served to make me doubt of the spiritual explanation of its own phenomena. I am anxious to believe in the spiritual philosophy, if I can do so, and would like to have settled this doubt and uncertainty in which I am plunged.

I have written this much in the hopes that you may aid me at arriving at some satisfactory solution, or may refer me to such works in your philosophy as will best meet my case. I am with sincere wishes for the prosperity of your paper.

JOHN T. LATTIN.
Somerville, Fayette County, Tennessee.

REMARKS.

The questions which perplex our friend, have been equally perplexing to a great many others, for the simple reason that they do not at once grasp the whole science of spiritual life, and bring to its investigation a large share of materialistic conceptions. In the outset he takes it for granted that the mind depends on the senses and the senses on the physical organism, an admission no material scientist would care to make, and which such men as Tyndall sedulously avoid. True, this is the *appearance*; what the reality is no one knows, or even dares conjecture. Spiritual substance and physical matter are too unlike to admit of comparison; and mind and matter are distinct in their very essence.

The spirit is formed of apiritual matter or substance, and while connected with the physical body, is dependent thereon for its communication with the external world. Only in rare cases does it transcend the physical senses, and manifest the possession of higher spiritual faculties. This manifestation does not depend on the loss of the physical senses, and unless the unfortunate person who had lost these senses, was clairvoyant, or spiritually sensitive, his spiritual senses could not "assert" themselves. And although the spiritual senses do correspond to the physical, they are so covered up and obscured by the latter, they cannot be separated therefrom until death.

It is not by means of the physical senses that we can gain knowledge of the realm of spirit. This can only be learned through the spiritual senses. The crucible, retort and balance must be laid aside and the sensitive condition of the spirit be consulted instead. Our correspondent must remember that thousands of years have been given to the study of the physical side of man; while the true study of his spiritual nature is of yesterday. What little thought has been given the subject has been involved in a word-war of metaphysical speculation, without practical result.

Now we hold that these questions so eagerly asked by Materialists, when they first catch a glimpse of Spiritualism, are all answered by the demonstration of the identity of a single spirit. If that be proved, then the objections vanish as such becoming subjects for investigation. We think the existence of spirit after the death of the body, has been proved, and if so, it is useless to allow materialistic arguments to obstruct the prosecution of our researches.

In conclusion we take up our correspondent's first objection. He says: 'I can no more conceive of a soul existing separate and apart from the body, than I can con-

Continued from First Page.

Love, wisdom. Now if you can only do that harmoniously you are a Harmonial Philosopher. For philosophy means love of wisdom. We will speak of this again. Many of these things are vague now, but if you will accompany me in this march I trust they will become clear. Harmonial Philosophy means love of wisdom, and to love harmoniously means to be a Harmonial Philosopher, with eyes to see and hearts to work from these ideas. And there is an outcome to it. It is the perfection of individual liberty. Love and wisdom are the central ideas of the Harmonial Philosophy; the outcome, the perfection of individual liberty.

Mr. Kiddle and his Book on Spiritualism.

The book of Mr. Kiddle's on Spiritualism brought him prominently before the public. It was valuable as the evidence of a prominent man on an interesting question, and remarkable for its vulnerability to criticism. The severe strictures made on it, were unjust in the narrowness of the views taken, yet the assertions of Mr. Kiddle's courted them. Had he been certain that his channel of communication was perfect, he would have been justified in his unqualified endorsement of his communications. He was not certain. At best the channel is imperfect, and the spirit's thoughts are modified or disturbed by the mind of the medium.

Granting all that Mr. Kiddle claims, the criticisms are not far from just, but with full understanding of the subject, they are most unjust and untruthful. I am led to make these reflections by the editorial which accompanies the report of Mr. Kiddle's lecture in the *New York Herald*. The following passage in that editorial was called out by communications purporting to come from the spirits of eminent men, and were like in style to those which appear in Mr. K.'s book on Spirits:

"The only point of Mr. Kiddle's address that is well made, is that some of the churches which refuse to tolerate Spiritualism, believe in the ministry of angels. So they do, and in the communion of saints; but their members naturally judge an unseen influence by its works. Thousands of deeply devout people believe, whether rightly or wrongly, that they have received angelic visitors, and others who probably experienced similar beliefs. But when sane men or women, perhaps crushed by grief and willing to be convinced, try to avail themselves of the consolations of Spiritualism, as found in meetings, seances, etc., what do they find? The answers of most of them, who have not weakened reflective powers, is, 'twiddle-dreary platitudes from the next world that would be a disgrace to penny-a-liners in this materialization of spirits at so much a head, prophecies that are not fulfilled, questions evaded, variety show exhibitions that non-mediums can do better—all these, though they have deceived for a while, have repelled multitudes from modern Spiritualism. If Mr. Kiddle would have people believe with him, let him play reformer in the spiritual ranks and, above all things, test every revelation by common sense and some system of grammar."

To the superficial reader, a great share of spirit communications seem to merit the above, yet a deeper insight will show that it proceeds from mistaken ideas of the capabilities and power of spirits. They do not know whether they can proceed or not until they attempt, and it is impossible for them, to perfectly express their thoughts through a medium. After they have been written or spoken by the medium, they cannot be recalled or changed. The medium is a most important factor, and that the style and elevation of thought should be expressed in words when it is in the idea, and not the words, that the communicating spirit strenuously seeks to convey, necessarily must be exceptional. The great writers, poets, philosophers, novelists, their works, by which they are known to the world, are results of mediumship, wherein their own minds and the influence of superior spirits blend, and often when they are bereft of this exalted power after death, they are not the equals of ordinary men and women. Thus Shakespeare wrote by inspiration, and his works are the result of his own and the influencing intelligences. Writing through a medium, it is Shakespeare himself who writes and unassisted; his style may be different, even under the most favorable conditions. As it is the idea, the thought that spirits attempt to convey, leaving the mind of the medium to clothe it with words, in reading such communications, we should endeavor to go behind the words, and grasp the ideas, understanding that false syntax, bad spelling, or the wrong use of words, do not of themselves invalidate communications.

The difficulty of impressing words may be learned by considering the difficulty experienced in obtaining names, which must be directly given, and every communication given in this manner must be impressed like a series of names, word by word. This is possible, and is often accomplished, but the largest portion of communications are given by conveying the ideas only. Communications perfect in every respect are desirable, but there is much to learn before such can be given. We are obliged to receive such as we can get with all their imperfections. We must take them for just what they are, and endeavor to penetrate the garb of words and reach the intended thoughts. There is a vast amount of "dreary platitudes" and the most senseless verbiage given by so-called "exalted spirits," the controlling influence is valid itself, or so represented by imperfectly used words. There are great quantities of dross, but what of that? Shall we also throw away the gold? The *Herald* makes merry over what it regards as excessively silly and uncharacteristic, the following passage from the spirit of an eminent New York Journalist:

"Is it not sorrowful to behold an old man like me sent to his grave without warning, to begin again in the life everlasting, as a mere child in my ideas of sacred things? Oh, I wish I was now in spirit—a mere nothing—without regeneration, without a word of peace to bring me comfort in my life, but only words of reproach and thorns and hisses [and he emphasizes and underscores "thorns and hisses"]! Sent to the place I belong, to the rest [and he underscores "rest," too] I made for myself by my deeds in the earthly life."

Contrary to the wisdom of the *Herald*, those who are acquainted with the philosophy of spirit life, will see nothing in this communication to invalidate its claim. The thoughts it conveys are in exact harmony with their belief derived from and confirmed by numerous communications, and the facile expression may be safely referred to the channel through which it was given.

We doubt if any Spiritualist would have given such praise to Mr. Kiddle's book, and his self-sacrifice and martyrdom—the modified persecution the age allows, indicative of the same spirit that burned witches and enacted *auto de fe*—merits only approbation, had he not prefaced it with the implied claims of superiority and truthfulness, not forth in the manner he chooses to present them, the poetry of Shakespeare, and prose of eminent writers, were open to all the criticism they have received.

The last sentence from the editorial is in the main commendable. While, as we have attempted to show, "grammar" and forms of expression are not of first importance, "the testing of every communication by common sense" is an indispensable matter, and unless carefully attended to, the result will be deplorable. Yet we think, as a rule, Spiritualists bring more "common sense" to the study of the phenomena and communications than any other class; many are over-credulous, yet the majority are extremely skeptical and cautious in their investigations.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

"THOSE VAMPIRES OF EVIL."

An Impromptu Letter Reviewing Mrs. E. L. Saxon, by J. G. Jackson.

Mrs. Saxon's views in reference to "Evil Spirits," in a late number of the *JOURNAL*, are of such a momentous character as to be well worthy of most earnest consideration by the "corps of advisors and helpers," which it has been proposed to organize. Of the subject, constituting the "corps," as far as now formed, I am not yet aware, neither does it appear exactly how their concerted action, in any case, can best be brought about. I am, however, in this condition of affairs, quite willing to make some remarks by way of opening the subject still more before your readers, in the hope that it may be carried forward by others to an extent that will make plain to our comprehension the many mooted points. But, pray, do not expect at this time other than remarks of a discursive or introductory character.

The letter referred to as published in your issue of January 10th, is doubtless well and forcibly written, and indicates a lady of much strength of character and justness of view; yet needs it not necessarily to be carefully weighed and considered? Is it not too strong, too sensational, too indefinite, and too much calculated to discourage the honest, earnest seeker after truth and freedom, to be told thus forcibly of the many dangers that beset him? She tells us of what some men said, "Voe to him who meets the dweller on the threshold and does not win in the contest, for if he fails, he becomes the prey to the unseen vampires of evil." I wish Mrs. Saxon's "vampire" would indicate to us what kind of a thing a "vampire of evil" is. Literally a vampire is a sucker of human blood, or human corpses. Perhaps "vampires of evil" may be some of Mrs. Saxon's highly polarized spirits that have not yet grown out of their personal natures; but it seems a pity to call them by such hard names. I take it that Mrs. Saxon is herself a little polarized, by the reading of Bulwer's story of "Zanoni," and she recommends us to read again.

Had we not better endeavor to decide these deep questions from other authority than that of the sensational novelist; or from the assertions of Mrs. Saxon's "man of fine attainments" with whom we are unacquainted, and whose indefinite testimony we therefore know not how much to value? Let us not even allow too much weight to the sayings of such backsliders as she speaks of, in whom, perhaps, the "good seed" found "stony ground," and who, when persecution or social ostracism arose, became offended; or, perchance, sought for the *cul de sac* of Spiritualism too much in the line of the selfish aggrandizements of wealth and worldly prosperity.

It was observable more than twenty years ago, in the earlier days of modern Spiritualism, that some persons were inclined to cultivate an extreme intimacy with "the spirits," asking their advice, and seemingly obtaining answers, on the most trifling matters of every day life. It seemed like rather a harmless amusement, but I well remember objecting to it strongly at the time; arguing that we were here for the purpose of each one heeding his own law. I felt confident of my own ability, in the strength of mature life, to "hoor" mine, without troubling spirit friends with such concerns.

It is well enough now that Spiritualists have been taught by more enlarged experience, that such unlimited intercourse, such frequent lifting of the veil, is worse than useless—is unwise and improper even if possible; tending to defeat the uses of this primary life as an educator and developer of character and spiritual power.

It was about this period that, as chairman of a committee named by the progressive friends of Longwood, Chester County, Pa., I introduced the following sentiments at the close of a report made on the subject of Spiritualism, adopted and printed in 1857:

"The disciples of Spiritualism, in fact, claim that their investigations have not only proved the possibility and naturalness of communion with the departed, but have, in addition, resulted in the establishment of a rational theology and philosophy of humanity, such as the world has never before known, reconciling and explaining the records of the past, and yet claiming to be blind faith, but openly challenging the severest scrutiny and the fullest exercise of the intelligent powers of the mind."

"Such being the length-breadth and importance of this subject, as upheld by persons of undoubted intelligence and goodness of heart, the committee repeat, they can but recommend it to the earnest, yet cautious, investigation of every truth-lover, desiring, at the same time, that none may permit their interest in the subject to become too absorbing, or tend in any degree towards infatuation—a result ever to be lamented; but that all may remember, that the life now present is the one whose duties are paramount, and the proper fulfillment of them, and the legitimate enjoyment of its many blessings, is our most acceptable offering to the Bounteous Bestower of the great boon of existence."

Without any disposition to boast, will you allow me to ask, do not the sentiments expressed in the latter part of the above extract, cover the ground better than the sweeping views expressed by Mrs. Saxon? "Earnest yet cautious" search after truth and the avoidance of such "infatuations" as to admit the belief that good spirits have no better use for their time than to be treasure seekers for us, or to become hewers of "wood and drawers of water" for our needs, to the defeating of those healthful exertions so necessary for our growth and well-being, both physically and spiritually. Will, we believe, largely tend to punish the influences of these dangerous "redupers of evil." Should such a course, occasionally, fall of entire success, we must still fall back and maintain that spiritual intercourse remains to be an emancipating and elevating power, as the only or best means we have of demonstrating the continued life of men in a higher realm of being, and of purifying theology from its most heinous dogmas. The infatuations attending the cultivation of abnormal spirituality are by no means new to history, and I am mistaken if one of the uses of the modern manifestations is not to assist in the eradication of it from our minds, by clothing the whole science of man with the mantle of rationality. Have not all ages been full of lives blasted by a superstitious excess of spirituality? Was not the life of Jesus of Nazareth, in an outward and worldly sense, defeated by his radical ideas and excessive spirituality?

A homeless and homeless wanderer suffering an ignominious death at perhaps little more than thirty years of age, with all the human duties of husband and father unfulfilled! The monks, the nuns, the hermits, the anchorites, etc., etc., of the ages, were blasted lives all. The many religious of our own day with their sickly revivals and demented brains, all show too plainly the lamentable fruits of a false and over excited spirituality. Who can wonder if, in this day of rapid transition, Spiritualism has furnished a share (though it appears to be a small one) of those unable to bear the strain?

But, my dear friend, let us turn to the other side. Is there no truth in the ancient beautiful doctrine of angel guardianship? Is there not a real meaning in the old adage "Man's extremity is God's opportunity?" May it not be and is it not shown by facts too numerous to be set aside, that we have, in the higher realm of life, loving friends ready and willing to save us, whenever possible, from needless suffering and discomfort? Ah! how many are the thousands of our own time and of every age—suffering ones, to whom the idea of spirit guardianship comes like a healing balm upon their weary souls! Let us not allow them to be robbed of it if even true only in degree; but let us rather aid in showing how such comfort and guardianship may become more fully realized by the needy and afflicted.

We have never yet experienced that fearful "contest" with "the dweller on the threshold" of which Mrs. Saxon's "man of fine attainments" speaks; but since the time in life above alluded to, when the idea of aid from spirit friends in rowing my own boat was entertained with a feeling akin to scorn, I have had to sail through clouded seas of experience, that perhaps come to all, wherein most gladly welcomed would have been an able pilot at the helm. Then, indeed, have sometimes come to us words of wise counsel, and always words of comfort and encouragement. "Be calm, be patient, for the Father knoweth what is best for his children!" "Cheer up and perform to the best of your ability every daily duty as it opens before you. We will do all in our power to aid and strengthen you." Words like these have at times been given us, and come from where they may, they do not savor of evil.

What of the saving of the wreck of the railroad train as related in your issue of Jan. 10th, by a spiritual voice spoken to Mr. Hilton, formerly of the Providence and Worcester Railroad? What of the demon of Socrates? What of the spirit wife of the excellent Oberlin? What of the hundreds of well attested cases of spirit interference for the good of mankind? Away with your "vampires of evil!" Let us instead teach the cultivation of the law of love and spirituality of life, that, without being a hindrance to the performance of the duties of the outward world, may yet more frequently furnish minds susceptible of spiritual impressions; and thus increase the facilities whereby the Spirit-world may find it possible on more and more numerous occasions to bless and to save.

These, my friend, may seem to you but simple old fashioned ideas; but it is the direction in which my thoughts seem to have been drawn at present. You are aware that a faith in Spiritualism has come to me in a natural way, through the intellect and not as it comes to the seer or the medium. I entertain that some one of the latter class with ripened intellect as balance wheel instance, Tuttle, Stebbins, Coleman, etc., etc., may assist in determining how far the doctrine of angel aid and guardianship may be true and healthful, and how far even the deceptive and misleading influences may be found to originate in the polarized brains of mediums themselves.

The Bible in School Again.

[Our School Trustees put a quietus on sectarianism in the High School here. It caused a commotion. The enclosed clipping from the *Chicago Daily Times* is a copy of a published sermon of D. F. McPherson, the Baptist preacher here, who styles himself a Youthful reformer.]

C. W. COOK.

Ottawa, Ill., Feb. 1st, 1880.]

Editor of the Times:

Since when is it that men have ceased to force their peculiar religious (?) views on their fellows? Students of history need not be told of Popish inquisitions, star-chamber proceedings, etc., etc., and we can almost seem to remember when Baptists were whipped, Quakers maltreated and the like in our own country, all "for the glory of God," and the furtherance of religion! What has modified such proceedings in our time? Is it the influence of Christianity, or of civilization, upon religion? From the method adopted by the Norse King Olaf when he put a pan of glowing coals on the belly of Eyvind till it burst asunder, in order to convert him, to that which, with a majority of ninety per cent, would force a book (and an interpretation of it) which it deems infallible, upon a minority of ten per cent, who entertain different views, and then make the minority pay for this, to them, false inculcation, is a change in degree certainly. May culture in civilization and morality go on till we shall witness among Christians and all other creedsists, a change in kind also.

We presume that our School Trustees, in their recent action, were influenced not by any desire to prevent the formation of the highest type of manhood in the youth attending our High School, not by any desire to overthrow morality, nor yet by any desire to have their peculiar sectarian views paraded from day to day before a multitude of children. But knowing that Christian, Jew, Infidel, Liberal, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmin, etc., are alike taxed to support the Free School system in America, the Trustees concluded it would be equally as just to say that the Koran, Shaster, Zend Avesta, or Ingersoll's lectures, should be the text-books on morals as that the Bible should. It ought to be known that our Government does not attempt to say just what book, if any, contains the only true rule in this matter. Said Richard M. Johnson in a committee report on the Sunday mail, read before the U. S. Senate, in 1829: "Among all the religious persecutions with which almost every page of modern history is stained, no victim ever suffered but for the violation of what government denominated the law of God. To prevent a similar train of evils in this country, the Constitution has wisely withheld from our government the power of defining the Divine Law."

"Youthful foreigners" who have been accustomed to the saying, "By grace of God, King," instead of "By vote of the People, President," should ponder our institutions a little more deeply ere they say, "These United States are Protestant." A little further on, Mr. Johnson's report says: "The Constitution regards the general government in no other light than that of a civil institution, wholly destitute of religious authority." In the treaty of the U. S. with Tripoli are these words—words which should come to the ears of all sectarists, Christian or otherwise. "The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." It is

well known to close students of our history that the minds who gave direction in the forming of our institutions were Infidels, so-called, but mankind may be thankful that they were humanitarians, whatever their private religious opinions may have been.

We presume that our honorable Board of Trustees engaged the teacher of the High School because of his abilities as such, rather than because of his Protestantism. We hope so, at least, for we would be sorry to see a profession of this or that form of religion, made a requisite for any position, appointive or elective, in this free government of ours. The religious (?) wars of the past ought to warn us against all such proceedings. If the principal of the High School wishes to proselyte to his belief, the pulpit, the press and the rostrum are open to him, and in reference to prayer, we commend him to what the humble Nazarene said in reference to certain classes who loved to pray "in high places," also to what he said about praying "in secret."

The merits or the demerits of the Bible itself, we do not propose to discuss. That on it, as on the Koran and other sacred (?) books, are founded certain sects, can not be denied. It is therefore a sectarian work, and no civil authority in America, as we have seen, is competent to say which of the numerous Bibles in the world shall be accepted by the people as the Divine Law.

We are glad to note that while the Board of Trustees has the good sense to see that the teacher, the parents, the guardians, the children also, have the right to their own individual convictions on this subject, the schools themselves are not to be prostituted to proselyting purposes. Those morals which are universally accepted should, and can be incidentally inculcated in our schools without wounding the sensibilities of any, or adopting this or that book as the "Divine Law."

With Emerson, we know that "men talk of 'more morality' which is as much as to say 'Poor God, with nobody to help him!'"

Religion is a sacred thing, it is in this country at least, also a personal thing. Parents and guardians prefer to instruct their children as they deem best, in this matter. Religion can never be united with State (in any of its forms or sects, we mean), without doing injustice to large classes of our fellow citizens, and perhaps causing bloodshed. "If you want denominational schools, you must support them with your own money," say the Protestants to the Catholics; say we to the Protestants, and to all. Our free schools are supported by a general tax and must not be manipulated in favor of this or that sect, in, or out of Christianity. Let them be, then, like the government of which they are the great bulwark—the best in the world; thoroughly secular and civil institutions, as barren of "isms" as they are fruitful of moral and intellectual greatness. O. W. COOK.

Letter from Switzerland—A Plea for Dr. Monck.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to bring to the notice of American Spiritualists, through your valuable and widely read journal, the distressing case of the celebrated English medium, Dr. Monck. I believe the nature of his wonderful mediumship is already known to many in America, but probably his unmerited sufferings in the cause of Spiritualism are not so well known. When he became convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, and being fully persuaded of his own powers, and of the good he might effect by their means in spreading abroad the new truths, he voluntarily and conscientiously abandoned an honorable and lucrative position in the Baptist church in Bristol, where he was most highly esteemed, both as a man and a very eloquent popular preacher. He then devoted himself as a pioneer, travelling through England, spreading abroad the new doctrine by means of seances, lectures and healing, in which beneficent labors he spent all his own considerable private means; for, so long as they lasted, he rarely took any payment whatever.

In the course of this work he became the victim of a vile conspiracy, directed really against Spiritualism, but through him as one of its most prominent apostles, he (like most true mediums) being peculiarly liable, from his abnormal nature, to be entrapped by low and designing opponents. He was thus accused, and from want of means, (his money having been actually taken from him by the police and to this day not returned) being unable to procure good and honest legal advice, as well as from the absurd and old fashioned state of English law, and the ignorance and bigoted prejudices of judges and juries in England against all spiritualistic truth, he was unjustly condemned; but even worse than this occurred, for it seems scarcely credible, but it is true nevertheless, that no bail was tendered for him, and he was shut up previous to trial for many weeks in a vile and filthy police cell in a provincial town in England, and there suffered horrors which were a disgrace to a civilized country like England, and which could scarcely have been surpassed in Turkey. If I had at that time been a Spiritualist, and had known Dr. Monck, and been in England, I would certainly have gone bail for him, as was so manfully done by Dr. Wyld and some others in the case of Dr. Sime in London.

There is great self-satisfaction in England about the fairness of English law, and how an accused man is certain of being treated as an innocent man until he is proved to be guilty, but nevertheless horrors and barbarities take place there, owing to an inefficient magistracy, and want of proper supervision over the tyranny and brutality of the underlings and the police, that, if known, would make the hair of Americans stand on end. But if a Spiritualist be the victim of such conduct, it is quite impossible to expect any justice or reparation in England; I write this with a blush on my cheek.

The sufferings thus endured by Dr. Monck undermined his health, as stated by competent medical men, which was shortly afterwards almost ruined by the strain upon his weakened vitality, caused by the extraordinary materializations which took place through him in 1877-78, in London, partly in my house. In these remarkable seances, spirit forms were evolved from his left side in the light, without a cabinet, and remained for upwards of half an hour, on several occasions, in the same room all the time with the circle and the medium, the latter never being out of sight for one moment. For a full account of some of these seances see "Later Phases of Materialization," by the Rev. Thos. Colley (now Archdeacon of Natal) James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London.

After these exhausting seances, Dr. Monck's health gave way altogether, and he spent a year as an honored guest with us in Switzerland, as well as a considerable time with Signor Damiani in Naples, in the hope that his health would be restored by

perfect rest, but in vain. He is now in London without means, and on account of his ruined health, unable to earn a livelihood, and a testimonial fund has been set on foot for his assistance, and to enable him to try a warmer climate for the recovery of his health.

This appeal is supported by the President of the British National Association of Spiritualists, as well as by many other Spiritualists, including Professor Zoellner of Leipzig, in England and on the Continent, and has also been advocated by all the spiritual journals in England. If his health should be restored, it is Dr. Monck's intention again to devote himself as an unpaid medium to the further serious investigation of spiritualistic and psychological phenomena, in which he hopes to visit both America and Australia.

It seems to me right and fitting that the facts of this case of great distress and unmerited suffering and persecution, should be candidly laid before American Spiritualists for their sympathy and assistance, in a cause involving great principles, and showing in a lamentable case of persecution under the unjust laws and prejudices of "Old England."

A. J. CRANSTOWN.

Lucerne, Switzerland.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 21st makes the following statement:

The employment last week of a clairvoyant to discover the bodies of the victims of the Tay Bridge disaster does not appear to have been rewarded by success; nor is the failure surprising to any but those who have a profound belief in mesmerism powers. An experiment, however, as singular, if not more so, was, according to the *Annual Register* of 1877, tried in April of that year at Newbury, in Berkshire, with the view of discovering the body of a child drowned in the River Kennet, and strange to say it answered the purpose. At the inquest held on the body it was stated "that after diligent search had been made in the river for the child with no favorable result, a two-penny loaf with a quantity of quicksilver put into it was set floating from the place where the child, it was supposed, had fallen in, which steered its course down the river upwards of half a mile, before a great number of spectators, when the body, happening to lie on the contrary side of the river, the loaf suddenly tacked about and swam across the river, and gradually sank near the child, when the child and loaf were immediately brought up with grapples ready for that purpose."

[From the Banks of the Hudson.]

Newbury, N. Y., Oct. 20th, 1879.

H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y.—Gentlemen:—A lady of over seventy years of age, in failing health for over a year, has been using Warner's Safe Bitters on my recommendation. She feels very grateful for the benefit she has derived therefrom, and says that until she used it her stomach could bear no vegetable food for over three years. I believe it to be a certain specific for dyspepsia. J. T. JOSELYN, M. D.

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